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DON QUIXOTE

VOL. III.

THE
INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN
DON QUIXOTE,
OF LA MANCHA

BY
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

A TRANSLATION
With Introduction and Notes.

BY
JOHN ORMSBY,
Translator of the "Poem of the Cid."



IN FOUR VOLS. — III.

LONDON,
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THE THIRD VOLUME.



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DON QUIXOTE

PART II.

P R E F A C E.



God bless me, gentle (or it may be plebeian) reader, how eagerly must thou be looking forward to this preface, expecting to find there retaliation, scolding, and abuse against the author of the second Don Quixote—I mean him who was, they say, begotten at Tordesillas and born at Tarragona!¹ Well then, the truth is, I am not going to give thee that satisfaction; for, though injuries stir up anger in humbler breasts, in mine the rule must admit of an exception. Thou wouldst have me call him ass, fool, and malapert, but I have no such intention; let his offence be his punishment, with his bread let him eat it,² and there's an end of it. What I cannot help taking amiss is, that he charges me with being old and one-handed, as if it had been in my power to keep time from passing over me, or as if the loss of my hand had been brought about in some tavern, and not on the grandest occasion the past or present has seen, or the future can hope to see. If my wounds have no beauty to the beholder's eye, they are, at least, honourable

¹ The spurious 'Second Part,' which came out in the autumn of 1614, was described on the title-page as the work of Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda, of Tordesillas, and was licensed and printed at Tarragona.

² Proverbial phrase. See Note ², Part I. chapter xxv.

in the estimation of those who know where they were received ; for the soldier shows to greater advantage dead in battle than alive in flight ; and so strongly is this my feeling, that if now it were proposed to perform an impossibility for me, I would rather have had my share in that mighty action, than be free from my wounds this minute without having been present at it. Those the soldier shows on his face and breast, are stars that direct others to the heaven of honour and ambition of merited praise ; and moreover it is to be observed that it is not with grey hairs that one writes, but with the understanding, and that commonly improves with years. I take it amiss, too, that he calls me envious, and explains to me, as if I were ignorant, what envy is ; for really and truly, of the two kinds there are, I only know that which is holy, noble, and high-minded ; and if that be so, as it is, I am not likely to attack a priest, above all if, in addition, he holds the rank of familiar of the Holy Office. And if he said what he did on account of him on whose behalf it seems he spoke, he is entirely mistaken ; for I worship the genius of that person, and admire his works and his unceasing and strenuous industry.¹ After all, however, I am grateful to this gentleman, the author, for saying that my novels are more satirical than exemplary, but that they are good ; for they could not be that unless there was a little of everything in them.

I suspect thou wilt say that I am taking a very humble

¹ Avellaneda, in his coarse and scurrilous preface, charged Cervantes with attacking Lope de Vega, obviously alluding to the passages on the drama in Part I. chapter xlviii., and attributed the attack to envy. Lope was not, however, a familiar of the Inquisition at the time Cervantes was writing the First Part of *Don Quixote*, as the words used here would imply.

line, and keeping myself too much within the bounds of my moderation, from a feeling that additional suffering should not be inflicted upon a sufferer, and that what this gentleman has to endure must doubtless be very great, as he does not dare to come out into the open field and broad daylight, but hides his name and disguises his country as if he had been guilty of some lese majesty. If perchance thou shouldst come to know him, tell him from me that I do not hold myself aggrieved; for I know well what the temptations of the devil are, and that one of the greatest is putting it into a man's head that he can write and print a book by which he will get as much fame as money, and as much money as fame; and to prove it I will beg of you, in your own sprightly, pleasant way, to tell him this story.

There was a madman in Seville who took to one of the drollest absurdities and vagaries that ever madman in the world gave way to. It was this: he made a tube of reed sharp at one end, and catching a dog in the street, or wherever it might be, he with his foot held one of its legs fast, and with his hand lifted up the other, and as best he could fixed the tube where, by blowing, he made the dog as round as a ball; then holding it in this position, he gave it a couple of slaps on the belly, and let it go, saying to the bystanders (and there were always plenty of them): 'Do your worships think, now, that it is an easy thing to blow up a dog?'—Does your worship think now, that it is an easy thing to write a book?

And if this story does not suit him, you may, dear reader, tell him this one, which is likewise of a madman and a dog.

In Cordova there was another madman, whose way it was to carry a piece of marble slab or a stone, not of the lightest, on his head, and when he came upon any unwary dog he used to draw close to him and let the weight fall right on top of him ; on which the dog in a rage, barking and howling, would run three streets without stopping. It so happened, however, that one of the dogs he discharged his load upon was a cap-maker's dog, of which his master was very fond. The stone came down hitting it on the head, the dog raised a yell at the blow, the master saw the affair and was wroth, and snatching up a measuring-yard rushed out at the madman and did not leave a sound bone in his body, and at every stroke he gave him he said, ' You dog, you thief ! my lurcher ! ¹ Don't you see, you brute, that my dog is a lurcher ? ' and so, repeating the word ' lurcher ' again and again, he sent the madman away beaten to a jelly. The madman took the lesson to heart, and vanished, and for more than a month never once showed himself in public ; but after that he came out again with his old trick and a heavier load than ever. He came up to where there was a dog, and, examining it very carefully without venturing to let the stone fall, he said : ' This is a lurcher ; ware ! ' In short, all the dogs he came across, be they mastiffs or terriers, he said were lurchers ; and he discharged no more stones. Maybe it will be the same with this historian ; that he will not venture another time to discharge the weight of his wit in books, which, being bad, are harder than stones. Tell him, too,

¹ *Podenco*, a kind of small greyhound, hunting by nose as well as by sight, and generally used for rabbits.

that I do not care a farthing for the threat he holds out to me of depriving me of my profit by means of his book ; for, to borrow from the famous interlude of ‘ The Perendenga,’ I say in answer to him, ‘ Long life to my lord the Veintiquatro, and Christ be with us all.’¹ Long life to the great Conde de Lemos, whose Christian charity and well-known generosity support me against all the strokes of my curst fortune ; and long life to the supreme benevolence of His Eminence of Toledo, Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas ;² and what matter if there be no printing-presses in the world, or if they print more books against me than there are letters in the verses of Mingo Revulgo !³ These two princes, unsought by any adulation or flattery of mine, of their own goodness alone, have taken it upon them to show me kindness and protect me, and in this I consider myself happier and richer than if Fortune had raised me to her greatest height in the ordinary way. The poor man may retain honour, but not the vicious ; poverty may cast a cloud over nobility, but cannot hide it altogether ; and as virtue of itself sheds a certain light, even though it be through the straits and chinks of penury, it wins the esteem of lofty and noble spirits, and in consequence their protection. Thou needst say no more to him, nor will I say anything more to thee, save to tell thee to bear in mind

¹ The municipal authorities of Seville, Cordova, and Granada were called *Veintiquatros*, from being twenty-four in number. The passage is, of course, a quotation from some popular interlude of the day.

² Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas was Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of Spain, and brother of the Duke of Lerma, the Prime Minister.

³ *Las Coplas de Mingo Revulgo* is the title given to an old versified satire on the reign of Henry IV. absurdly attributed by some to Juan de Mena, by others to Rodrigo Cota, or Fernando del Pulgar.

that this Second Part of 'Don Quixote' which I offer thee is cut by the same craftsman and from the same cloth as the First, and that in it I present thee Don Quixote continued, and at length dead and buried, so that no one may dare to bring forward any further evidence against him, for that already produced is sufficient ; and suffice it, too, that some reputable person should have given an account of all these shrewd lunacies of his without going into the matter again ; for abundance, even of good things, prevents them from being valued ; and scarcity, even in the case of what is bad, confers a certain value. I was forgetting to tell thee that thou mayest expect the 'Persiles,' which I am now finishing, and also the Second Part of 'Galatea.'

DON QUIXOTE.

PART II.



CHAPTER I.

OF THE INTERVIEW THE CURATE AND THE BARBER HAD WITH
DON QUIXOTE ABOUT HIS MALADY.

CID HAMET BENENGELI, in the Second Part of this history, and third sally of Don Quixote, says that the curate and the barber remained nearly a month without seeing him, lest they should recall or bring back to his recollection what had taken place. They did not, however, omit to visit his niece and housekeeper, and charge them to be careful to treat him with attention, and give him comforting things to eat, and such as were good for the heart and the brain, whence, it was plain to see, all his misfortune proceeded. The niece and housekeeper replied that they did so, and meant to do so with all possible care and assiduity, for they could perceive that their master was now and then beginning to show signs of being in his right mind. This gave great satisfaction to the curate and the barber, for they concluded they had taken the right course in carrying him off enchanted on the ox-cart, as has been described in the First Part of this great as well as accurate

history, in the last chapter thereof. So they resolved to pay him a visit and test the improvement in his condition, although they thought it almost impossible that there could be any; and they agreed not to touch upon any point connected with knight-errantry, so as not to run the risk of reopening wounds which were still so tender.

They came to see him consequently, and found him sitting up in bed in a green baize waistcoat and a red Toledo cap, and so withered and dried up that he looked as if he had been turned into a mummy. They were very cordially received by him; they asked him after his health, and he talked to them about it and about himself very naturally and in very well chosen language. In the course of their conversation they fell to discussing what they call Statecraft and systems of government, correcting this abuse and condemning that, reforming one practice and abolishing another, each of the three setting up for a new legislator, a modern Lycurgus, or a brand-new Solon; and so completely did they remodel the State, that they seemed to have thrust it into a furnace and taken out something quite different from what they had put in; and on all the subjects they dealt with, Don Quixote spoke with such good sense that the pair of examiners were fully convinced that he was quite recovered and in his full senses.

The niece and housekeeper were present at the conversation and could not find words enough to express their thanks to God at seeing their master so clear in his mind; the curate, however, changing his original plan, which was to avoid touching upon matters of chivalry, resolved to test Don Quixote's recovery thoroughly, and see whether it were

genuine or not; and so, from one subject to another, he came at last to talk of the news that had come from the capital, and, among other things, he said it was considered certain that the Turk was coming down with a powerful fleet, and that no one knew what his purpose was, or when the great storm would burst; and that all Christendom was in apprehension of this, which almost every year calls us to arms, and that his Majesty had made provision for the security of the coasts of Naples and Sicily and the island of Malta.

To this Don Quixote replied, 'His Majesty has acted like a prudent warrior in providing for the safety of his realms in time, so that the enemy may not find him unprepared; but if my advice were taken I would recommend him to adopt a measure which at present, no doubt, his Majesty is very far from thinking of.'

The moment the curate heard this he said to himself, 'God keep thee in his hand, poor Don Quixote, for it seems to me thou art precipitating thyself from the height of thy madness into the profound abyss of thy simplicity.'

But the barber, who had the same suspicion as the curate, asked Don Quixote what would be his advice as to the measures that he said ought to be adopted; for perhaps it might prove to be one that would have to be added to the list of the many impertinent suggestions that people were in the habit of offering to princes.

'Mine, master shaver,' said Don Quixote, 'will not be impertinent, but, on the contrary, pertinent.'

'I don't mean that,' said the barber, 'but that experience has shown that all or most of the expedients which are

proposed to his Majesty are either impossible, or absurd, or injurious to the King and to the kingdom.'

'Mine, however,' replied Don Quixote, 'is neither impossible nor absurd, but the easiest, the most reasonable, the readiest and most expeditious that could suggest itself to any projector's mind.'

'You take a long time to tell it, Señor Don Quixote,' said the curate.

'I don't choose to tell it here, now,' said Don Quixote, 'and have it reach the ears of the lords of the council to-morrow morning, and some other carry off the thanks and rewards of my trouble.'

'For my part,' said the barber, 'I give my word here and before God that I will not repeat what your worship says, to King, Rook,¹ or earthly man—an oath I learned from the ballad of the curate, who, in the prelude, told the king of the thief who had robbed him of the hundred gold crowns and his pacing mule.'²

'I am not versed in stories,' said Don Quixote; 'but I know the oath is a good one, because I know the barber to be an honest fellow.'

'Even if he were not,' said the curate, 'I will go bail and answer for him that in this matter he will be as silent as a dummy, under pain of paying any penalty that may be pronounced.'

'And who will be security for you, señor curate?' said Don Quixote.

'My profession,' replied the curate, 'which is to keep secrets.'

¹ See Note A, p. 24.

² The ballad referred to has not been identified so far as I am aware.

‘Ods body!’¹ said Don Quixote at this, ‘what more has his Majesty to do but to command, by public proclamation, all the knights-errant that are scattered over Spain to assemble on a fixed day in the capital, for even if no more than half a dozen come, there may be one among them who alone will suffice to destroy the entire might of the Turk. Give me your attention and follow me. Is it, pray, any new thing for a single knight-errant to demolish an army of two hundred thousand men, as if they all had but one throat or were made of sugar paste? Nay, tell me, how many histories are there filled with these marvels? If only (in an evil hour for me: I don’t speak for anyone else) the famous Don Belianis were alive now, or any one of the innumerable progeny of Amadis of Gaul! If any of these were alive to-day, and were to come face to face with the Turk, by my faith, I would not give much for the Turk’s chance. But God will have regard for his people, and will provide some one, who, if not so valiant as the knights-errant of yore, at least will not be inferior to them in spirit; but God knows what I mean, and I say no more.’

‘Alas!’ exclaimed the niece at this, ‘may I die if my master does not want to turn knight-errant again;’ to which Don Quixote replied, ‘A knight-errant I shall die, and let the Turk come down or go up when he likes, and in as strong force as he can, once more I say, God knows what I mean.’ But here the barber said, ‘I ask your worships to give me leave to tell a short story of something that happened in Seville, which comes so pat to the purpose just now that I should like greatly to tell it.’ Don Quixote

¹ *Cuerpo de tal*—like the English—a less irreverent form of ‘God’s body!’

gave him leave, and the rest prepared to listen, and he began thus :

‘In the madhouse at Seville there was a man whom his relations had placed there as being out of his mind. He was a graduate of Osuna in canon law ; but even if he had been of Salamanca, it was the opinion of most people that he would have been mad all the same. This graduate, after some years of confinement, took it into his head that he was sane and in his full senses, and under this impression wrote to the Archbishop, entreating him earnestly, and in very correct language, to have him released from the misery in which he was living ; for by God’s mercy he had now recovered his lost reason, though his relations, in order to enjoy his property, kept him there, and, in spite of the truth, would make him out to be mad until his dying day. The Archbishop, moved by repeated sensible, well-written letters, directed one of his chaplains to make inquiry of the governor of the madhouse as to the truth of the licentiate’s statements, and to have an interview with the madman himself, and, if it should appear that he was in his senses, to take him out and restore him to liberty. The chaplain did so, and the governor assured him that the man was still mad, and that though he often spoke like a highly intelligent person, he would in the end break out into nonsense that in quantity and quality counterbalanced all the sensible things he had said before, as might be easily tested by talking to him. The chaplain resolved to try the experiment, and obtaining access to the madman conversed with him for an hour or more, during the whole of which time he never uttered a word that was incoherent or absurd, but,

on the contrary, spoke so rationally that the chaplain was compelled to believe him to be sane. Among other things, he said the governor was against him, not to lose the presents his relations made him for reporting him still mad but with lucid intervals; and that the worst foe he had in his misfortune was his large property; for in order to enjoy it his enemies disparaged and threw doubts upon the mercy our Lord had shown him in turning him from a brute beast into a man. In short, he spoke in such a way that he cast suspicion on the governor, and made his relations appear covetous and heartless, and himself so rational that the chaplain determined to take him away with him that the archbishop might see him, and ascertain for himself the truth of the matter. Yielding to this conviction, the worthy chaplain begged the governor to have the clothes in which the licentiate had entered the house given to him. The governor again bade him beware of what he was doing, as the licentiate was beyond a doubt still mad; but all his cautions and warnings were unavailing to dissuade the chaplain from taking him away. The governor, seeing that it was the order of the archbishop, obeyed, and they dressed the licentiate in his own clothes, which were new and decent. He, as soon as he saw himself clothed like one in his senses, and divested of the appearance of a madman, entreated the chaplain to permit him in charity to go and take leave of his comrades the madmen. The chaplain said he would go with him to see what madmen there were in the house; so they went upstairs, and with them some of those who were present. Approaching a cage in which there was a furious madman, though just at that

moment calm and quiet, the licentiate said to him, "Brother, think if you have any commands for me, for I am going home, as God has been pleased, in his infinite goodness and mercy, without any merit of mine, to restore me my reason. I am now cured and in my senses, for with God's power nothing is impossible. Have strong hope and trust in him, for as he has restored me to my original condition, so likewise he will restore you if you trust in him. I will take care to send you some good things to eat; and be sure you eat them; for I would have you know I am convinced, as one who has gone through it, that all this madness of ours comes of having the stomach empty and the brains full of wind. Take courage! take courage! for despondency in misfortune breaks down health and brings on death."

"To all these words of the licentiate another madman in a cage opposite that of the furious one was listening; and raising himself up from an old mat on which he lay stark naked, he asked in a loud voice who it was that was going away cured and in his senses. The licentiate answered, "It is I, brother, who am going; I have now no need to remain here any longer, for which I return infinite thanks to Heaven that has had so great mercy upon me."

"Mind what you are saying, licentiate; don't let the devil deceive you," replied the madman. "Keep quiet, stay where you are, and you will save yourself the trouble of coming back."

"I know I am cured," returned the licentiate, "and that I shall not have to go stations again."¹

¹ *Andar estaciones* properly means to visit certain churches, for the purpose of offering up the prayers required to obtain indulgences.

““You cured !” said the madman ; “ well, we shall see ; God be with you ; but I swear to you by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that for this crime alone, which Seville is committing to-day in releasing you from this house, and treating you as if you were in your senses, I shall have to inflict such a punishment on it as will be remembered for ages and ages, amen. Dost thou not know, thou miserable little licentiate, that I can do it, being, as I say, Jupiter the Thunderer, who hold in my hands the fiery bolts with which I am able and am wont to threaten and lay waste the world ? But in one way only will I punish this ignorant town, and that is by not raining upon it, nor on any part of its district or territory, for three whole years, to be reckoned from the day and moment when this threat is pronounced. Thou free, thou cured, thou in thy senses ! and I mad, I disordered, I bound ! I will as soon think of sending rain as of hanging myself.”

‘Those present stood listening to the words and exclamations of the madman ; but our licentiate, turning to the chaplain and seizing him by the hands, said to him, “ Be not uneasy, señor ; attach no importance to what this madman has said ; for if he is Jupiter and will not send rain, I, who am Neptune, the father and god of the waters, will rain as often as it pleases me and may be needful.”

‘The governor and the bystanders laughed, and at their laughter the chaplain was half ashamed, and he replied, “ For all that, Señor Neptune, it will not do to vex Señor Jupiter ; remain where you are, and some other day, when there is a better opportunity and more time, we will come

back for you." So they stripped the licentiate, and he was left where he was ; and that's the end of the story.'

'So that's the story, master barber,' said Don Quixote, 'which came in so pat to the purpose that you could not help telling it? Master shaver, master shaver! how blind is he who cannot see through a sieve.¹ Is it possible that you do not know that comparisons of wit with wit, valour with valour, beauty with beauty, birth with birth, are always odious and unwelcome? I, master barber, am not Neptune, the god of the waters, nor do I try to make anyone take me for an astute man, for I am not one. My only endeavour is to convince the world of the mistake it makes in not reviving in itself the happy time when the order of knight-errantry was in the field. But our depraved age does not deserve to enjoy such a blessing as those ages enjoyed when knights-errant took upon their shoulders the defence of kingdoms, the protection of damsels, the succour of orphans and minors, the chastisement of the proud, and the recompense of the humble. With the knights of these days, for the most part, it is the damask, brocade, and rich stuffs they wear, that rustle as they go, not the chain mail of their armour; no knight now-a-days sleeps in the open field exposed to the inclemency of heaven, and in full panoply from head to foot; no one now takes a nap, as they call it, without drawing his feet out of the stirrups, and leaning upon his lance, as the knights-errant used to do; no one now, issuing from the wood, penetrates yonder mountains, and then treads the barren, lonely shore of the sea—mostly a tempestuous and stormy one—and finding on the beach a little bark without

¹ Prov. 49.

oars, sail, mast, or tackling of any kind, in the intrepidity of his heart flings himself into it and commits himself to the wrathful billows of the deep sea, that one moment lift him up to heaven and the next plunge him into the depths; and opposing his breast to the irresistible gale, finds himself, when he least expects it, three thousand leagues and more away from the place where he embarked; and leaping ashore in a remote and unknown land has adventures that deserve to be written, not on parchment, but on brass. But now sloth triumphs over energy, indolence over exertion, vice over virtue, arrogance over courage, and theory over practice in arms, which flourished and shone only in the golden ages and in knights-errant. For tell me, who was more virtuous and more valiant than the famous Amadis of Gaul? Who more discreet than Palmerin of England? Who more gracious and easy than Tirante el Blanco? Who more courtly than Lisuarte of Greece? Who more slashed or slashing than Don Belianis? Who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? Who more ready to face danger than Felixmarte of Hircania? Who more sincere than Esplandian? Who more impetuous than Don Cirongilio of Thrace? Who more bold than Rodamonte? Who more prudent than King Sobrino? Who more daring than Reinaldos? Who more invincible than Roland? and who more gallant and courteous than Ruggiero, from whom the dukes of Ferrara of the present day are descended, according to Turpin in his "Cosmography"?¹ All these knights, and many more that I could name, señor curate, were knights-errant, the light and glory of chivalry. These,

¹ See Note B, p. 24.

or such as these, I would have to carry out my plan, and in that case his Majesty would find himself well served and would save great expense, and the Turk would be left tearing his beard. And so I will stay where I am, as the chaplain does not take me away; and if Jupiter, as the barber has told us, will not send rain, here am I, and I will rain when I please. I say this that Master Basin may know that I understand him.'

'Indeed, Señor Don Quixote,' said the barber, 'I did not mean it in that way, and, so help me God, my intention was good, and your worship ought not to be vexed.'

'As to whether I ought to be vexed or not,' returned Don Quixote, 'I myself am the best judge.'

Hereupon the curate observed, 'I have hardly said a word as yet; and I would gladly be relieved of a doubt, arising from what Don Quixote has said, that worries and works my conscience.'

'The señor curate has leave for more than that,' returned Don Quixote, 'so he may declare his doubt, for it is not pleasant to have a doubt on one's conscience.'

'Well then, with that permission,' said the curate, 'I say my doubt is that, all I can do, I cannot persuade myself that the whole pack of knights-errant you, Señor Don Quixote, have mentioned, were really and truly persons of flesh and blood, that ever lived in the world; on the contrary, I suspect it to be all fiction, fable, and falsehood, and dreams told by men awakened from sleep, or rather still half asleep.'

'That is another mistake,' replied Don Quixote, 'into which many have fallen who do not believe that there ever

were such knights in the world, and I have often, with divers people and on divers occasions, tried to expose this almost universal error to the light of truth. Sometimes I have not been successful in my purpose, sometimes I have, supporting it upon the shoulders of the truth; which truth is so clear that I can almost say I have with my own eyes seen Amadis of Gaul, who was a man of lofty stature, fair complexion, with a handsome though black beard, of a countenance between gentle and stern in expression, sparing of words, slow to anger, and quick to put it away from him; and as I have depicted Amadis, so I could, I think, portray and describe all the knights-errant that are in all the histories in the world; for by the perception I have that they were what their histories describe, and by the deeds they did and the dispositions they displayed, it is possible, with the aid of sound philosophy, to deduce their features, complexion, and stature.'

'How big, in your worship's opinion, may the giant Morgante have been, Señor Don Quixote?' asked the barber.

'With regard to giants,' replied Don Quixote, 'opinions differ as to whether there ever were any or not in the world; but the Holy Scripture, which cannot err by a jot from the truth, shows us that there were, when it gives us the history of that big Philistine, Goliath, who was seven cubits and a half in height, which is a huge size. Likewise, in the island of Sicily, there have been found leg-bones and arm-bones so large that their size makes it plain that their owners were giants, and as tall as great towers; geometry puts this fact beyond a doubt. But, for all that, I cannot speak with certainty as to the size of Morgante, though I suspect he

cannot have been very tall; and I am inclined to be of this opinion because I find in the history¹ in which his deeds are particularly mentioned, that he frequently slept under a roof; and as he found houses to contain him, it is clear that his bulk could not have been anything excessive.'

'That is true,' said the curate, and yielding to the enjoyment of hearing such nonsense, he asked him what was his notion of the features of Reinaldos of Montalban, and Don Roland and the rest of the Twelve Peers of France, for they were all knights-errant.

'As for Reinaldos,' replied Don Quixote, 'I venture to say that he was broad-faced, of ruddy complexion, with roguish and somewhat prominent eyes, excessively punctilious and touchy, and given to the society of thieves and scapegraces. With regard to Roland, or Rotolando, or Orlando (for the histories call him by all these names), I am of opinion, and hold, that he was of middle height, broad-shouldered, rather bow-legged, swarthy-complexioned, red-bearded, with a hairy body and a severe expression of countenance, a man of few words, but very polite and well-bred.'

'If Roland was not a more graceful person than your worship has described,' said the curate, 'it is no wonder that the fair Lady Angelica rejected him and left him for the gaiety, liveliness, and grace of that budding-bearded little Moor to whom she surrendered herself; and she showed her sense in falling in love with the gentle softness of Medoro rather than the roughness of Roland.'

¹ I.e. the *Morgante Maggiore* of Pulci. The account of the bones found in Sicily is in the *Jardin de Flores Curiosos* of Antonio de Torquemada, 'the Spanish Mandeville,' as his English translator calls him.

‘That Angelica, señor curate,’ returned Don Quixote, ‘was a giddy damsel, flighty and somewhat wanton, and she left the world as full of her vagaries as of the fame of her beauty. She treated with scorn a thousand gentlemen, men of valour and wisdom, and took up with a smooth-faced sprig of a page, without fortune or fame, except such reputation for gratitude as the affection he bore his friend got for him.¹ The great poet who sang her beauty, the famous Ariosto, not caring to sing her adventures after her contemptible surrender (which probably were not over and above creditable), dropped her where he says :

How she received the sceptre of Cathay,
Some bard of defter quill may sing some day ;²

and this was no doubt a kind of prophecy, for poets are also called *vates*, that is to say diviners ; and its truth was made plain ; for since then a famous Andalusian poet has lamented and sung her tears, and another famous and rare poet, a Castilian, has sung her beauty.’³

‘Tell me, Señor Don Quixote,’ said the barber here, ‘among all those who praised her, has there been no poet to write a satire on this Lady Angelica ?’

‘I can well believe,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘that if Sacripante or Roland had been poets they would have given the damsel a trimming ; for it is naturally the way with poets

¹ The friend was his master, Dardinel, beside whose body he received the wound of which he was cured by Angelica.

² Cervantes misquotes Ariosto’s lines, which are :

‘E dell’ India a Medor desse lo scettro,
Forse altri canterà con miglior plettro.’

Orlando Furioso, xxx. 16.

³ See Note C, p. 24.

who have been scorned and rejected by their ladies, whether fictitious or not, in short by those whom they select as the ladies of their thoughts, to avenge themselves in satires and libels—a vengeance, to be sure, unworthy of generous hearts; but up to the present I have not heard of any defamatory verse against the Lady Angelica, who turned the world upside down.’

‘Strange,’ said the curate; but at this moment they heard the housekeeper and the niece, who had previously withdrawn from the conversation, exclaiming aloud in the courtyard, and at the noise they all ran out.

Note A (page 12).

Ni Rey ni Roque—‘neither king nor rook’—a popular phrase somewhat like ‘gentle or simple,’ or ‘high or low.’ According to Clemencin probably derived from the game of chess, rook or rock (Pers. *rokh*) being the same thing as the castle.

Note B (page 19).

The first nine are heroes of Spanish chivalry romance; the others are from Boiardo and Ariosto. There never was any such book as Turpin’s *Cosmography*; it was Ariosto himself who traced the descent of the dukes of Ferrara from Ruggiero.

Note C (page 23).

The Andalusian was Barahona de Soto, who wrote the *Primera parte de la Angelica* (not *Lagrimas de Angelica*, as Cervantes calls it in chapter vi. Part I.) It appeared at Granada in 1586. The Castilian was Lope de Vega, whose *Hermosura de Angelica* formed the first part of his *Rimas*, printed at Madrid in 1602.

CHAPTER II.

WHICH TREATS OF THE NOTABLE ALTERCATION WHICH SANCHO PANZA HAD WITH DON QUIXOTE'S NIECE AND HOUSEKEEPER, TOGETHER WITH OTHER DROLL MATTERS.

THE history relates that the outcry Don Quixote, the curate, and the barber heard came from the niece and the housekeeper exclaiming to Sancho, who was striving to force his way in to see Don Quixote while they held the door against him, 'What does the vagabond want in this house? Be off to your own, brother, for it is you, and no one else, that delude my master, and lead him astray, and take him tramping about the country.'

To which Sancho replied, 'Devil's own housekeeper! it is I who am deluded, and led astray, and taken tramping about the country, and not thy master! He has carried me all over the world, and you are mightily mistaken. He enticed me away from home by a trick, promising me an island, which I am still waiting for.'

'May evil islands choke thee, thou detestable Sancho,' said the niece; 'what are islands? Is it something to eat, glutton and gormandiser that thou art?'

'It is not something to eat,' replied Sancho, 'but something to govern and rule, and better than four cities or four judgeships at court.'

‘For all that,’ said the housekeeper, ‘you don’t enter here, you bag of mischief and sack of knavery; go govern your house and dig your seed-patch, and give over looking for islands or shylands.’¹

The curate and the barber listened with great amusement to the words of the three; but Don Quixote, uneasy lest Sancho should blab and blurt out a whole heap of mischievous stupidities, and touch upon points that might not be altogether to his credit, called to him and made the other two hold their tongues and let him come in. Sancho entered, and the curate and the barber took their leave of Don Quixote, of whose recovery they despaired when they saw how wedded he was to his crazy ideas, and how saturated with the nonsense of his unlucky chivalry; and said the curate to the barber, ‘You will see, gossip, that when we are least thinking of it, our gentleman will be off once more for another flight.’

‘I have no doubt of it,’ returned the barber; ‘but I do not wonder so much at the madness of the knight as at the simplicity of the squire, who has such a firm belief in all that about the island, that I suppose all the exposures that could be imagined would not get it out of his head.’

‘God help them,’ said the curate; ‘and let us be on the look-out to see what comes of all these absurdities of the said knight and squire, for it seems as if they had both been cast in the same mould, and the madness of the master without the simplicity of the man would not be worth a farthing.’

¹ In the original *insulas ni insulos*. *Insula*, the word always used in the *Amadis*, and by Don Quixote, instead of *isla*, is a puzzle to the niece and housekeeper.

‘That is true,’ said the barber, ‘and I should like very much to know what the pair are talking about at this moment.’

‘I promise you,’ said the curate, ‘the niece or the housekeeper will tell us by-and-by, for they are not the ones to forget to listen.’

Meanwhile Don Quixote shut himself up in his room with Sancho, and when they were alone he said to him, ‘It grieves me greatly, Sancho, that thou shouldst have said, and sayest, that I took thee out of thy cottage, when thou knowest I did not remain in my house. We sallied forth together, we took the road together, we wandered abroad together; we have had the same fortune and the same luck; if they blanketed thee once, they belaboured me a hundred times, and that is the only advantage I have of thee.’

‘That was only reasonable,’ replied Sancho, ‘for, by what your worship says, misfortunes belong more properly to knights-errant than to their squires.’

‘Thou art mistaken, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘according to the maxim *quando caput dolet, &c.*’

‘I don’t understand any language but my own,’ said Sancho.

‘I mean to say,’ said Don Quixote, ‘that when the head suffers all the members suffer; and so, being thy lord and master, I am thy head, and thou a part of me as thou art my servant; and therefore any evil that affects or shall affect me should give thee pain, and what affects thee give pain to me.’

‘It should be so,’ said Sancho; ‘but when I was

blanketed as a member, my head was on the other side of the wall, looking on while I was flying through the air, and did not feel any pain whatever; and if the members are obliged to feel the suffering of the head, it should be obliged to feel their sufferings.'

'Dost thou mean to say now, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that I did not feel when they were blanketing thee? If thou dost, thou must not say so or think so, for I felt more pain then in spirit than thou didst in body. But let us put that aside for the present, for we shall have opportunities enough for considering and settling the point; tell me, Sancho my friend, what do they say about me in the village here? What do the common people think of me? What do the hidalgos? What do the caballeros?'¹ What do they say of my valour; of my achievements; of my courtesy? How do they treat the task I have undertaken in reviving and restoring to the world the now forgotten order of chivalry? In short, Sancho, I would have thee tell me all that has come to thine ears on this subject; and thou art to tell me, without adding anything to the good or taking away anything from the bad; for it is the duty of loyal vassals to tell the truth to their lords just as it is and in its proper shape, not allowing flattery to add to it or any idle deference to lessen it. And I would have thee know, Sancho, that if the naked truth, undisguised by flattery, came to the ears of princes, times would be different, and other ages would be reckoned iron ages more than ours, which I hold to be the golden of these latter days. Profit by this advice, Sancho, and report to me clearly and faith-

¹ I.e. the gentry by birth and the gentry by position.

fully the truth of what thou knowest touching what I have demanded of thee.'

'That I will do with all my heart, master,' replied Sancho, 'provided your worship will not be vexed at what I say, as you wish me to say it out in all its nakedness, without putting any more clothes on it than it came to my knowledge in.'

'I will not be vexed at all,' returned Don Quixote; 'thou mayest speak freely, Sancho, and without any beating about the bush.'

'Well then,' said he, 'first of all, I have to tell you that the common people consider your worship a mighty great madman, and me no less a fool. The hidalgos say that, not keeping within the bounds of your quality of gentleman, you have assumed the "Don,"¹ and made a knight of yourself at a jump, with four vine-stocks and a couple of acres of land, and never a shirt to your back.² The caballeros say they do not want to have hidalgos setting up in opposition to them, particularly squire hidalgos who polish their own shoes and darn their black stockings with green silk.'

'That,' said Don Quixote, 'does not apply to me, for I always go well dressed and never patched; ragged I may be, very likely, but ragged more from the wear and tear of arms than of time.'³

'As to your worship's valour, courtesy, achievements, and

¹ In the time of Cervantes the title of *Don* was much more restricted than now-a-days, when it is by courtesy given to everyone.

² Literally, 'with a rag behind and another in front.'

³ Alluding to the proverb (111) *Hidalgo honrado ántes roto que remendado*—'The gentleman of honour, ragged sooner than patched.'

task, there is a variety of opinions. Some say, "mad but droll;" others, "valiant but unlucky;" others, "courteous but meddling;" and then they go into such a number of things that they don't leave a whole bone either in your worship or in myself.'

'Recollect, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that wherever virtue exists in an eminent degree it is persecuted. Few or none of the famous men that have lived escaped being calumniated by malice. Julius Cæsar, the boldest, wisest, and bravest of captains, was charged with being ambitious, and not particularly cleanly in his dress, or pure in his morals. Of Alexander, whose deeds won him the name of Great, they say that he was somewhat of a drunkard. Of Hercules, him of the many labours, it is said that he was lewd and luxurious. Of Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis of Gaul, it was whispered that he was over quarrelsome, and of his brother that he was lachrymose. So that, O Sancho, amongst all these calumnies against good men, mine may be let pass, since they are no more than thou hast said.'

'That's just where it is, body of my father!' returned Sancho.

'Is there more, then?' asked Don Quixote.

'There's the tail to be skimmed yet,'¹ said Sancho; 'all so far is cakes and fancy bread;² but if your worship wants to know all about the calumnies they bring against you, I will fetch you one this instant who can tell you the whole of

¹ Prov. 52, meaning 'don't fancy you have done with it.'

² Proverbial phrase 229.

them without missing an atom; for last night the son of Bartholomew Carrasco, who has been studying at Salamanca, came home after having been made a bachelor, and when I went to welcome him, he told me that your worship's history is already abroad in books, with the title of "THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA;" and he says they mention me in it by my own name of Sancho Panza, and the lady Dulcinea del Toboso too, and divers things that happened to us when we were alone; so that I crossed myself in my wonder how the historian who wrote them down could have known them.'

'I promise thee, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'the author of our history will be some sage enchanter; for to such nothing that they choose to write about is hidden.'

'What!' said Sancho, 'a sage and an enchanter! Why, the bachelor Samson Carrasco (that is the name of him I spoke of) says the author of the history is called Cid Hamet Berengena.'

'That is a Moorish name,' said Don Quixote.

'May be so,' replied Sancho; 'for I have heard say that the Moors are mostly great lovers of berengenas.'¹

'Thou must have mistaken the surname of this "Cid"—which means in Arabic "Lord"—Sancho,' observed Don Quixote.

'Very likely,' replied Sancho, 'but if your worship wishes me to fetch the bachelor I will go for him in a twinkling.'

'Thou wilt do me a great pleasure, my friend,' said Don

¹ *Berengena*—the aubergine or egg plant.

Quixote, 'for what thou hast told me has amazed me, and I shall not eat a morsel that will agree with me until I have heard all about it.'

'Then I am off for him,' said Sancho; and leaving his master he went in quest of the bachelor, with whom he returned in a short time, and, all three together, they had a very droll colloquy.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE LAUGHABLE CONVERSATION THAT PASSED BETWEEN
DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE PANZA, AND THE BACHELOR SAMSON
CARRASCO.

DON QUIXOTE remained very deep in thought, waiting for the bachelor Carrasco, from whom he was to hear how he himself had been put into a book as Sancho said ; and he could not persuade himself that any such history could be in existence, for the blood of the enemies he had slain was not yet dry on the blade of his sword, and now they wanted to make out that his mighty achievements were going about in print.¹ For all that, he fancied some sage, either a friend or an enemy, might, by the aid of magic, have given them to the press ; if a friend, in order to magnify and exalt them above the most famous ever achieved by any knight-errant ; if an enemy, to bring them to naught and degrade them below the meanest ever recorded of any low squire, though, as he said to himself, the achievements of squires never were recorded. If, however, it were the fact that such a history were in existence, it must necessarily, being the story of a knight-errant, be grandiloquent, lofty, imposing, grand and true. With this he comforted himself somewhat, though it made him uncomfortable to think that the author

¹ See Note A, p. 44.

was a Moor, judging by the title of 'Cid;' and that no truth was to be looked for from Moors, as they are all impostors, cheats, and schemers. He was afraid he might have dealt with his love affairs in some indecorous fashion, that might tend to the discredit and prejudice of the purity of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso; he would have had him set forth the fidelity and respect he had always observed towards her, spurning queens, empresses, and damsels of all sorts, and keeping in check the impetuosity of his natural impulses. Absorbed and wrapped up in these and divers other cogitations, he was found by Sancho and Carrasco, whom Don Quixote received with great courtesy.

The bachelor, though he was called Samson, was of no great bodily size, but he was a very great wag; he was of a sallow complexion, but very sharp-witted, somewhere about four-and-twenty years of age, with a round face, a flat nose, and a large mouth, all indications of a mischievous disposition and a love of fun and jokes; and of this he gave a sample as soon as he saw Don Quixote, by falling on his knees before him and saying, 'Let me kiss your mightiness's hand, Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, for, by the habit of St. Peter that I wear, though I have no more than the first four orders, your worship is one of the most famous knights-errant that have ever been, or will be, all the world over. A blessing on Cid Hamet Benengeli, who has written the history of your great deeds, and a double blessing on that connoisseur who took the trouble of having it translated out of the Arabic into our Castilian vulgar tongue for the universal entertainment of the people!'

Don Quixote made him rise, and said, 'So, then, it is

true that there is a history of me, and that it was a Moor and a sage who wrote it ?’

‘So true is it, señor,’ said Samson, ‘that my belief is there are more than twelve thousand volumes of the said history in print this very day. Only ask Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they have been printed, and moreover there is a report that it is being printed at Antwerp. and I am persuaded there will not be a country or language in which there will not be a translation of it.’¹

‘One of the things,’ here observed Don Quixote, ‘that ought to give most pleasure to a virtuous and eminent man is to find himself in his lifetime in print and in type, familiar in people’s mouths with a good name ; I say with a good name, for if it be the opposite, then there is no death to be compared to it.’

‘If it goes by good name and fame,’ said the bachelor, ‘your worship alone bears away the palm from all the knights-errant ; for the Moor in his own language, and the Christian in his, have taken care to set before us your gallantry, your high courage in encountering dangers, your fortitude in adversity, your patience under misfortunes as well as wounds, the purity and continence of the platonic loves of your worship and my lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso—’

‘I never heard my lady Dulcinea called Doña,’ observed Sancho here ; ‘nothing more than the lady Dulcinea del Toboso ; so here already the history is wrong.’

‘That is not an objection of any importance,’ replied Carrasco.

¹ See Note B, p. 44.

‘Certainly not,’ said Don Quixote; ‘but tell me, señor bachelor, what deeds of mine are they that are made most of in this history?’

‘On that point,’ replied the bachelor, ‘opinions differ, as tastes do; some swear by the adventure of the windmills that your worship took to be Briareuses and giants; others by that of the fulling mills; one cries up the description of the two armies that afterwards took the appearance of two droves of sheep; another that of the dead body on its way to be buried at Segovia; a third says the liberation of the galley slaves is the best of all, and a fourth that nothing comes up to the affair with the Benedictine giants, and the battle with the valiant Biscayan.’

‘Tell me, señor bachelor,’ said Sancho at this point, ‘does the adventure with the Yanguesans come in, when our good Rocinante went hankering after dainties?’

‘The sage has left nothing in the ink-bottle,’ replied Samson; ‘he tells all and sets down everything, even to the capers that worthy Sancho cut in the blanket.’

‘I cut no capers in the blanket,’ returned Sancho; ‘in the air I did, and more of them than I liked.’

‘There is no human history in the world, I suppose,’ said Don Quixote, ‘that has not its ups and downs, but more than others such as deal with chivalry, for they can never be entirely made up of prosperous adventures.’

‘For all that,’ replied the bachelor, ‘there are those who have read the history who say they would have been glad if the author had left out some of the countless cudgellings that were inflicted on Señor Don Quixote in various encounters.’

‘That’s where the truth of the history comes in,’ said Sancho.

‘At the same time they might fairly have passed them over in silence,’ observed Don Quixote; ‘for there is no need of recording events which do not change or affect the truth of a history, if they tend to bring the hero of it into contempt. Æneas was not in truth and earnest so pious as Virgil represents him, nor Ulysses so wise as Homer describes him.’

‘That is true,’ said Samson; ‘but it is one thing to write as a poet, another to write as a historian; the poet may describe or sing things, not as they were, but as they ought to have been; but the historian has to write them down, not as they ought to have been, but as they were, without adding anything to the truth or taking anything from it.’

‘Well then,’ said Sancho, ‘if this señor Moor goes in for telling the truth,¹ no doubt among my master’s drubbings mine are to be found; for they never took the measure of his worship’s shoulders without doing the same for my whole body; but I have no right to wonder at that, for, as my master himself says, the members must share the pain of the head.’

‘You are a sly dog, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote; ‘i’ faith, you have no want of memory when you choose to remember.’

‘If I were to try to forget the thwacks they gave me,’ said Sancho, ‘my weals would not let me, for they are still fresh on my ribs.’

¹ *Si se anda á decir verdades.*

‘Hush, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘and don’t interrupt the bachelor, whom I entreat to go on and tell me all that is said about me in this same history.’

‘And about me,’ said Sancho, ‘for they say, too, that I am one of the principal presonages in it.’

‘Personages, not presonages, friend Sancho,’ said Samson.

‘What! Another word-catcher!’ said Sancho; ‘if that’s to be the way we shall not make an end in a lifetime.’

‘May God shorten mine, Sancho,’ returned the bachelor, ‘if you are not the second person in the history, and there are even some who would rather hear you talk than the cleverest in the whole book; though there are some, too, who say you showed yourself over-credulous in believing there was any possibility in the government of that island offered you by Señor Don Quixote here.’

‘There is still sunshine on the wall,’¹ said Don Quixote; ‘and when Sancho is somewhat more advanced in life, with the experience that years bring, he will be fitter and better qualified for being a governor than he is at present.’

‘By God, master,’ said Sancho, ‘the island that I cannot govern with the years I have, I’ll not be able to govern with the years of Methuselah; the difficulty is that the said island keeps its distance somewhere, I know not where; and not that there is any want of head in me to govern it.’

‘Leave it to God, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘for all

¹ Prov. 220—*Aun hay sol en las bardas*, i.e. ‘the day is not yet over.’ *Las bardas* are properly not the wall itself, but a kind of coping of straw or faggots laid along the top of it.

will be well, and perhaps better than you think; no leaf on the tree stirs but by God's will.'

'That is true,' said Samson; 'and if it be God's will, there will not be any want of a thousand islands, much less one, for Sancho to govern.'

'I have seen governors in these parts,' said Sancho, 'that are not to be compared to my shoe-sole; and for all that they are called "your lordship" and served on silver.'

'Those are not governors of islands,' observed Samson, 'but of other governments of an easier kind: those that govern islands must at least know grammar.'

'I could manage the gram well enough,' said Sancho; 'but for the mar I have neither leaning nor liking, for I don't know what it is;¹ but leaving this matter of the government in God's hands, to send me wherever it may be most to his service, I may tell you, señor bachelor Samson Carrasco, it has pleased me beyond measure that the author of this history should have spoken of me in such a way that what is said of me gives no offence; for, on the faith of a true squire, if he had said anything about me that was at all unbecoming an old Christian, such as I am, the deaf would have heard of it.'

'That would be working miracles,' said Samson.

'Miracles or no miracles,' said Sancho, 'let everyone mind how he speaks or writes about people, and not set down at random the first thing that comes into his head.'

¹ In the original. *Grana-tica*—*grana* being an instrument for dressing flax, and therefore quite within Sancho's comprehension.

‘One of the faults they find with this history,’ said the bachelor, ‘is that its author inserted in it a novel called “The Ill-advised Curiosity ;” not that it is bad or ill-told, but that it is out of place and has nothing to do with the history of his worship Señor Don Quixote.’

‘I will bet the son of a dog has mixed the cabbages and the baskets,’ said Sancho.¹

‘Then, I say,’ said Don Quixote, ‘the author of my history was no sage, but some ignorant chatterer, who, in a haphazard and heedless way, set about writing it, let it turn out as it might, just as Orbaneja, the painter of Úbeda, used to do, who, when they asked him what he was painting, answered, “What it may turn out.” Sometimes he would paint a cock in such a fashion, and so unlike, that he had to write alongside of it in Gothic letters, “This is a cock ;” and so it will be with my history, which will require a commentary to make it intelligible.’

‘No fear of that,’ returned Samson, ‘for it is so plain that there is nothing in it to puzzle over ; the children turn its leaves, the young people read it, the grown men understand it, the old folk praise it ; in a word, it is so thumbed,² and read, and got by heart by people of all sorts, that the instant they see any lean hack, they say, “There goes Rocinante.” And those that are most given to reading it are the pages, for there is not a lord’s ante-chamber where there is not a “Don Quixote” to be found ; one takes it up if another lays it down ; this one pounces upon it, and that

¹ *Revolver berzas con capachos* is, according to Covarrubias, a familiar phrase to express jumbling together things of different sorts.

² In the original, *trillada*, ‘thrashed,’ as wheat is in Spain, by having the *trilla*, a sort of harrow, dragged over it.

begs for it. In short, the said history is the most delightful and least injurious entertainment that has been hitherto seen, for there is not to be found in the whole of it even the semblance of an immodest word, or a thought that is other than Catholic.'

'To write in any other way,' said Don Quixote, 'would not be to write truth, but falsehood, and historians who have recourse to falsehood, ought to be burned, like those who coin false money; and I know not what could have led the author to have recourse to novels and irrelevant stories, when he had so much to write about in mine; no doubt he must have gone by the proverb "with straw or with hay, &c.,"'¹ for by merely setting forth my thoughts, my sighs, my tears, my lofty purposes, my enterprises, he might have made a volume as large, or larger than all the works of El Tostado would make up.² In fact, the conclusion I arrive at, señor bachelor, is, that to write histories, or books of any kind, there is need of great judgment and a ripe understanding. To give expression to humour, and write in a strain of graceful pleasantry, is the gift of great geniuses. The cleverest character in comedy is the clown, for he who would make people take him for a fool, must not be one. History is in a measure a sacred thing, for it should be true, and where the truth is, there God is, so far as truth is concerned; but notwithstanding this, there are some who write and fling books broadcast on the world as if they were fritters.'

¹ Prov. 166. In full it runs, 'with straw or with hay the mattress is filled.'

² El Tostado was Alonso de Madrigal, Bishop of Avila, a prolific author of devotional works in the reign of John II.

‘There is no book so bad but it has something good in it,’¹ said the bachelor.

‘No doubt of that,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘but it often happens that those who have acquired and attained a well-deserved reputation by their writings, lose it entirely, or damage it in some degree, when they give them to the press.’

‘The reason of that,’ said Samson, ‘is, that as printed works are examined leisurely, their faults are easily seen; and the greater the fame of the writer, the more closely are they scrutinised. Men famous for their genius, great poets, illustrious historians, are always, or most commonly, envied by those who take a particular delight and pleasure in criticising the writings of others, without having produced any of their own.’

‘That is no wonder,’ said Don Quixote; ‘for there are many divines who are no good for the pulpit, but excellent in detecting the defects or excesses of those who preach.’

‘All that is true, Señor Don Quixote,’ said Carrasco; ‘but I wish such fault-finders were more lenient and less exacting, and did not pay so much attention to the spots on the bright sun of the work they grumble at; for if *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, they should remember how long he remained awake to shed the light of his work with as little shade as possible; and perhaps it may be that what they find fault with may be moles, that sometimes heighten the beauty of the face that bears them; and so I say very great is the risk to which he who prints a book exposes himself,

¹ Prov. 128.

for of all impossibilities the greatest is to write one that will satisfy and please all readers.'

'That which treats of me must have pleased few,' said Don Quixote.

'Quite the contrary,' said the bachelor; 'for, as *stultorum infinitus est numerus*, innumerable are those who have relished the said history; but some have brought a charge against the author's memory, inasmuch as he forgot to say who the thief was who stole Sancho's Dapple; for it is not stated there, but only to be inferred from what is set down, that he was stolen, and a little farther on we see Sancho mounted on the same ass, without any reappearance of it.¹ They say, too, that he forgot to state what Sancho did with those hundred crowns that he found in the valise in the Sierra Morena, as he never alludes to them again, and there are many who would be glad to know what he did with them, or what he spent them on, for it is one of the serious omissions of the work.'²

'Señor Samson, I am not in a humour now for going into accounts or explanations,' said Sancho; for there's a sinking of the stomach come over me, and unless I doctor it with a couple of sups of the old stuff it will put me on the thorn of Santa Lucia.³ I have it at home, and my old woman is waiting for me; after dinner I'll come back, and will answer you and all the world every question you may choose to ask, as well about the loss of the ass as about

¹ See Note C, p. 44.

² He is here ridiculing what he considers the hypercriticism of those readers who make a fuss about such trifling slips.

³ A slang phrase for being weak for want of food.

the spending of the hundred crowns; ' and without another word or waiting for a reply he made off home.

Don Quixote begged and entreated the bachelor to stay and do penance with him.¹ The bachelor accepted the invitation and remained, a couple of young pigeons were added to the ordinary fare, at dinner they talked chivalry, Carrasco fell in with his host's humour, the banquet came to an end, they took their afternoon sleep, Sancho returned, and the previous conversation was resumed.

¹ Equivalent to our phrase, 'stay and take pot-luck.'

Note A (page 33).

The critics and commentators have been much troubled by the inconsistency involved in making only a month elapse between the termination of the First Part and the resumption of the story, in which short space of time the first volume is supposed to have been written, translated, printed, and circulated, as we are afterwards told, to the extent of 12,000 copies. Cervantes, however, himself saw the blunder, as we perceive here, and makes a happy use of it as evidence of enchantment in the knight's eyes. Cervantes never troubled his head about such inconsistencies. The action of the whole story of *Don Quixote* is supposed to extend over three or four months only, but according to dates it extends over twenty-five years, from 1589 to 1614.

Note B (page 35).

No edition appeared at Barcelona in the lifetime of Cervantes, and no edition of the First Part by itself was ever printed at Antwerp. On the other hand, there were two editions at Brussels and one at Milan, of which Cervantes does not seem to have been aware when he wrote this.

Note C (page 43).

This passage has somewhat puzzled those who were unaware of the difference in text between the first and the subsequent editions. Cervantes is here speaking of the first edition, in which (as has been already pointed out, chapter xxiii. Part I.) no account of the theft of the ass is given. From this we gather that Cervantes himself had nothing to do with the attempt made in the second edition to rectify the blunder, for had it been his own work he certainly would not have ignored it as he does here.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH SANCHE PANZA GIVES A SATISFACTORY REPLY TO THE DOUBTS AND QUESTIONS OF THE BACHELOR SAMSON CARRASCO, TOGETHER WITH OTHER MATTERS WORTH KNOWING AND MENTIONING.

SANCHE came back to Don Quixote's house, and returning to the late subject of conversation, he said, 'As to what Señor Samson said, that he would like to know by whom, or how, or when my ass was stolen, I say in reply that the same night we went into the Sierra Morena, flying from the Holy Brotherhood after that unlucky adventure of the galley slaves, and the other of the corpse that was going to Segovia, my master and I ensconced ourselves in a thicket, and there, my master leaning on his lance, and I seated on my Dapple, battered and weary with the late frays we fell asleep as if it had been on four feather beds; and I in particular slept so sound, that, whoever he was, he was able to come and prop me up on four stakes, which he put under the four corners of the pack-saddle in such a way that he left me mounted on it, and took away Dapple from under me without my feeling it.'

'That is an easy matter,' said Don Quixote, 'and it is no new occurrence, for the very same thing happened to Sacripante, when, at the siege of Albracca, the famous thief

called Brunello, by the same contrivance, took his horse from between his legs.' ¹

'Day came,' continued Sancho, 'and the moment I stretched myself the stakes gave way and I fell to the ground with a mighty come down ; I looked about for the ass, but could not see him ; the tears rushed to my eyes and I raised such a lamentation that, if the author of our history has not put it in, he may depend upon it he has left out a good thing. Some days after, I know not how many, travelling with her ladyship the Princess Micomicona, I saw my ass, and mounted upon him, in the dress of a gipsy, was that Gines de Pasamonte, the great rogue and rascal that my master and I freed from the chain.'

'That is not where the mistake is,' replied Samson ; 'it is, that before the ass has turned up, the author speaks of Sancho as being mounted on it.'

'I don't know what to say to that,' said Sancho, 'unless that the historian made a mistake, or perhaps it might be a blunder of the printer's.'

'No doubt that's it,' said Samson ; 'but what became of the hundred crowns ?'

'They vanished,' said Sancho ; 'I spent them for my own good, and my wife's, and my children's, and it is they that have made my wife bear so patiently all my wanderings on highways and byways, in the service of my master, Don Quixote ; for if after all this time I had come back to the house without a rap and without the ass, it would have been a poor look-out for me ; and if anyone wants to know anything more about me, here I am, ready to answer the king

¹ See Note A, p. 52.

himself in person ; and it is no affair of anyone's, whether I took or did not take, whether I spent or did not spend ; for if the whacks that were given me in these journeys were to be paid for in money, even if they were valued at no more than four maravedis apiece, another hundred crowns would not pay me for half of them. Let each look to himself and not try to make out white black, and black white ; for each of us is as God made him, aye, and often worse.' ¹

'I will take care,' said Carrasco, 'to impress upon the author of the history that, if he prints it again, he must not forget what worthy Sancho has said, for it will raise it a good span higher than it is.'

'Is there anything else to correct in the history, señor bachelor ?' asked Don Quixote.

'No doubt there is,' replied he ; 'but not anything that will be of the same importance as those I have mentioned.'

'Does the author promise a second part at all ?' said Don Quixote.

'He does promise one,' replied Samson ; 'but he says he has not found it, nor does he know who has got it ; and we cannot say whether it will appear or not ; and so, on that head, as some say that no second part has ever been good, and others that enough has been already written about Don Quixote, it is thought there will be no second part ; though some, who are jovial rather than saturnine, say, "Let us have more Quixotades, let Don Quixote charge and Sancho chatter, and no matter what it may turn out, we shall be satisfied with that."'

¹ Prov. 80.

‘And what does the author mean to do?’ said Don Quixote.

‘What?’ replied Samson; ‘why, as soon as he has found the history which he is now searching for with extraordinary diligence, he will at once give it to the press, moved more by the profit that may accrue to him from doing so than by any thought of praise.’

Whereat Sancho observed, ‘The author looks for money and profit, does he? It will be a wonder if he succeeds, for it will be only hurry, hurry, with him, like the tailor on Easter Eve; and works done in a hurry are never finished as perfectly as they ought to be. Let master Moor, or whatever he is, pay attention to what he is doing, and I and my master will give him as much grouting¹ ready to his hand, in the way of adventures and accidents of all sorts, as would make up not only one second part, but a hundred. The good man fancies, no doubt, that we are fast asleep in the straw here, but let him hold up our feet to be shod and he will see which foot it is we go lame on. All I say is, that if my master would take my advice, we would be now afield, redressing outrages and righting wrongs, as is the use and custom of good knights-errant.’

Sancho had hardly uttered these words when the neighing of Rocinante fell upon their ears, which neighing Don Quixote accepted as a happy omen, and he resolved to make another sally in three or four days from that time. Announcing his intention to the bachelor, he asked his advice as to the quarter in which he ought to commence his

¹ *Ripio* small stones and mortar used in building to fill the interstices between the large stones.

expedition, and the bachelor replied that in his opinion he ought to go to the kingdom of Aragon, and the city of Saragossa, where there were to be certain solemn joustings at the festival of St. George,¹ at which he might win renown above all the knights of Aragon, which would be winning it above all the knights of the world. He commended his very praiseworthy and gallant resolution, but admonished him to proceed with greater caution in encountering dangers, because his life did not belong to him, but to all those who had need of him to protect and aid them in their misfortunes.

‘There’s where it is, what I abominate, Señor Samson,’ said Sancho here; ‘my master will attack a hundred armed men as a greedy boy would half a dozen melons. Body of the world, señor bachelor! there is a time to attack and a time to retreat, and it is not to be always “Santiago, and close Spain!”’² Moreover, I have heard it said (and I think by my master himself, if I remember rightly) that the mean of valour lies between the extremes of cowardice and rashness; and if that be so, I don’t want him to fly without having good reason, or to attack when the odds³ make it better not. But, above all things, I warn my master that if he is to take me with him it must be on the condition that he is to do all the fighting, and that I am not to be called upon to do anything except what concerns keeping him clean and comfortable; in this I will dance attendance on him readily;

¹ In commemoration of the battle of Alcoraz, where in 1096 Pedro I. of Aragon, with the help of St. George, defeated the Moors.

² The old Spanish war-cry, *Santiago y cierra España!*

³ *Demasia*—literally ‘excess.’ Hartzenbusch would add ‘of the risk,’ or substitute ‘occasion,’ but I venture to think the word by itself may be taken in the sense I have given.

but to expect me to draw sword, even against rascally churls of the hatchet and hood, is idle. I don't set up to be a fighting man, Señor Samson, but only the best and most loyal squire that ever served knight-errant; and if my master Don Quixote, in consideration of my many faithful services, is pleased to give me some island of the many his worship says one may stumble on in these parts, I will take it as a great favour; and if he does not give it to me, I was born like everyone else, and a man must not live in dependance on anyone except God; and what is more, my bread will taste as well, and perhaps even better, without a government than if I were a governor; and how do I know but that in these governments the devil may have prepared some trip for me, to make me lose my footing and fall and knock my grinders out? Sancho I was born and Sancho I mean to die. But for all that, if heaven were to make me a fair offer of an island or something else of the kind, without much trouble and without much risk, I am not such a fool as to refuse it; for they say, too, "when they offer thee a heifer, run with a halter;" and "when good luck comes to thee, take it in." '¹

'Brother Sancho,' said Carrasco, 'you have spoken like a professor; but, for all that, put your trust in God and in Señor Don Quixote, for he will give you a kingdom, not to say an island.'

'It is all the same, be it more or be it less,' replied Sancho; 'though I can tell Señor Carrasco that my master would not throw the kingdom he might give me into a sack all in holes; for I have felt my own pulse and I find myself

¹ Provs. 236 and 22.

sound enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands; and I have before now told my master as much.'

'Take care, Sancho,' said Samson; 'honours change manners,¹ and perhaps when you find yourself a governor you won't know the mother that bore you.'

'That may hold good of those that are born in the ditches,' said Sancho,² 'not of those who have the fat of an old Christian four fingers deep on their souls, as I have. Nay, only look at my disposition, is that likely to show ingratitude to anyone?'

'God grant it,' said Don Quixote; 'we shall see when the government comes; and I seem to see it already.'

He then begged the bachelor, if he were a poet, to do him the favour of composing some verses for him conveying the farewell he meant to take of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and to see that a letter of her name was placed at the beginning of each line, so that, at the end of the verses, 'Dulcinea del Toboso' might be read by putting together the first letters. The bachelor replied that although he was not one of the famous poets of Spain, who were, they said, only three and a half,³ he would not fail to compose the required verses; though he saw a great difficulty in the task, as the letters which made up the name were seventeen; so, if he made four ballad stanzas of four lines each, there would be a letter over, and if he made them of five, what they called *decimas* or *redondillas*,⁴ there were three letters

¹ Prov. 158.

² Literally, 'among the mallows.'

³ See Note B, p. 52.

⁴ The *decima* is properly a stanza of ten eight-syllable lines; in the *redondilla*, which is more commonly a four-line stanza, the last line rhymes with the first. The acrostic was one of the poetical frivolities of the day.

short; nevertheless he would try to drop a letter as well as he could, so that the name 'Dulcinea del Toboso' might be got into four ballad stanzas.

'It must be, by some means or other,' said Don Quixote, 'for unless the name stands there plain and manifest, no woman would believe the verses were made for her.'

They agreed upon this, and that the departure should take place in three days from that time. Don Quixote charged the bachelor to keep it a secret, especially from the curate and Master Nicholas, and from his niece and the housekeeper, lest they should prevent the execution of his praiseworthy and valiant purpose. Carrasco promised all, and then took his leave, charging Don Quixote to inform him of his good or evil fortunes whenever he had an opportunity; and thus they bade each other farewell, and Sancho went away to make the necessary preparations for their expedition.

Note A (page 46).

'La sella su quattro aste gli suffolse,
E di sotto il destrier nudo gli tolse.'

Orlando Furioso, xxvii. 84.

But the idea was Boiardo's:

'E la cingia disciolse presto presto,
E pose il legno sotto de lo arcione.'

Orlando Innamorato, II. v. 40.

It seems plain from this that Cervantes meant to introduce into the First Part a burlesque of the theft of Sacripante's horse, with Gines de Pasamonte playing the part of Brunello. It would have been an incident exactly in the spirit of the book.

Note B (page 51).

There is some difference of opinion as to who were the three poets and a half allowed to be famous by Samson Carrasco; but probably Cervantes only intended a malicious little joke at the expense of the whole swarm of poets of his day, and their mutual admiration cliques.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE SHREWD AND DROLL CONVERSATION THAT PASSED
BETWEEN SANCHE PANZA AND HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA, AND
OTHER MATTERS WORTHY OF BEING DULY RECORDED.

THE translator of this history, when he comes to write this fifth chapter, says that he considers it apocryphal, because in it Sancho Panza speaks in a style unlike that which might have been expected from his limited intelligence, and says things so subtle that he does not think it possible he could have conceived them; however, desirous of doing what his task imposed upon him, he was unwilling to leave it untranslated, and therefore he went on to say :

Sancho came home in such glee and spirits that his wife noticed his happiness a bowshot off, so much so that it made her ask him, 'What have you got, Sancho friend, that you are so glad?'

To which he replied, 'Wife, if it were God's will, I should be very glad not to be so well pleased as I show myself.'

'I don't understand you, husband,' said she, 'and I don't know what you mean by saying you would be glad, if it were God's will, not to be well pleased; for, fool as I am, I don't know how one can find pleasure in not having it.'

‘Hark ye, Teresa,’ replied Sancho, ‘I am glad because I have made up my mind to go back to the service of my master Don Quixote, who means to go out a third time to seek for adventures ; and I am going with him again, for my necessities will have it so, and also the hope that cheers me with the thought that I may find another hundred crowns like those we have spent ; though it makes me sad to have to leave thee and the children ; and if God would be pleased to let me have my daily bread, dry-shod and at home, without taking me out into the byways and cross-roads—and he could do it at small cost by merely willing it—it is clear my happiness would be more solid and lasting, for the happiness I have is mingled with sorrow at leaving thee ; so that I was right in saying I would be glad, if it were God’s will, not to be well pleased.’

‘Look here, Sancho,’ said Teresa ; ‘ever since you joined on to a knight-errant you talk in such a roundabout way that there is no understanding you.’

‘It is enough that God understands me, wife,’ replied Sancho ; ‘for he is the understander of all things ; that will do ; but mind, sister, you must look to Dapple carefully for the next three days, so that he may be fit to take arms ; double his feed, and see to the pack-saddle and other harness, for it is not to a wedding we are bound, but to go round the world, and play at give and take with giants and dragons and monsters, and hear hissings and roarings and bellowings and howlings ; and even all this would be lavender, if we had not to reckon with Yanguesans and enchanted Moors.’

‘I know well enough, husband,’ said Teresa, ‘that

squires-errant don't eat their bread for nothing, and so I will be always praying to our Lord to deliver you speedily from all that hard fortune.'

'I can tell you, wife,' said Sancho, 'if I did not expect to see myself governor of an island before long, I would drop down dead on the spot.'

'Nay, then, husband,' said Teresa; 'let the hen live, though it be with her pip; ¹ live, and let the devil take all the governments in the world; you came out of your mother's womb without a government, you have lived until now without a government, and when it is God's will you will go, or be carried, to your grave without a government. How many there are in the world who live without a government, and continue to live all the same, and are reckoned in the number of the people. The best sauce in the world is hunger,² and as the poor are never without that, they always eat with a relish. But mind, Sancho, if by good luck you should find yourself with some government, don't forget me and your children. Remember that Sanchico is now full fifteen, and it is right he should go to school, if his uncle the abbot has a mind to have him trained for the Church. Consider, too, that your daughter Mari-Sancha will not die of grief if we marry her; for I have my suspicions that she is as eager to get a husband as you to get a government; and, after all, a daughter looks better ill married than well kept.'

'By my faith,' replied Sancho, 'if God brings me to get any sort of a government, I intend, wife, to make such a high match for Mari-Sancha that there will be no approaching her without calling her "my lady."'

¹ Prov. 101.

² Prov. 109.

‘Nay, Sancho,’ returned Teresa; ‘marry her to her equal, that is the safest plan; for if you put her out of wooden clogs into high-heeled shoes, out of her grey flannel petticoat into hoops and silk gowns, out of the plain “Marica” and “thou,” into “Doña So-and-so” and “my lady,” the girl won’t know where she is, and at every turn she will fall into a thousand blunders that will show the thread of her coarse homespun stuff.’

‘Tut, you fool,’ said Sancho; ‘it will be only to practise it for two or three years; and then dignity and decorum will fit her as easily as a glove; and if not, what matter? Let her be “my lady,” and never mind what happens.’

‘Keep to your own station, Sancho,’ replied Teresa; ‘don’t try to raise yourself higher, and bear in mind the proverb that says, “wipe the nose of your neighbour’s son, and take him into your house.”’¹ A fine thing it would be, indeed, to marry our Maria to some great count or grand gentleman, who, when the humour took him, would abuse her and call her clown-bred and clodhopper’s daughter and spinning wench. I have not been bringing up my daughter for that all this time, I can tell you, husband. Do you bring home money, Sancho, and leave marrying her to my care; there is Lope Tocho, Juan Tocho’s son, a stout, sturdy young fellow that we know, and I can see he does not look sour at the girl; and with him, one of our own sort, she will be well married, and we shall have her always under our eyes, and be all one family, parents and children, grandchildren and sons-in-law, and the peace and blessing of God will dwell among us; so don’t you go marrying her

¹ Prov. 113.

in those courts and grand palaces where they wont know what to make of her, or she what to make of herself.'

'Why, you idiot and wife for Barabbas,' said Sancho, 'what do you mean by trying, without why or wherefore, to keep me from marrying my daughter to one who will give me grandchildren that will be called "your lordship"? Look ye, Teresa, I have always heard my elders say that he who does not know how to take advantage of luck when it comes to him, has no right to complain if it gives him the go-by; and now that it is knocking at our door, it will not do to shut it out; let us go with the favouring breeze that blows upon us.' (It is this sort of talk, and what Sancho says lower down, that made the translator of the history say he considered this chapter apocryphal.) 'Don't you see, you animal,' continued Sancho, 'that it will be well for me to drop into some profitable government that will lift us out of the mire, and marry Mari-Sancha to whom I like; and you yourself will find yourself called "Doña Teresa Panza," and sitting in church on a fine carpet and cushions and draperies, in spite and in defiance of all the born ladies of the town? No, stay as you are, growing neither greater nor less, like a tapestry figure—Let us say no more about it, for Sanchica shall be a countess, say what you will.'

'Are you sure of all you say, husband?' replied Teresa. 'Well, for all that, I am afraid this rank of countess for my daughter will be her ruin. You do as you like, make a duchess or a princess of her, but I can tell you it will not be with my will and consent. I was always a lover of equality, brother, and I can't bear to see people give them-

selves airs without any right. They called me Teresa at my baptism, a plain, simple name, without any additions or tags or fringes of Dons or Doñas; Cascajo was my father's name, and as I am your wife, I am called Teresa Panza, though by right I ought to be called Teresa Cascajo; but "kings go where laws like,"¹ and I am content with this name without having the "Don" put on top of it to make it so heavy that I cannot carry it; and I don't want to make people talk about me when they see me go dressed like a countess or governor's wife; for they will say at once, "See what airs the slut gives herself! Only yesterday she was always spinning flax, and used to go to mass with the tail of her petticoat over her head instead of a mantle, and there she goes to-day in a hooped gown with her brooches and airs, as if we didn't know her!" If God keeps me in my seven senses, or five, or whatever number I have, I am not going to bring myself to such a pass; go you, brother, and be a government or an island man, and swagger as much as you like; for by the soul of my mother, neither my daughter nor I are going to stir a step from our village; a respectable woman should have a broken leg and keep at home; and to be busy at something is a virtuous damsel's holiday;² be off to your adventures along with your Don Quixote, and leave us to our misadventures, for God will mend them for us according as we deserve it. I don't know, I'm sure, who fixed the "Don" to him, what neither his father nor grandfather ever had.'

¹ Teresa inverts the proverb after Sancho's fashion; v. Note C, chap. xlv. Part I.

² Provs. 148 and 91.

‘I declare thou hast a devil of some sort in thy body!’ said Sancho. ‘God help thee, woman, what a lot of things thou hast strung together, one after the other, without head or tail! What have Cascajo, and the brooches and the proverbs and the airs, to do with what I say? Look here, fool and dolt (for so I may call you, when you don’t understand my words, and run away from good fortune), if I had said that my daughter was to throw herself down from a tower, or go roaming the world, as the Infanta Doña Urraca wanted to do,¹ you would be right in not giving way to my will; but if in an instant, in less than the twinkling of an eye, I put the “Don” and “my lady” on her back, and take her out of the stubble, and place her under a canopy, on a daïs, and on a couch, with more velvet cushions than all the Almohades of Morocco ever had in their family,² why won’t you consent and fall in with my wishes?’

‘Do you know why, husband?’ replied Teresa; ‘because of the proverb that says “who covers thee, discovers thee.”’³ At the poor man people only throw a hasty glance; on the rich man they fix their eyes; and if the said rich man was once on a time poor, it is then there is the sneering and the tattle and spite of backbiters; and in the streets here they swarm as thick as bees.’

‘Look here, Teresa,’ said Sancho, ‘and listen to what I am now going to say to you; maybe you never heard it in all your life; and I do not give my own notions, for what I am about to say are the opinions of his reverence the

¹ See Note A, p. 62.

² *Almohada* is a cushion, which Sancho supposes to have had something to do with the origin of the sect of the Almohades.

³ Prov. 62.

preacher, who preached in this town last Lent, and who said, if I remember rightly, that all things present that our eyes behold, bring themselves before us, and remain and fix themselves on our memory much better and more forcibly than things past.' (These observations which Sancho makes here are the other ones on account of which the translator says he regards this chapter as apocryphal, inasmuch as they are beyond Sancho's capacity.) 'Whence it arises,' he continued, 'that when we see any person well dressed and making a figure with rich garments and retinue of servants, it seems to lead and impel us perforce to respect him, though memory may at the same moment recall to us some lowly condition in which we have seen him, but which, whether it may have been poverty or low birth, being now a thing of the past, has no existence; while the only thing that has any existence is what we see before us; and if this person whom fortune has raised from his original lowly state (these were the very words the padre used) to his present height of prosperity, be well bred, generous, courteous to all, without seeking to vie with those whose nobility is of ancient date, depend upon it, Teresa, no one will remember what he was, and everyone will respect what he is, except indeed the envious, from whom no fair fortune is safe.'

'I do not understand you, husband,' replied Teresa; 'do as you like, and don't break my head with any more speechifying and rhetoric; and if you have revolved to do what you say—'

'Resolved, you should say, woman,' said Sancho, 'not revolved.'

‘Don’t set yourself to wrangle with me, husband,’ said Teresa; ‘I speak as God pleases, and don’t deal in out-of-the-way phrases; and I say if you are bent upon having a government, take your son Sancho with you, and teach him from this time on how to hold a government; for sons ought to inherit and learn the trades of their fathers.’

‘As soon as I have the government,’ said Sancho, ‘I will send for him by post, and I will send thee money, of which I shall have no lack, for there is never any want of people to lend it to governors when they have not got it; and do thou dress him so as to hide what he is and make him look what he is to be.’

‘You send the money,’ said Teresa, ‘and I’ll dress him up for you as fine as you please.’

‘Then we are agreed that our daughter is to be a countess,’ said Sancho.

‘The day that I see her a countess,’ replied Teresa, ‘it will be the same to me as if I was burying her; but once more I say do as you please, for we women are born to this burden of being obedient to our husbands, though they be dogs;’ and with this she began to weep in downright earnest, as if she already saw Sanchica dead and buried.

Sancho consoled her by saying that though he must make her a countess, he would put it off as long as possible. Here their conversation came to an end, and Sancho went back to see Don Quixote, and make arrangements for their departure.¹

¹ There can be very little doubt, as Pellicer points out, that Molière took the scene between Monsieur Jourdain and his wife in act iii. of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* from this dialogue between Sancho and Teresa.

Note A (page 59).

The Infanta Urraca was the daughter of Ferdinand I. of Castile and Leon, who, finding herself omitted in her father's will, threatened to disgrace him by taking to a disreputable life. He in consequence altered his will and left her the city of Zamora, adding his curse upon him who should attempt to take it from her; a curse which shortly afterwards took effect when her brother Sancho, besieging the city, was treacherously slain by Vellido Dolfos. The story is the subject of two ballads — 'Morir vos queredes, padre,' and 'Acababa el rey Fernando.'

CHAPTER VI.

OF WHAT TOOK PLACE BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS NIECE
AND HOUSEKEEPER ; ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT CHAPTERS
IN THE WHOLE HISTORY.

WHILE Sancho Panza and his wife, Teresa Cascajo, held the above irrelevant conversation, Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper were not idle, for by a thousand signs they began to perceive that their uncle and master meant to give them the slip the third time, and once more betake himself to his, for them, ill-errant chivalry. They strove by all the means in their power to divert him from such an unlucky scheme ; but it was all preaching in the desert and hammering cold iron. Nevertheless, among many other representations made to him, the housekeeper said to him, ' In truth, master, if you do not keep still and stay quiet at home, and give over roaming mountains and valleys like a troubled spirit, looking for what they say are called adventures, but what I call misfortunes, I shall have to make complaint to God and the king with loud supplication to send some remedy.'

To which Don Quixote replied, ' What answer God will give to your complaints, housekeeper, I know not, nor what his Majesty will answer either ; I only know that if I were king I should decline to answer the numberless silly petitions they present every day ; for one of the greatest among the

many troubles kings have is being obliged to listen to all and answer all, and therefore I should be sorry that any affairs of mine should worry him.'

Whereupon the housekeeper said, 'Tell us, señor, at his Majesty's court are there no knights?'

'There are,' replied Don Quixote, 'and plenty of them; and it is right there should be, to set off the dignity of the prince, and for the greater glory of the king's majesty.'

'Then might not your worship,' said she, 'be one of those that, without stirring a step, serve their king and lord in his court?'

'Recollect, my friend,' said Don Quixote, 'all knights cannot be courtiers, nor can all courtiers be knights-errant, nor need they be. There must be all sorts in the world; and though we may be all knights, there is a great difference between one and another; for the courtiers, without quitting their chambers, or the threshold of the court, range the world over by looking at a map, without its costing them a farthing, and without suffering heat or cold, hunger or thirst; but we, the true knights-errant, measure the whole earth with our own feet, exposed to the sun, to the cold, to the air, to the inclemencies of heaven, by day and night, on foot and on horseback; nor do we only know enemies in pictures, but in their own real shapes; and at all risks and on all occasions we attack them, without any regard to childish points or rules of single combat, whether one has or has not a shorter lance or sword, whether one carries relics or any secret contrivance about him, whether or not the sun is to be divided and portioned out,¹ and

¹ See Note A, p. 70.

other niceties of the sort that are observed in set combats of man to man, that you know nothing about, but I do. And you must know besides, that the true knight-errant, though he may see ten giants, that not only touch the clouds with their heads but pierce them, and that go, each of them, on two tall towers by way of legs, and whose arms are like the masts of mighty ships, and each eye like a great mill-wheel, and glowing brighter than a glass furnace, must not on any account be dismayed by them. On the contrary, he must attack and fall upon them with a gallant bearing and a fearless heart, and, if possible, vanquish and destroy them, even though they have for armour the shells of a certain fish, that they say are harder than diamonds, and in place of swords wield trenchant blades of Damascus steel, or clubs studded with spikes also of steel, such as I have more than once seen. All this I say, housekeeper, that you may see the difference there is between the one sort of knight and the other; and it would be well if there were no prince who did not set a higher value on this second, or more properly speaking first, kind of knights-errant; for, as we read in their histories, there have been some among them who have been the salvation, not merely of one kingdom, but of many.'

'Ah, señor,' here exclaimed the niece, 'remember that all this you are saying about knights-errant is fable and fiction; and their histories, if indeed they were not burned, would deserve, each of them, to have a *sambenito*¹ put on it, or some mark by which it might be known as infamous and a corrupter of good manners.'

¹ The garment worn by penitents, who have been tried by the Inquisition and have confessed.

‘By the God that gives me life,’ said Don Quixote, ‘if thou wert not my full niece, being daughter of my own sister, I would inflict a chastisement upon thee for the blasphemy thou hast uttered that all the world should ring with. What! can it be that a young hussy that hardly knows how to handle a dozen lace-bobbins dares to wag her tongue and criticise the histories of knights-errant? What would Señor Amadis say if he heard of such a thing? He, however, no doubt would forgive thee, for he was the most humble-minded and courteous knight of his time, and moreover a great protector of damsels; but some there are that might have heard thee, and it would not have been well for thee in that case; for they are not all courteous or mannerly; some are ill-conditioned scoundrels; nor is it everyone that calls himself a gentleman, that is so in all respects;¹ some are gold, others pinchbeck, and all look like gentlemen, but not all can stand the touchstone of truth. There are men of low rank who strain themselves to bursting to pass for gentlemen, and high gentlemen who, one would fancy, were dying to pass for men of low rank; the former raise themselves by their ambition or by their virtues, the latter debase themselves by their lack of spirit or by their vices; and one has need of experience and discernment to distinguish these two kinds of gentlemen, so much alike in name and so different in conduct.’

‘God bless me!’ said the niece, ‘that you should know so much, uncle—enough, if need be, to get up into a pulpit

¹ The reader should bear in mind that *caballero*—‘knight’—means also ‘gentleman.’ It is in the latter sense that Cervantes uses the word in the following passage, as the context will show.

and go preach in the streets—and yet that you should fall into a delusion so great and a folly so manifest as to try to make yourself out vigorous when you are old, strong when you are sickly, able to put straight what is crooked when you yourself are bent by age, and, above all, a caballero when you are not one; for though gentlefolk¹ may be so, poor men are nothing of the kind!

‘There is a great deal of truth in what you say, niece,’ returned Don Quixote, ‘and I could tell you somewhat about birth that would astonish you; but, not to mix up things human and divine, I refrain. Look you, my dears, all the lineages in the world (attend to what I am saying) can be reduced to four sorts, which are these: those that had humble beginnings, and went on spreading and extending themselves until they attained surpassing greatness; those that had great beginnings and maintained them, and still maintain and uphold the greatness of their origin; those, again, that from a great beginning have ended in a point like a pyramid, having reduced and lessened their original greatness till it has come to nought, like the point of a pyramid, which, relatively to its base or foundation, is nothing; and then there are those—and it is they that are the most numerous—that have had neither an illustrious beginning nor a remarkable mid-course, and so will have an end without a name, like an ordinary plebeian line. Of the first, those that had an humble origin and rose to the greatness they still preserve, the Ottoman house may serve as an example, which from an humble and lowly shepherd, its founder, has reached the height at which we now

¹ *Hidalgos.*

see it. For examples of the second sort of lineage, that began with greatness and maintains it still without adding to it, there are the many princes who have inherited the dignity, and maintain themselves in their inheritance, without increasing or diminishing it, keeping peacefully within the limits of their states. Of those that began great and ended in a point, there are thousands of examples, for all the Pharaohs and Ptolemys of Egypt, the Cæsars of Rome, and the whole herd (if I may apply such a word to them) of countless princes, monarchs, lords, Medes, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and barbarians, all these lineages and lordships have ended in a point and come to nothing, they themselves as well as their founders, for it would be impossible now to find one of their descendants, and, even should we find one, it would be in some lowly and humble condition. Of plebeian lineages I have nothing to say, save that they merely serve to swell the number of those that live, without any eminence to entitle them to any fame or praise beyond this. From all I have said I would have you gather, my poor innocents, that great is the confusion among lineages, and that only those are seen to be great and illustrious that show themselves so by the virtue, wealth, and generosity of their possessors. I have said virtue, wealth, and generosity, because a great man who is vicious will be a great example of vice, and a rich man who is not generous will be merely a miserly beggar; for the possessor of wealth is not made happy by possessing it, but by spending it, and not by spending as he pleases, but by knowing how to spend it well. The poor gentleman has no

way of showing that he is a gentleman but by virtue, by being affable, well-bred, courteous, gentle-mannered, and kindly, not haughty, arrogant, or censorious, but above all by being charitable; for by two maravedis given with a cheerful heart to the poor, he will show himself as generous as he who distributes alms with bell-ringing, and no one that perceives him to be endowed with the virtues I have named, even though he know him not, will fail to recognise and set him down as one of good blood; and it would be strange were it not so; praise has ever been the reward of virtue, and those who are virtuous cannot fail to receive commendation. There are two roads, my daughters, by which men may reach wealth and honours; one is that of letters, the other that of arms. I have more of arms than of letters in my composition, and, judging by my inclination to arms, was born under the influence of the planet Mars. I am, therefore, in a measure constrained to follow that road, and by it I must travel in spite of all the world, and it will be labour in vain for you to urge me to resist what heaven wills, fate ordains, reason requires, and, above all, my own inclination favours; for knowing as I do the countless toils that are the accompaniments of knight-errantry, I know, too, the infinite blessings that are attained by it; I know that the path of virtue is very narrow, and the road of vice broad and spacious; I know their ends and goals are different, for the broad and easy road of vice ends in death, and the narrow and toilsome one of virtue in life, and not transitory life, but in that which has no end; I know, as our great Castilian poet says, that—

It is by rugged paths like these they go
That scale the heights of immortality,
Unreached by those that falter here below.'¹

'Woe is me!' exclaimed the niece, 'my lord is a poet, too! He knows everything, and he can do everything; I will bet, if he chose to turn mason, he could make a house as easily as a cage.'

'I can tell you, niece,' replied Don Quixote, 'if these chivalrous thoughts did not engage all my faculties, there would be nothing that I could not do, nor any sort of nick-nack that would not come from my hands, particularly cages and tooth-picks.'

At this moment there came a knocking at the door, and when they asked who was there, Sancho Panza made answer that it was he. The instant the housekeeper knew who it was, she ran to hide herself so as not to see him; in such abhorrence did she hold him. The niece let him in, and his master Don Quixote came forward to receive him with open arms, and the pair shut themselves up in his room, where they had another conversation not inferior to the previous one.

¹ Garcilaso de la Vega, elegy on the death of Don Bernardino de Toledo, brother of the Duke of Alba.

Note A (page 64).

One of the most important of the preliminaries in a formal combat was placing the men, so that neither should be at a disadvantage by having the sun in his eyes. So in the Poem of the Cid, the marshals portion out the sun to the Cid's champions and the Infantes of Carrion.

CHAPTER VII.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE,
TOGETHER WITH OTHER VERY NOTABLE INCIDENTS.

THE instant the housekeeper saw Sancho Panza shut himself in with her master, she guessed what they were about; and suspecting that the result of the consultation would be a resolve to undertake a third sally, she seized her mantle, and, in deep anxiety and distress, ran to find the bachelor Samson Carrasco, as she thought that, being a well-spoken man, and a new friend of her master's, he might be able to persuade him to give up any such crazy notion. She found him pacing the patio of his house, and, perspiring and flurried, she fell at his feet the moment she saw him.

Carrasco, seeing how distressed and overcome she was, said to her, 'What is this, mistress housekeeper? What has happened you? One would think you heart-broken.'

'Nothing, Señor Samson,' said she, 'only that my master is breaking out, plainly breaking out.'

'Whereabouts is he breaking out, señora? asked Samson; 'has any part of his body burst?'

'He is only breaking out at the door of his madness,' she replied; 'I mean, dear señor bachelor, that he is going to break out again (and this will be the third time) to hunt all over the world for what he calls ventures, though I can't

make out why he gives them that name.¹ The first time he was brought back to us slung across the back of an ass, and belaboured all over ; and the second time he came in an ox-cart, shut up in a cage, in which he persuaded himself he was enchanted, and the poor creature was in such a state that the mother that bore him would not have known him ; lean, yellow, with his eyes sunk deep in the cells of his skull ; so that to bring him round again, ever so little, cost me more than six hundred eggs, as God knows, and all the world, and my hens too, that won't let me tell a lie.'

'That I can well believe,' replied the bachelor, 'for they are so good and so fat, and so well-bred, that they would not say one thing for another, though they were to burst for it. In short then, mistress housekeeper, that is all, and there is nothing the matter, except what it is feared Don Quixote may do?'

'No, señor,' said she.

'Well then,' returned the bachelor, 'don't be uneasy, but go home in peace ; get me ready something hot for breakfast, and while you are on the way say the prayer of Santa Apollonia, that is if you know it ; for I will come presently and you will see miracles.'

'Woe is me,' cried the housekeeper, 'is it the prayer of Santa Apollonia you would have me say ? That would do if it was the toothache my master had ; but it is in the brains, what he has got.'²

'I know what I am saying, mistress housekeeper ; go,

¹ *Venturas*, which the housekeeper mistakes for *aventuras*, would mean strokes of good fortune.

² See Note A, p. 80.

and don't set yourself to argue with me, for you know I am a bachelor of Salamanca, and one can't be more of a bachelor than that,' replied Carrasco; and with this the housekeeper retired, and the bachelor went at once to look for the curate, and arrange with him what will be told in its proper place.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were shut up together, they had a discussion which the history records with great precision and scrupulous exactness. Sancho said to his master, 'Señor, I have educed my wife to let me go with your worship wherever you choose to take me.'

'Induced, you should say, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'not educed.'

'Once or twice, as well as I remember,' replied Sancho, 'I have begged of your worship not to mend my words, if so be as you understand what I mean by them; and if you don't understand them to say, "Sancho," or "devil," "I don't understand thee;" and if I don't make my meaning plain, then you may correct me, for I am so focile—'

'I don't understand thee, Sancho,' said Don Quixote at once; 'for I know not what "I am so focile" means.'

'"So focile" means I am so much that way,' replied Sancho.

'I understand thee still less now,' said Don Quixote.

'Well, if you can't understand me,' said Sancho, 'I don't know how to put it; I know no more, God help me.'

'Oh, now I have hit it,' said Don Quixote; 'thou wouldst say thou art so docile, tractable, and gentle that thou wilt take what I say to thee, and submit to what I teach thee.'

'I would bet,' said Sancho, 'that from the very first

you understood me, and knew what I meant, but you wanted to put me out that you might hear me make another couple of dozen blunders.'

'May be so,' replied Don Quixote; 'but to come to the point, what does Teresa say?'

'Teresa says,' replied Sancho, 'that I should make sure with your worship, and "let papers speak and beards be still,"¹ for "he who binds does not wrangle,"² since one "take" is better than two "I'll give thee's;"³ and I say a woman's advice is no great things, and he who won't take it is a fool.'⁴

'And so say I,' said Don Quixote; 'continue, Sancho my friend; go on; you talk pearls to-day.'

'The fact is,' continued Sancho, 'that, as your worship knows better than I do, we are all of us liable to death, and to-day we are, and to-morrow we are not, and the lamb goes as soon as the sheep,⁵ and nobody can promise himself more hours of life in this world than God may be pleased to give him; for death is deaf, and when it comes to knock at our life's door, it is always urgent, and neither prayers, nor struggles, nor sceptres, nor mitres, can keep it back, as common talk and report say, and as they tell us from the pulpits every day.'

'All that is very true,' said Don Quixote; 'but I cannot make out what thou art driving at.'

'What I am driving at,' said Sancho, 'is that your worship settle some fixed wages for me, to be paid monthly

¹ Prov. 40—if you have a thing in writing, words are unnecessary.

² See Note B, p. 81.

³ Prov. 227.

⁴ Prov. 149.

⁵ Prov. 59, i.e. to the butcher.

while I am in your service, and that the same be paid me out of your estate ; for I don't care to stand on rewards which either come late, or ill, or never at all ; God help me with my own. In short, I would like to know what I am to get, be it much or little ; for the hen will lay on one egg, and many littles make a much, and so long as one gains something there is nothing lost.¹ To be sure, if it should happen (what I neither believe nor expect) that your worship were to give me that island you have promised me, I am not so ungrateful nor so grasping but that I would be willing to have the revenue of such island valued and stopped out of my wages in due promotion.'

'Sancho, my friend,' replied Don Quixote, 'sometimes proportion may be as good as promotion.'²

'I see,' said Sancho ; 'I'll bet I ought to have said proportion, and not promotion ; but it is no matter, as your worship has understood me.'

'And so well understood,' returned Don Quixote, 'that I have seen into the depths of thy thoughts, and know the mark thou art shooting at with the countless shafts of thy proverbs. Look here, Sancho, I would readily fix thy wages if I had ever found any instance in the histories of the knights-errant to show or indicate, by the slightest hint, what their squires used to get monthly or yearly ; but I have read all or the best part of their histories, and I cannot remember reading of any knight-errant having assigned fixed wages to his squire ; I only know that they all served on reward, and that when they least expected it, if good luck attended their masters, they found themselves

¹ Provs. 100, 141, and 11.

² See Note C, p. 81.

recompensed with an island or something equivalent to it, or at the least they were left with a title and lordship. If with these hopes and additional inducements you, Sancho, please to return to my service, well and good; but to suppose that I am going to disturb or unhinge the ancient usage of knight-errantry, is all nonsense. And so, my Sancho, get you back to your house and explain my intentions to your Teresa, and if she likes and you like to be on reward with me, *bene quidem*; if not, we remain friends; for if the pigeon-house does not lack food, it will not lack pigeons;¹ and bear in mind, my son, that a good hope is better than a bad holding, and a good grievance better than a bad compensation.² I speak in this way, Sancho, to show you that I can shower down proverbs just as well as yourself; and in short, I mean to say, and I do say, that if you don't like to come on reward with me, and run the same chance that I run, God be with you and make a saint of you; for I shall find plenty of squires more obedient and painstaking, and not so thickheaded or talkative as you are.'

When Sancho heard his master's firm, resolute language, a cloud came over the sky with him and the wings of his heart drooped, for he had made sure that his master would not go without him for all the wealth of the world; and as he stood there dumbfounded and moody, Samson Carraseo came in with the housekeeper and niece, who were anxious to hear by what arguments he was about to dissuade their

¹ Prov. 169.

² Provs. 97 and 197. In the second, Shelton and Jervas mistranslate *qucja* 'demand'; thereby weakening the force of a proverb, the truth of which has been always recognised by politicians, diplomatists, and agitators.

master from going to seek adventures. The arch wag Samson came forward, and embracing him as he had done before, said with a loud voice, 'O flower of knight-errantry! O shining light of arms! O honour and mirror of the Spanish nation! may God Almighty in his infinite power grant that any person or persons, who would impede or hinder thy third sally, may find no way out of the labyrinth of their schemes, nor ever accomplish what they most desire!' And then, turning to the housekeeper, he said, 'Mistress housekeeper may just as well give over saying the prayer of Santa Apollonia, for I know it is the positive determination of the spheres that Señor Don Quixote shall proceed to put into execution his new and lofty designs; and I should lay a heavy burden on my conscience did I not urge and persuade this knight not to keep the might of his strong arm and the virtue of his valiant spirit any longer curbed and checked, for by his inactivity he is defrauding the world of the redress of wrongs, of the protection of orphans, of the honour of virgins, of the aid of widows, and of the support of wives, and other matters of this kind appertaining, belonging, proper and peculiar to the order of knight-errantry. On, then, my lord Don Quixote, beautiful and brave, let your worship and highness set out to-day rather than to-morrow; and if anything be needed for the execution of your purpose, here am I ready in person and purse to supply the want; and were it requisite to attend your magnificence as squire, I should esteem it the rarest good fortune.'

At this, Don Quixote, turning to Sancho, said, 'Did I not tell thee, Sancho, there would be squires enough and to

spare for me? See now who offers to become one; no less than the illustrious bachelor Samson Carrasco, the perpetual joy and delight of the courts of the Salamancan schools, sound in body, discreet, patient under heat or cold, hunger or thirst, with all the qualifications requisite to make a knight-errant's squire! But heaven forbid that, to gratify my own inclination, I should shake or shatter this pillar of letters and vessel of the sciences, and cut down this towering palm of the fair and liberal arts. Let this new Samson remain in his own country, and, bringing honour to it, bring honour at the same time on the grey heads of his venerable parents; for I will be content with any squire that comes to hand, as Sancho does not deign to accompany me.'

'I do deign,' said Sancho, deeply moved and with tears in his eyes; 'it shall not be said of me, master mine,' he continued, "'the bread eaten and the company dispersed.'" ¹ Nay, I come of no ungrateful stock, for all the world knows, but particularly my own town, who the Panzas from whom I am descended were; and, what is more, I know and have learned, by many good words and deeds, your worship's desire to show me favour; and if I have been bargaining more or less about my wages, it was only to please my wife, who, when she sets herself to press a point, no hammer drives the hoops of a cask as she drives one to do what she wants; but, after all, a man must be a man, and a woman a woman; and as I am a man anyhow, which I can't deny, I will be one in my own house too, let who will take it amiss; and so there's nothing more to do

¹ Prov. 174.

but for your worship to make your will with its codicil in such a way that it can't be provoked, and let us set out at once, to save Señor Samson's soul from suffering, as he says his conscience obliges him to persuade your worship to sally out upon the world a third time; so I offer again to serve your worship faithfully and loyally, as well and better than all the squires that served knights-errant in times past or present.'

The bachelor was filled with amazement when he heard Sancho's phraseology and style of talk, for though he had read the first part of his master's history he never thought that he could be so droll as he was there described; but now, hearing him talk of a will and codicil that could not be provoked, instead of will and codicil that could not be revoked, he believed all he had read of him, and set him down as one of the greatest simpletons of modern times; and he said to himself that two such lunatics as master and man the world had never seen. In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho embraced one another and made friends, and by the advice and with the approval of the great Carrasco, who was now their oracle, it was arranged that their departure should take place three days thence, by which time they could have all that was requisite for the journey ready, and procure a closed helmet, which Don Quixote said he must by all means take. Samson offered him one, as he knew a friend of his who had it would not refuse it to him, though it was more dingy with rust and mildew than bright and clean like burnished steel.

The curses which both housekeeper and niece poured out on the bachelor were past counting; they tore their hair,

they clawed their faces, and in the style of the hired mourners that were once in fashion, they raised a lamentation over the departure of their master and uncle, as if it had been his death. Samson's intention in persuading him to sally forth once more was to do what the history relates farther on; all by the advice of the curate and barber, with whom he had previously discussed the subject. Finally, then, during those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho provided themselves with what they considered necessary, and Sancho having pacified his wife, and Don Quixote his niece and housekeeper, at nightfall, unseen by anyone except the bachelor, who thought fit to accompany them half a league out of the village, they set out for El Toboso, Don Quixote on his good Rocinante and Sancho on his old Dapple, his alforjas furnished with certain matters in the way of victuals, and his purse with money that Don Quixote gave him to meet emergencies. Samson embraced him, and entreated him to let him hear of his good or evil fortunes, so that he might rejoice over the former or condole with him over the latter, as the laws of friendship required. Don Quixote promised him he would do so, and Samson returned to the village, and the other two took the road for the great city of El Toboso.

Note A (page 72).

According to an old popular rhyme, Santa Apollonia complained of a toothache to the Blessed Virgin, who thereupon forbade any tooth, double or single, ever to trouble her again. The spell is alluded to in the *Celestina*, act iv.

Note B (page 74).

Prov. 74—*Quien destaja no baraja* ; always mistranslated ‘ He who cuts does not shuffle,’ which would be meaningless here. It has nothing to do with cards. *Destajar* means to lay down conditions, to stipulate ; *Barajar* certainly means to shuffle, to jumble things together, but in old Spanish it meant also to wrangle or dispute.

Note C (page 75).

The play upon the words here cannot be translated. Sancho, blundering as usual, changes the common phrase *rata por cantidad*—‘ rateably,’ or ‘ in proportion ’—into *gata* (cat) *por cantidad*, and Don Quixote corrects him by saying, ‘ a rat (*rata*) may be sometimes as good as a cat.’

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEREIN IS RELATED WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE ON HIS WAY
TO SEE HIS LADY DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

‘BLESSED be Allah the all-powerful!’ says Hamet Benengeli on beginning this eighth chapter; ‘blessed be Allah!’ he repeats three times; and he says he utters these thanksgivings at seeing that he has now got Don Quixote and Sancho fairly afield, and that the readers of his delightful history may reckon that the achievements and humours of Don Quixote and his squire are now about to begin; and he urges them to forget the former chivalries of the ingenious gentleman and to fix their eyes on those that are to come, which now begin on the road to El Toboso, as the others began on the plains of Montiel; nor is it much that he asks in consideration of all he promises, and so he goes on to say:

Don Quixote and Sancho were left alone, and the moment Samson took his departure, Rocinante began to neigh, and Dapple to sigh, which, by both knight and squire, was accepted as a good sign and a very happy omen; though, if the truth is to be told, the sighs and brays of Dapple were louder than the neighings of the hack, from which Sancho inferred that his good fortune was to exceed and overtop that of his master, building, perhaps, upon some judicial astrology that he may have known, though the

history says nothing about it ; all that can be said is, that when he stumbled or fell, he was heard to say he wished he had not come out, for by stumbling or falling there was nothing to be got but a damaged shoe or a broken rib ; and, fool as he was, he was not much astray in this.

Said Don Quixote, ‘ Sancho, my friend, night is drawing on upon us as we go, and more darkly than will allow us to reach El Toboso by daylight ; for there I am resolved to go before I engage in another adventure, and there I shall obtain the blessing and generous permission of the peerless Dulcinea, with which permission I expect and feel assured that I shall conclude and bring to a happy termination every perilous adventure ; for nothing in life makes knights-errant more valorous than finding themselves favoured by their ladies.’

‘ So I believe,’ replied Sancho ; ‘ but I think it will be difficult for your worship to speak with her or see her, at any rate where you will be able to receive her blessing ; unless, indeed, she throws it over the wall of the yard where I saw her the time before, when I took her the letter that told of the follies and mad things your worship was doing in the Sierra Morena.’

‘ Didst thou take that for a yard wall, Sancho ? ’ said Don Quixote, ‘ where or at which thou sawest that never sufficiently extolled grace and beauty ? It must have been the gallery, corridor, or portico of some rich and royal palace.’

‘ It might have been all that,’ returned Sancho, ‘ but to me it looked like a wall, unless I am short of memory.’

‘ At all events, let us go there, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote ; ‘ for, so that I see her, it is the same to me whether

it be over a wall, or at a window, or through the chink of a door, or the grate of a garden; for any beam of the sun of her beauty that reaches my eyes will give light to my reason and strength to my heart, so that I shall be unmatched and unequalled in wisdom and valour.'

'Well, to tell the truth, señor,' said Sancho, 'when I saw that sun of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not bright enough to throw out any beams at all; it must have been, that as her grace was sifting that wheat I told you of, the thick dust she raised came before her face like a cloud and dimmed it.'

'What! dost thou still persist, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'in saying, thinking, believing, and maintaining that my lady Dulcinea was sifting wheat, that being an occupation and task entirely at variance with what is and should be the employment of persons of distinction, who are constituted and reserved for other avocations and pursuits that show their rank a bow-shot off? Thou hast forgotten, O Sancho, those lines of our poet wherein he paints for us how, in their crystal abodes, those four nymphs employed themselves who rose from their loved Tagus and seated themselves in a verdant meadow to embroider those tissues which the ingenious poet there describes to us, how they were worked and woven with gold and silk and pearls; ¹ and something of this sort must have been the employment of my lady when thou sawest her, only that the spite which some wicked enchanter seems to have against everything of mine changes all those things that give me pleasure, and turns them into shapes unlike their own; and so I fear that

¹ Garcilaso de la Vega. *Egloga* III.

in that history of my achievements which they say is now in print, if haply its author was some sage who is an enemy of mine, he will have put one thing for another, mingling a thousand lies with one truth, and amusing himself by relating transactions which have nothing to do with the sequence of a true history. O envy, root of all countless evils, and cankerworm of the virtues! All the vices, Sancho, bring some kind of pleasure with them; but envy brings nothing but irritation, bitterness, and rage.'

'So I say too,' replied Sancho; 'and I suspect in that legend or history of us that the bachelor Samson Carrasco told us he saw, my honour goes dragged in the dirt, knocked about, up and down, sweeping the streets, as they say. And yet, on the faith of an honest man, I never spoke ill of any enchanter, and I am not so well off that I am to be envied; to be sure, I am rather sly, and I have a certain spice of the rogue in me; but all is covered by the great cloak of my simplicity, always natural and never acted;¹ and if I had no other merit save that I believe, as I always do, firmly and truly in God, and all the holy Roman Catholic Church holds and believes, and that I am a mortal enemy of the Jews, as I am, the historians ought to have mercy on me and treat me well in their writings. But let them say what they like; naked was I born, naked I find myself, I neither lose nor gain;² nay, while I see myself put into a book and passed on from hand to hand all over the world, I don't care a fig, let them say what they like of me.'

¹ Cid Hamet Benengeli might have objected with more reason to this than to Sancho's speeches in chapter v.

² Prov. 73.

‘That, Sancho,’ returned Don Quixote, ‘reminds me of what happened to a famous poet of our own day, who, having written a bitter satire against all the court ladies, did not insert or name in it a certain lady of whom it was questionable whether she was one or not. She, seeing she was not in the list of the ladies, complained to the poet, asking him what he had seen in her that he did not include her in the number of the others, and telling him he must add to his satire and put her in the new part, or else look out for the consequences. The poet did as she bade him, and left her without a shred of reputation, and she was satisfied by getting fame though it was infamy. In keeping with this is what they relate of that shepherd who set fire to the famous temple of Diana, by repute one of the seven wonders of the world, and burned it with the sole object of making his name live in after ages; and, though it was forbidden to name him, or mention his name by word of mouth or in writing, lest the object of his ambition should be attained, nevertheless it became known that he was called Erostratus. And something of the same sort is what happened in the case of the great emperor Charles V. and a gentleman in Rome. The emperor was anxious to see that famous temple of the Rotondo, called in ancient times the temple “of all the gods,”¹ but now-a-days, by a better nomenclature, “of all the saints,” which is the best preserved building of all those of pagan construction in Rome, and the one which best sustains the reputation of the mighty

¹ The Pantheon: the ascent of the dome by Charles V. in 1536 is historical, but none of the memoirs mention the story of the Roman gentleman.

works and magnificence of its founders. It is in the form of a half orange, of enormous dimensions, and well lighted, though no light penetrates it save that which is admitted by a window, or rather round skylight, at the top ; and it was from this that the emperor examined the building. A Roman gentleman stood by his side and explained to him the skilful construction and ingenuity of the vast fabric and its wonderful architecture, and when they had left the skylight he said to the emperor, “A thousand times, your Sacred Majesty, the impulse came upon me to seize your Majesty in my arms and fling myself down from yonder skylight, so as to leave behind me in the world a name that would last for ever.” “I am thankful to you for not carrying such an evil thought into effect,” said the emperor, “and I shall give you no opportunity in future of again putting your loyalty to the test ; and I therefore forbid you ever to speak to me or to be where I am ;” and he followed up these words by bestowing a liberal bounty upon him. ‘My meaning is, Sancho, that the desire of acquiring fame is a very powerful motive. What, thinkest thou, was it that flung Horatius in full armour down from the bridge into the depths of the Tiber ? What burned the hand and arm of Mutius ? What impelled Curtius to plunge into the deep burning gulf that opened in the midst of Rome ? What, in opposition to all the omens that declared against him, made Julius Cæsar cross the Rubicon ? And to come to more modern examples, what scuttled the ships, and left stranded and cut off the gallant Spaniards under the command of the courteous Cortes in the New World ? All these and a variety of other great exploits are, were, and

will be, the work of fame that mortals desire as a reward and a portion of the immortality their famous deeds deserve ; though we Catholic Christians and knights-errant look more to that future glory that is everlasting in the ethereal regions of heaven, than to the vanity of the fame that is to be acquired in this present transitory life ; a fame that, however long it may last, must after all end with the world itself, which has its own appointed end. So that, O Sancho, in what we do we must not overpass the bounds which the Christian religion we profess has assigned to us. We have to slay pride in giants, envy by generosity and nobleness of heart, anger by calmness of demeanour and equanimity, gluttony and sloth by the sparseness of our diet and the length of our vigils, lust and lewdness by the loyalty we preserve to those whom we have made the mistresses of our thoughts, indolence by traversing the world in all directions seeking opportunities of making ourselves, besides Christians, famous knights. Such, Sancho, are the means by which we reach those extremes of praise that fair fame carries with it.'

'All that your worship has said so far,' said Sancho, 'I have understood quite well ; but still I would be glad if your worship would dissolve a doubt for me, which has just this minute come into my mind.'

'Solve, thou meanest, Sancho,' said Don Quixote ; 'say on, in God's name, and I will answer as well as I can.'

'Tell me, señor,' Sancho went on to say, 'those Julys or Augusts,¹ and all those venturous knights that you say are now dead—where are they now ?'

¹ *Julio* is 'July' as well as 'Julius.'

‘The heathens,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘are, no doubt, in hell; the Christians, if they were good Christians, are either in purgatory or in heaven.’

‘Very good,’ said Sancho; ‘but now I want to know—the tombs where the bodies of those great lords are, have they silver lamps before them, or are the walls of their chapels ornamented with crutches, winding-sheets, tresses of hair, legs and eyes in wax? Or, if not, what are they ornamented with?’

To which Don Quixote made answer: ‘The tombs of the heathens were generally sumptuous temples; the ashes of Julius Caesar’s body were placed on the top of a stone pyramid of vast size, which they now call in Rome Saint Peter’s needle.¹ The emperor Hadrian had for a tomb a castle as large as a good-sized village, which they called the *Moles Adriani*, and is now the castle of St. Angelo in Rome. The queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in a tomb which was reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world; but none of these tombs, or of the many others of the heathens, were ornamented with winding-sheets or any of those other offerings and tokens that show that they who are buried there are saints.’

‘That’s the point I’m coming to,’ said Sancho; ‘and now tell me, which is the greater work, to bring a dead man to life or to kill a giant?’

‘The answer is easy,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘it is a greater work to bring to life a dead man.’

‘Now I have got you,’ said Sancho; ‘in that case the fame of them who bring the dead to life, who give sight to

¹ The obelisk that now stands in front of St. Peter’s.

the blind, cure cripples, restore health to the sick, and before whose tombs there are lamps burning, and whose chapels are filled with devout folk on their knees adoring their relics, will be a better fame in this life and in the other, than that which all the heathen emperors and knights-errant that have ever been in the world have left or may leave behind them ?’

‘That I grant, too,’ said Don Quixote.

‘Then this fame, these favours, these privileges, or whatever you call it,’ said Sancho, ‘belong to the bodies and relics of the saints who, with the approbation and permission of our holy mother Church, have lamps, tapers, winding-sheets, crutches, pictures, eyes and legs, by means of which they increase devotion and add to their own Christian reputation. Kings carry the bodies or relics of saints on their shoulders, and kiss bits of their bones, and enrich and adorn their oratories and favourite altars with them.’

‘What wouldst thou have me infer from all thou hast said, Sancho ?’ asked Don Quixote.

‘My meaning is,’ said Sancho, ‘let us set about becoming saints, and we shall obtain more quickly the fair fame we are striving after ; for you know, señor, yesterday or the day before yesterday (for it is so lately one may say so) they canonised and beatified two little barefoot friars,¹ and it is now reckoned the greatest good luck to kiss or touch the iron chains with which they girt and tortured their bodies, and they are held in greater veneration, so it is

¹ S. Diego de Alcalá, canonised in 1588, and S. Salvador de Orta, or S. Pedro de Alcántara, in 1562.

said, than the sword of Roland in the armoury of our lord the King, whom God preserve. So that, señor, it is better to be an humble little friar of no matter what order, than a valiant knight-errant; with God a couple of dozen of penance lashings are of more avail than two thousand lance-thrusts, be they given to giants, or monsters, or dragons.'

'All that is true,' returned Don Quixote, 'but we cannot all be friars, and many are the ways by which God takes his own to heaven; chivalry is a religion, there are sainted knights in glory.'

'Yes,' said Sancho, 'but I have heard say that there are more friars in heaven than knights-errant.'

'That,' said Don Quixote, 'is because those in religious orders are more numerous than knights.'

'The errants are many,' said Sancho.

'Many,' replied Don Quixote, 'but few they who deserve the name of knights.'

With these, and other discussions of the same sort, they passed that night and the following day, without anything worth mention happening to them, whereat Don Quixote was not a little dejected; but at length the next day, at daybreak, they descried the great city of El Toboso, at the sight of which Don Quixote's spirits rose and Sancho's fell, for he did not know Dulcinea's house, nor in all his life had he ever seen her, any more than his master; so that they were both uneasy, the one to see her, the other at not having seen her, and Sancho was at a loss to know what he was to do when his master sent him to El Toboso. In the end, Don Quixote made up his mind to enter the

city at nightfall, and they waited until the time came among some oak trees that were near El Toboso; and when the moment they had agreed upon arrived, they made their entrance into the city, where something happened them that may fairly be called something.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEREIN IS RELATED WHAT WILL BE SEEN THERE.

'Twas at the very midnight hour ¹—more or less—when Don Quixote and Sancho quitted the wood and entered El Toboso. The town was in deep silence, for all the inhabitants were asleep, and stretched on the broad of their backs, as the saying is. The night was darkish, though Sancho would have been glad had it been quite dark, so as to find in the darkness an excuse for his blundering. All over the place nothing was to be heard except the barking of dogs, which deafened the ears of Don Quixote and troubled the heart of Sancho. Now and then an ass brayed, pigs grunted, cats mewed, and the various noises they made seemed louder in the silence of the night ; all which the enamoured knight took to be of evil omen ; nevertheless he said to Sancho, ' Sancho, my son, lead on to the palace of Dulcinea, it may be that we shall find her awake.'

'Body of the sun ! what palace am I to lead to,' said Sancho, 'when what I saw her highness in was only a very little house ?'

'Most likely she had then withdrawn into some small apartment of her palace,' said Don Quixote, 'to amuse her-

¹ See Note A, p. 98.

self with her damsels, as great ladies and princesses are accustomed to do.'

'Señor,' said Sancho, 'if your worship will have it in spite of me that the house of my lady Dulcinea is a palace, is this an hour, think you, to find the door open; and will it be right for us to go knocking till they hear us and open the door; making a disturbance and confusion all through the household? Are we going, do you fancy, to the house of our wenches, like gallants who come and knock and go in at any hour, however late it may be?'

'Let us first of all find out the palace for certain,' replied Don Quixote, 'and then I will tell thee, Sancho, what we had best do; but look, Sancho, for either I see badly, or that great dark mass that one sees from here should be Dulcinea's palace.'

'Then let your worship lead the way,' said Sancho; 'perhaps it may be so; though I see it with my eyes and touch it with my hands, I'll believe it as much as I believe it is daylight now.'

Don Quixote took the lead, and having gone a matter of two hundred paces he came upon the mass that produced the shade, and found it was a great tower, and then he perceived that the building in question was no palace, but the chief church of the town,¹ and said he, 'It's the church we have lit upon, Sancho.'

'So I see,' said Sancho, 'and God grant we may not light upon our graves; it is no good sign to find oneself wandering in a graveyard at this time of night; and that,

¹ As a matter of fact the church tower of El Toboso is an unusually massive and conspicuous one.

after my telling your worship, if I don't mistake, that the house of this lady will be in an alley without an outlet.'

'The curse of God on thee for a blockhead!' said Don Quixote; 'where hast thou ever heard of castles and royal palaces being built in alleys without an outlet?'

'Señor,' replied Sancho, 'every country has a way of its own; ¹ perhaps here in El Toboso it is the way to build palaces and grand buildings in alleys; so I entreat your worship to let me search about among these streets or alleys before me, and perhaps, in some corner or other, I may stumble on this palace—and I wish I saw the dogs eating it for leading us such a dance.'

'Speak respectfully of what belongs to my lady, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'let us keep the feast in peace, and not throw the rope after the bucket.'²

'I'll hold my tongue,' said Sancho, 'but how am I to take it patiently when your worship wants me, with only once seeing the house of our mistress, to know it always, and find it in the middle of the night, when your worship can't find it, who must have seen it thousands of times?'

'Thou wilt drive me to desperation, Sancho,' said Don Quixote. 'Look here, heretic, have I not told thee a thousand times that I have never once in my life seen the peerless Dulcinea or crossed the threshold of her palace, and that I am enamoured solely by hearsay and by the great reputation she bears for beauty and discretion?'

'I hear it now,' returned Sancho; 'and I may tell you that if you have not seen her, no more have I.'

'That cannot be,' said Don Quixote, 'for, at any rate,

¹ Prov. 235.

² Prov. 218.

thou saidst, on bringing back the answer to the letter I sent by thee, that thou sawest her sifting wheat.'

'Don't mind that, señor,' said Sancho; 'I must tell you that my seeing her and the answer I brought you back were by hearsay too, for I can no more tell who the lady Dulcinea is than I can hit the sky.'

'Sancho, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'there are times for jests, and times when jests are out of place; if I tell thee that I have neither seen nor spoken to the lady of my heart, it is no reason why thou shouldst say thou hast not spoken to her or seen her, when the contrary is the case, as thou well knowest.'

While the two were engaged in this conversation, they perceived some one with a pair of mules approaching the spot where they stood, and from the noise the plough made as it dragged along the ground they guessed him to be some labourer who had got up before daybreak to go to his work, and so it proved to be. He came along singing the ballad that says—

Ill did ye fare, ye men of France,
In Roncesvalles chase—¹

'May I die, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, when he heard him, 'if any good will come to us to-night! Dost thou not hear what that clown is singing?'

'I do,' said Sancho, 'but what has Roncesvalles chase to do with what we have in hand? He might just as well be singing the ballad of Calainos,² for 'any good or ill that can come to us in our business.'

¹ See Note B, p. 98.

² Another even more popular ballad of the same group, beginning, 'Ya

By this time the labourer had come up, and Don Quixote asked him, 'Can you tell me, worthy friend, and God speed you, whereabouts here is the palace of the peerless princess Doña Dulcinea del Toboso?'

'Señor,' replied the lad, 'I am a stranger, and I have been only a few days in the town, doing farm work for a rich farmer. In that house opposite there live the curate of the village and the sacristan, and both or either of them will be able to give your worship some account of this lady princess, for they have a list of all the people of El Toboso; though it is my belief there is not a princess living in the whole of it; many ladies there are, of quality, and in her own house each of them may be a princess.'

'Well, then, she I am inquiring for will be one of these, my friend,' said Don Quixote.

'May be so,' replied the lad; 'God be with you, for here comes the daylight;' and without waiting for any more of his questions, he whipped on his mules.

Sancho, seeing his master downcast and somewhat dissatisfied, said to him, 'Señor, daylight will be here before long, and it will not do for us to let the sun find us in the street; it will be better for us to quit the city, and for your worship to hide in some forest in the neighbourhood, and I will come back in the daytime, and I won't leave a nook or corner of the whole village that I won't search for the house, castle, or palace, of my lady, and it will be hard luck for me if I don't find it; and as soon as I have found it I will speak to her grace, and tell her where and how your worship

cabalga Calainos. Both are in the undated *Cancionero* of Antwerp, and in Duran's *Romancero*, Nos. 402 and 373.

is waiting for her to arrange some plan for you to see her without any damage to her honour and reputation.'

'Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'thou hast delivered a thousand sentences condensed in the compass of a few words; I thank thee for the advice thou hast given me, and take it most gladly. Come, my son, let us go look for some place where I may hide, while thou dost return, as thou sayest, to seek, see, and speak with my lady, from whose discretion and courtesy I look for favours more than miraculous.'

Sancho was in a fever to get his master out of the town, lest he should discover the falsehood of the reply he had brought to him in the Sierra Morena on behalf of Dulcinea; so he hastened their departure, which they took at once; and two miles out of the village they found a forest or thicket wherein Don Quixote ensconced himself, while Sancho returned to the city to speak to Dulcinea, in which embassy things befell him which demand fresh attention and a new chapter.

Note A (page 93).

Media noche era por filo—the beginning of the ancient ballad of *Conde Claros*. Ticknor, à propos of this ballad, makes a strange mistake, assuming that the words *por filo* refer to some early contrivance for measuring time, and therefore indicate a date before the invention of clocks. *Filo* here is the line marked on a balance, by which the deviation of the index to one side or the other is observed; and *por filo* means nothing more than 'exactly,' or 'on the very line of midnight.'

Note B (page 96).

'Mala la hubistes, Franceses,
La caza de Roncesvalles—

the beginning of one of the most popular of the ballads of the Carlovingian cycle. Lockhart has in his own fashion given the substance of it in *The Admiral Guarinos*. The correct form of the first line is 'Mala la vistes, Franceses.'

CHAPTER X.¹

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE CRAFTY DEVICE SANCHE ADOPTED
TO ENCHANT THE LADY DULCINEA, AND OTHER INCIDENTS
AS LUDICROUS AS THEY ARE TRUE.

THE history relates that as soon as Don Quixote had ensconced himself in the forest, oak grove, or wood near El Toboso, he bade Sancho return to the city, and not come into his presence again without having first spoken on his behalf to his lady, and begged of her that it might be her good pleasure to permit herself to be seen by her enslaved knight, and deign to bestow her blessing upon him, so that he might thereby hope for a happy issue in all his encounters and difficult enterprises. Sancho undertook to execute the task according to the instructions, and to bring back an answer as good as the one he brought back before.

‘Go, my son,’ said Don Quixote, ‘and be not dazed when thou findest thyself exposed to the light of that sun of beauty thou art going to seek. Happy thou, above all the squires in the world! Bear in mind, and let it not escape thy memory, how she receives thee; if she changes

¹ In the original editions this chapter begins with the words which will be found at the beginning of chapter xvii. As Hartzenbusch points out, they are quite out of place here.

colour while thou art giving her my message ; if she is agitated and disturbed at hearing my name ; if she cannot rest upon her cushion, shouldst thou haply find her seated in the sumptuous state chamber proper to her rank ; and should she be standing, observe if she poises herself now on one foot, now on the other ; if she repeats two or three times the reply she gives thee ; if she passes from gentleness to austerity, from asperity to tenderness ; if she raises her hand to smoothe her hair though it be not disarranged. In short, my son, observe all her actions and motions, for if thou wilt report them to me as they were, I will gather what she hides in the recesses of her heart as regards my love ; for I would have thee know, Sancho, if thou knowest it not, that with lovers the outward actions and motions they give way to when their loves are in question, are the faithful messengers that carry the news of what is going on in the depths of their hearts. Go, my friend, may better fortune than mine attend thee, and bring thee a happier issue than that which I await in dread in this dreary solitude.'

'I will go and return quickly,' said Sancho ; 'cheer up that little heart of yours, master mine, for at the present moment you seem to have got one no bigger than a hazel nut ; remember what they say, that a stout heart breaks bad luck,¹ and that where there are no flitches there are no pegs ;² and moreover they say, the hare jumps up where it's not looked for.³ I say this because, if we could not find my

¹ Prov. 58.

² A muddle by Sancho of the proverb (226) so often quoted.

³ Prov. 129.

lady's palaces or castles to-night, now that it is daylight I count upon finding them when I least expect it, and once found, leave it to me to manage her.'

'Verily, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'thou dost always bring in thy proverbs happily, whatever we deal with; may God give me better luck in what I am anxious about.'

With this, Sancho wheeled about and gave Dapple the stick, and Don Quixote remained behind, seated on his horse, resting in his stirrups and leaning on the end of his lance, filled with sad and troubled forebodings: and there we will leave him, and accompany Sancho, who went off no less serious and troubled than he left his master; so much so, that as soon as he had got out of the thicket, and looking round saw that Don Quixote was not within sight, he dismounted from his ass, and seating himself at the foot of a tree began to commune with himself, saying, 'Now, brother Sancho, let us know where your worship is going. Are you going to look for some ass that has been lost? Not at all. Then what are you going to look for? I am going to look for a princess, that's all; and in her for the sun of beauty and the whole heaven at once. And where do you expect to find all this, Sancho? Where? Why, in the great city of El Toboso. Well, and for whom are you going to look for her? For the famous knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, who rights wrongs, gives food to those who thirst and drink to the hungry. That's all very well, but do you know her house, Sancho? My master says it will be some royal palace or grand castle. And have you ever seen her by any chance? Neither I

nor my master ever saw her. And does it strike you that it would be just and right if the El Toboso people, finding out that you were here with the intention of going to tamper with their princesses and trouble their ladies, were to come and cudgel your ribs, and not leave a whole bone in you? They would, indeed, have very good reason, if they did not see that I am under orders, and that "you are a messenger, my friend, no blame belongs to you."¹ Don't you trust to that, Sancho, for the Manchegan folk are as hot-tempered as they are honest, and won't put up with liberties from anybody. By the Lord, if they get scent of you, it will be worse for you, I promise you. Be off, you scoundrel! Let the bolt fall.² Why should I go looking for three feet on a cat,³ to please another man; and what is more, when looking for Dulcinea will be like looking for Marica in Rabena, or the bachelor in Salamanca?⁴ The devil, the devil and nobody else, has mixed me up in this business!

Such was the soliloquy Sancho held with himself, and all the conclusion he could come to was to say to himself again, 'Well, there's a remedy for everything except death,⁵ under whose yoke we have all to pass, whether we like it or not, when life's finished. I have seen by a thousand signs that this master of mine is a madman fit to be tied, and for that matter, I too, am not behind him; for I'm a greater

¹ Two lines from one of the Bernardo del Carpio ballads, 'Con cartas y mensajeros.' (*Cancionero de Romances*, 1550.)

² Prov. 199; literally and in full the phrase runs, 'Fall, thunderbolt, yonder on Tamayo's house'—meaning, it is all the same to me, provided it does not fall on mine.

³ Prov. 103.

⁴ Prov. 134. As bachelors swarm in Salamanca, to go there looking for the bachelor, with no other address, would be the height of hopelessness.

⁵ Prov. 144.

fool than he is when I follow him and serve him, if there's any truth in the proverb that says, "Tell me what company thou keepest, and I'll tell thee what thou art," or in that other, "Not with whom thou art bred, but with whom thou art fed."¹ Well then, if he be mad, as he is, and with a madness that mostly takes one thing for another, and white for black, and black for white, as was seen when he said the windmills were giants, and the monks' mules dromedaries, and the flocks of sheep armies of enemies, and much more to the same tune, it will not be very hard to make him believe that some country girl, the first I come across here, is the lady Dulcinea; and if he does not believe it, I'll swear it; and if he should swear, I'll swear again; and if he persists, I'll persist still more, so as, come what may, to have my quoit always over the peg. Maybe, by holding out in this way, I may put a stop to his sending me on messages of this kind another time; or maybe he will think, as I suspect he will, that one of those wicked enchanters, who he says have a spite against him, has changed her form for the sake of doing him an ill turn and injuring him.'

With this reflection Sancho made his mind easy, counting the business as good as settled, and stayed there till the afternoon so as to make Don Quixote think he had time enough to go to El Toboso and return; and things turned out so luckily for him that as he got up to mount Dapple, he spied, coming from El Toboso towards the spot where he stood, three peasant girls on three colts, or fillies—for the author does not make the point clear, though it is more

¹ Provs. 13, 153.

likely they were she-asses, the usual mount with village girls; but as it is of no great consequence, we need not stop to prove it.

To be brief, the instant Sancho saw the peasant girls, he returned full speed to seek his master, and found him sighing and uttering a thousand passionate lamentations. When Don Quixote saw him he exclaimed, 'What news, Sancho, my friend? Am I to mark this day with a white stone or a black?'

'Your worship,' replied Sancho, 'had better mark it with ruddle, like the lists on the professors' chairs,¹ that those who see it may see it plain.'

'Then thou bringest good news,' said Don Quixote.

'So good,' replied Sancho, 'that your worship has only to spur Rocinante and get out into the open field to see the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, with two others, damsels of hers, is coming to see your worship.'

'Holy God! what art thou saying, Sancho, my friend?' exclaimed Don Quixote. 'Take care thou art not deceiving me, or seeking by false joy to cheer my real sadness.'

'What could I get by deceiving your worship,' returned Sancho, 'especially when it will so soon be shown whether I tell the truth or not? Come, señor, push on, and you will see the princess our mistress coming, robed and adorned—in fact, like what she is. Her damsels and she are all one glow of gold, all bunches of pearls, all diamonds, all rubies, all cloth of brocade of more than ten borders;² with their hair loose on their shoulders like so many sunbeams playing

¹ I.e. the lists of bachelors qualified for degrees.

² Ordinary brocade had only a triple border.

with the wind ; and moreover, they come mounted on three piebald cackneys, the finest sight ever you saw.'

'Hackneys, you mean, Sancho,' said Don Quixote.

'There is not much difference between cackneys and hackneys,'¹ said Sancho ; 'but no matter what they come on, there they are, the finest ladies one could wish for, especially my lady the princess Dulcinea, who staggers one's senses.'

'Let us go, Sancho, my son,' said Don Quixote, 'and in guerdon of this news, as unexpected as it is good, I bestow upon thee the best spoil I shall win in the first adventure I may have ; or if that does not satisfy thee, I promise thee the foals I shall have this year from my three mares that thou knowest are in foal on our village common.'

'I'll take the foals,' said Sancho ; 'for it is not quite certain that the spoils of the first adventure will be good ones.'

By this time they had cleared the wood, and saw the three village lasses close at hand. Don Quixote looked all along the road to El Toboso, and as he could see nobody except the three peasant girls, he was completely puzzled, and asked Sancho if it was outside the city he had left them.

'How outside the city ?' returned Sancho. 'Are your worship's eyes in the back of your head, that you can't see that they are these who are coming here, shining like the very sun at noonday ?'

'I see nothing, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'but three country girls on three jackasses.'

¹ See Note A, p. 111.

‘Now, may God deliver me from the devil!’ returned Sancho, ‘and can it be that your worship takes three hackneys—or whatever they’re called—as white as the driven snow, for jackasses? By the Lord, I could tear my beard if that was the case!’

‘Well, I can only say, Sancho, my friend,’ said Don Quixote, ‘that it is as plain they are jackasses—or jenny-asses—as that I am Don Quixote, and thou Sancho Panza: at any rate, they seem to me to be so.’

‘Hush, señor,’ said Sancho, ‘don’t talk that way, but open your eyes, and come and pay your respects to the lady of your thoughts, who is close upon us now;’ and with these words he advanced to receive the three village lasses, and dismounting from Dapple, caught hold of one of the asses of the three country girls by the halter, and dropping on both knees on the ground, he said, ‘Queen and princess and duchess of beauty, may it please your haughtiness and greatness to receive into your favour and goodwill your captive knight who stands there turned into marble stone, and quite stupefied and benumbed at finding himself in your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he the vagabond knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise called “The Knight of the Rueful Countenance.”’

Don Quixote had by this time placed himself on his knees beside Sancho, and, with eyes starting out of his head and a puzzled gaze, was regarding her whom Sancho called queen and lady; and as he could see nothing in her except a village lass, and not a very well-favoured one, for she was platter-faced and snub-nosed, he was perplexed and

bewildered, and did not venture to open his lips. The country girls, at the same time, were astonished to see these two men, so different in appearance, on their knees, preventing their companion from going on. She, however, who had been stopped, breaking silence, said ^{angrily} and testily, 'Get out of the way, bad luck to you, and let us pass, for we are in a hurry.'

To which Sancho returned, 'Oh, princess and universal lady of El Toboso, is not your magnanimous heart softened by seeing the pillar and prop of knight-errantry on his knees before your sublimated presence?'

On hearing this, one of the others exclaimed, 'Woe then! why, I'm rubbing thee down, she-ass of my father-in-law!' See how the lordlings come to make game of the village girls now, as if we here could not chaff as well as themselves. Go your own way, and let us go ours, and it will be better for you.'

'Get up, Sancho,' said Don Quixote at this; 'I see that fortune, 'with evil done to me unsated still,'² has taken possession of all the roads by which any comfort may reach this wretched soul that I carry in my flesh. And thou, O highest perfection of excellence that can be desired, utmost limit of grace in human shape, sole relief of this afflicted heart that adores thee, though the malign enchanter that persecutes me has brought clouds and cataracts on my eyes, and to them, and them only, transformed thy unparagoned beauty and changed thy features into those of a poor peasant girl, if so be he has not at the same

¹ See Note B, p. 111.

² A line from Garcilaso de la Vega, *Egloga* III.

time changed mine into those of some monster to render them loathsome in thy sight, refuse not to look upon me with tenderness and love; seeing in this submission that I make on my knees to thy transformed beauty, the humility with which my soul adores thee.'

'Hey-day! My grandfather!' cried the girl; 'much I care for your love-making! Get out of the way and let us pass, and we'll thank you.'

Sancho stood aside and let her go, very well pleased to have got so well out of the hobble he was in. The instant the village lass who had done duty for Dulcinea found herself free, prodding her cackney with a spike she had at the end of a stick, she set off at full speed across the field. The ass, however, feeling the point more acutely than usual, began cutting such capers, that it flung the lady Dulcinea to the ground; seeing which, Don Quixote ran to raise her up, and Sancho to fix and girth the pack-saddle, which also had slipped under the ass's belly. The pack-saddle being secured, as Don Quixote was about to lift up his enchanted mistress in his arms and put her upon her beast, the lady, getting up from the ground, saved him the trouble, for, going back a little, she took a short run, and putting both hands on the croup of the ass she dropped into the saddle more lightly than a falcon, and sat astride like a man, whereat Sancho said, 'Roque!¹ but our lady is lighter than a lanner, and might teach the cleverest Cordovan or Mexican how to mount; she cleared the back of the saddle in one jump, and without spurs she is making the hackney go like a zebra; and her damsels are no way behind her,

¹ F. note, p. 138, chapter iv. Part I.

for they all fly like the wind ; ' which was the truth, for as soon as they saw Dulcinea mounted, they pushed on after her, and sped away without looking back, for more than half a league.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes, and when they were no longer in sight, he turned to Sancho and said, ' How now, Sancho ? thou seest how I am hated by enchanters ! And see to what a length the malice and spite they bear me go, when they seek to deprive me of the happiness it would give me to see my lady in her own proper form. The fact is, I was born to be an example of misfortune, and the target and mark at which the arrows of adversity are aimed and directed. Observe too, Sancho, that these traitors were not content with changing and transforming my Dulcinea, but they transformed and changed her into a shape as mean and ill-favoured as that of the village girl yonder ; and at the same time they robbed her of that which is such a peculiar property of ladies of distinction, that is to say, the sweet fragrance that comes of being always among perfumes and flowers. For I must tell thee, Sancho, that when I approached to put Dulcinea upon her hackney (as thou sayest it was, though to me it appeared a she-ass), she gave me a whiff of raw garlic that made my head reel, and poisoned my very heart.'

' O scum of the earth ! ' cried Sancho at this, ' O miserable, spiteful enchanters ! O that I could see you all strung by the gills, like sardines on a twig ! Ye know a great deal, ye can do a great deal, and ye do a great deal more. It ought to have been enough for you, ye scoundrels, to have changed the pearls of my lady's eyes into

oak galls, and her hair of purest gold into the bristles of a red ox's tail, and, in short, all her features from fair to foul, without meddling with her smell; for by that we might somehow have found out what was hidden underneath that ugly rind; though, to tell the truth, I never perceived her ugliness, but only her beauty, which was raised to the highest pitch of perfection by a mole she had on her right lip, like a moustache, with seven or eight red hairs like threads of gold, and more than a palm long.'

'From the correspondence which exists between those of the face and those of the body,' said Don Quixote, 'Dulcinea must have another mole resembling that on the thick of the thigh on that side on which she has the one on her face; but hairs of the length thou hast mentioned are very long for moles.'

'Well, all I can say is there they were as plain as could be,' replied Sancho.

'I believe it, my friend,' returned Don Quixote; 'for nature bestowed nothing on Dulcinea that was not perfect and well-finished; and so, if she had a hundred moles like the one thou hast described, in her they would not be moles, but moons and shining stars. But tell me, Sancho, that which seemed to me to be a pack-saddle as thou wert fixing it, was it a flat-saddle or a side-saddle?'

'It was neither,' replied Sancho, 'but a jineta saddle,'¹ with a field covering worth half a kingdom, so rich is it.'

'And that I could not see all this, Sancho!' said Don Quixote; 'once more I say, and will say a thousand times, I am the most unfortunate of men.'

¹ A saddle with a high pommel and cantle and short stirrups.

Sancho, the rogue, had enough to do to hide his laughter, at hearing the simplicity of the master he had so nicely befooled. At length, after a good deal more conversation had passed between them, they remounted their beasts, and followed the road to Saragossa, which they expected to reach in time to take part in a certain grand festival which is held every year in that illustrious city; but before they got there things happened to them, so many, so important, and so strange, that they deserve to be recorded and read, as will be seen farther on.

Note A (page 105).

Sancho perverts the word *hacancas* into *canancas*, which, if it means anything, means 'Canaanites.' Possibly Cervantes may have intended a joke on the supposed Oriental origin of the ass, like that in the English slang title 'Jerusalem pony.'

Note B (page 107).

¡Jo! que te estrego, burra de mi suegro!--In all the translations I have seen, this exclamation is either omitted or misunderstood. Shelton and Jervas suppose it to be addressed by the girl to the ass she is riding. It is in reality a popular phrase (as may be perceived by the rhyme), and commonly used when a person takes amiss something that is intended as a favour or a compliment. The girl uses it here ironically, fancying that Sancho's complimentary language is, as we should say, 'chaff,' and striving to pay him off in his own coin.

CHAPTER XI.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE WHICH THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE
HAD WITH THE CAR OR CART OF 'THE CORTES OF DEATH.'

DEJECTED beyond measure did Don Quixote pursue his journey, turning over in his mind the cruel trick the enchanters had played him in changing his lady Dulcinea into the vile shape of the village lass, nor could he think of any way of restoring her to her original form ; and these reflections so absorbed him, that without being aware of it he let go Rocinante's bridle, and he, perceiving the liberty that was granted him, stopped at every step to crop the fresh grass with which the plain abounded.

Sancho recalled him from his reverie. 'Melancholy, señor,' said he, 'was made, not for beasts, but for men ; but if men give way to it overmuch they turn to beasts ; control yourself, your worship ; be yourself again ; gather up Rocinante's reins ; cheer up, rouse yourself and show that gallant spirit that knights-errant ought to have. What the devil is this ? What weakness is this ? Are we here or in France ? The devil fly away with all the Dulcineas in the world ; for the well-being of a single knight-errant is of more consequence than all the enchantments and transformations on earth.'

'Hush, Sancho,' said Don Quixote in a weak and faint

voice, 'hush, I say, and utter no blasphemies against that enchanted lady; for I alone am to blame for her misfortune and hard fate; her calamity has come of the hatred the wicked bear me.'

'So say I,' returned Sancho; 'his heart 'twould rend in twain, I trow, who saw her once, to see her now.'¹

'Thou mayest well say that, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'as thou sawest her in the full perfection of her beauty; for the enchantment does not go so far as to pervert thy vision or hide her loveliness from thee; against me alone and against my eyes is the strength of its venom directed. Nevertheless, there is one thing which has occurred to me, and that is that thou didst ill describe her beauty to me, for, as well as I recollect, thou saidst that her eyes were pearls; but eyes that are like pearls are rather the eyes of a sea-bream than of a lady, and I am persuaded that Dulcinea's must be green emeralds, full and soft, with two rainbows for eyebrows; take away those pearls from her eyes and transfer them to her teeth; for beyond a doubt, Sancho, thou hast taken the one for the other, the eyes for the teeth.'

'Very likely,' said Sancho; 'for her beauty bewildered me as much as her ugliness did your worship; but let us leave it all to God, who alone knows what is to happen in this vale of tears, in this evil world of ours, where there is hardly a thing to be found without some mixture of wickedness, roguery, and rascality. But one thing, señor, troubles me more than all the rest, and that is thinking what is to be done when your worship conquers some

¹ A scrap, apparently, of some song.

giant, or some other knight, and orders him to go and present himself before the beauty of the lady Dulcinea. Where is this poor giant, or this poor wretch of a vanquished knight, to find her? I think I can see them wandering all over El Toboso, looking like noddies, and asking for my lady Dulcinea; and even if they meet her in the middle of the street they won't know her any more than they would my father.'

'Perhaps, Sancho,' returned Don Quixote, 'the enchantment does not go so far as to deprive conquered and presented giants and knights of the power of recognising Dulcinea; we will try by experiment with one or two of the first I vanquish and send to her, whether they see her or not, by commanding them to return and give me an account of what happened to them in this respect.'

'I declare, I think what your worship has proposed is excellent,' said Sancho; 'and that by this plan we shall find out what we want to know; and if it be that it is only from your worship she is hidden, the misfortune will be more yours than hers; but so long as the lady Dulcinea is well and happy, we on our part will make the best of it, and get on as well as we can, seeking our adventures, and leaving Time to take his own course; for he is the best physician for these and greater ailments.'

Don Quixote was about to reply to Sancho Panza, but he was prevented by a cart crossing the road full of the most diverse and strange personages and figures that could be imagined. He who led the mules and acted as carter was a hideous demon; the cart was open to the sky, without a

tilt or cane roof,¹ and the first figure that presented itself to Don Quixote's eyes was that of Death itself with a human face; next to it was an angel with large painted wings, and at one side an emperor, with a crown, to all appearance of gold, on his head. At the feet of Death was the god called Cupid, without his bandage, but with his bow, quiver, and arrows; there was also a knight in full armour, except that he had no morion or helmet, but only a hat decked with plumes of divers colours; and along with these there were others with a variety of costumes and faces. All this, unexpectedly encountered, took Don Quixote somewhat aback, and struck terror into the heart of Sancho; but the next instant Don Quixote was glad of it, believing that some new perilous adventure was presenting itself to him, and under this impression, and with a spirit prepared to face any danger, he planted himself in front of the cart, and in a loud and menacing tone, exclaimed, 'Carter, or coachman, or devil, or whatever thou art, tell me at once who thou art, whither thou art going, and who these folk are thou carriest in thy waggon, which looks more like Charon's boat than an ordinary cart.'

↳ To which the devil, stopping the cart, answered quietly, 'Señor, we are players of Angulo el Malo's² company; we have been acting the play of "The Cortes of Death" this morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, in a village behind that hill, and we have to act it this afternoon in that village which you can see from this; and as it is so near,

¹ The *zarzo*, a framework of reeds or canes on which the tilt is stretched in the country carts in Central and South Spain.

² A theatrical manager and dramatist of Toledo who flourished about 1580.

and to save the trouble of undressing and dressing again, we go in the costumes in which we perform. That lad there appears as Death, that other as an angel, that woman, the manager's wife, plays the queen, this one the soldier, that the emperor, and I the devil; and I am one of the principal characters of the play, for in this company I take the leading parts. If you want to know anything more about us, ask me and I will answer with the utmost exactitude, for as I am a devil I am up to everything.'

'By the faith of a knight-errant,' replied Don Quixote, 'when I saw this cart I fancied some great adventure was presenting itself to me; but I declare one must touch with the hand what appears to the eye, if illusions are to be avoided. God speed you, good people; keep your festival, and remember, if you demand of me ought wherein I can render you a service, I will do it gladly and willingly, for from a child I was fond of the play, and in my youth a keen lover of the actor's art.'

While they were talking, fate so willed it that one of the company in a mummer's dress with a great number of bells, and armed with three blown ox-bladders at the end of a stick, joined them, and this merry-andrew approaching Don Quixote, began flourishing his stick and banging the ground with the bladders and cutting capers with great jingling of the bells, which untoward apparition so startled Rocinante that, in spite of Don Quixote's efforts to hold him in, taking the bit between his teeth he set off across the plain with greater speed than the bones of his anatomy ever gave any promise of. Sancho, who thought his master was in danger of being thrown, jumped off Dapple, and ran in all

haste to help him ; but by the time he reached him he was already on the ground, and beside him was Rocinante, who had come down with his master, the usual end and upshot of Rocinante's vivacity and high spirits. But the moment Sancho quitted his beast to go and help Don Quixote, the dancing devil with the bladders jumped up on Dapple, and beating him with them, more by the fright and the noise than by the pain of the blows, made him fly across the fields towards the village where they were going to hold their festival. Sancho witnessed Dapple's career and his master's fall, and did not know which of the two cases of need he should attend to first ; but in the end, like a good squire and good servant, he let his love for his master prevail over his affection for his ass ; though every time he saw the bladders rise in the air and come down on the hind quarters of his Dapple he felt the pains and terrors of death, and he would have rather had the blows fall on the apples of his own eyes than on the least hair of his ass's tail. In this trouble and perplexity he came to where Don Quixote lay in a far sorrier plight than he liked, and having helped him to mount Rocinante, he said to him, ' Señor, the devil has carried off my Dapple.'

' What devil ? ' asked Don Quixote.

' The one with the bladders,' said Sancho.

' Then I will recover him,' said Don Quixote, ' even if he be shut up with him in the deepest and darkest dungeons of hell. Follow me, Sancho, for the cart goes slowly, and with the mules of it I will make good the loss of Dapple.'

' You need not take the trouble, señor,' said Sancho ; ' keep cool, for as I now see, the devil has let Dapple go and

he is coming back to his old quarters ;' and so it turned out, for, having come down with Dapple, in imitation of Don Quixote and Rocinante, the devil made off on foot to the town, and the ass came back to his master.

'For all that,' said Don Quixote, 'it will be well to visit the discourtesy of that devil upon some of those in the cart, even if it were the emperor himself.'

'Don't think of it, your worship,' returned Sancho ; 'take my advice and never meddle with actors, for they are a favoured class ; I myself have known an actor taken up for two murders, and yet come off scot-free ; remember that, as they are merry folk who give pleasure, everyone favours and protects them, and helps and makes much of them, above all when they are those of the royal companies and under patent, all or most of whom in dress and appearance look like princes.'

'Still, for all that,' said Don Quixote, 'the player devil must not go off boasting, even if the whole human race favours him.'

So saying, he made for the cart, which was now very near the town, shouting out as he went, 'Stay ! halt ! ye merry, jovial crew ! I want to teach you how to treat asses and animals that serve the squires of knights-errant for steeds.'

So loud were the shouts of Don Quixote, that those in the cart heard and understood them, and, guessing by the words what the speaker's intention was, Death in an instant jumped out of the cart, and the emperor, the devil carter and the angel after him, nor did the queen or the god Cupid stay behind ; and all armed themselves with stones

and formed in line, prepared to receive Don Quixote on the points of their pebbles. Don Quixote, when he saw them drawn up in such a gallant array with uplifted arms ready for a mighty discharge of stones, checked Rocinante and began to consider in what way he could attack them with the least danger to himself. As he halted Sancho came up, and seeing him disposed to attack this well-ordered squadron, said to him, 'It would be the height of madness to attempt such an enterprise; remember, señor, that against sops from the brook,¹ and plenty of them, there is no defensive armour in the world, except to stow oneself away under a brass bell; and besides, one should remember that it is rashness, and not valour, for a single man to attack an army that has Death in it, and where emperors fight in person, with angels, good and bad, to help them; and if this reflection will not make you keep quiet, perhaps it will to know for certain that among all these, though they look like kings, princes, and emperors, there is not a single knight-errant.'

'Now indeed thou hast hit the point, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'which may and should turn me from the resolution I had already formed. I cannot and must not draw sword, as I have many a time before told thee, against anyone who is not a dubbed knight; it is for thee, Sancho, if thou wilt, to take vengeance for the wrong done to thy Dapple; and I will help thee from here by shouts and salutary counsels.'

'There is no occasion to take vengeance on anyone, señor,' replied Sancho; 'for it is not the part of good Christians to revenge wrongs; and besides, I will arrange it with

¹ *Sopa de arroyo*—a slang phrase for pebbles.

my ass to leave his grievance to my good-will and pleasure, and that is to live in peace as long as heaven grants me life.'

'Well,' said Don Quixote, 'if that be thy determination, good Sancho, sensible Sancho, Christian Sancho, honest Sancho, let us leave these phantoms alone and turn to the pursuit of better and worthier adventures; for, from what I see of this country, we cannot fail to find plenty of marvellous ones in it.'

He at once wheeled about, Sancho ran to take possession of his Dapple, Death and his whole flying squadron returned to their cart and pursued their journey, and thus the dread adventure of the cart of Death ended happily, thanks to the sound advice Sancho gave his master; who had, the following day, a fresh adventure, of no less thrilling interest than the last, with an enamoured knight-errant.

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE WHICH BEFELL THE VALIANT DON
QUIXOTE WITH THE BOLD KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS.

THE night succeeding the day of the encounter with Death, Don Quixote and his squire passed under some tall shady trees, and Don Quixote at Sancho's persuasion ate a little from the store carried by Dapple, and over their supper Sancho said to his master, 'Señor, what a fool I should have looked if I had chosen for my reward the spoils of the first adventure your worship achieved, instead of the foals of the three mares. After all, after all, "a sparrow in the hand is better than a vulture on the wing."' ¹

'At the same time, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'if thou hadst let me attack them as I wanted, at the very least the emperor's gold crown and Cupid's painted wings would have fallen to thee as spoils, for I should have taken them by force and given them into thy hands.'

'The sceptres and crowns of those play-actor emperors,' said Sancho, 'were never yet pure gold, but only brass foil or tin.'

'That is true,' said Don Quixote, 'for it would not be right that the accessories of the drama should be real, instead of being mere fictions and semblances, like the drama

¹ Prov. 167.

itself; towards which, Sancho—and, as a necessary consequence, towards those who represent and produce it—I would that thou wert favourably disposed, for they are all instruments of great good to the State, placing before us at every step a mirror in which we may see vividly displayed what goes on in human life; nor is there any similitude¹ that shows us more faithfully what we are and ought to be, than the play and the players. Come, tell me, hast thou not seen a play acted in which kings, emperors, pontiffs, knights, ladies, and divers other personages were introduced? One plays the villain, another the knave, this one the merchant, that the soldier, one the sharp-witted fool, another the foolish lover; and when the play is over, and they have put off the dresses they wore in it, all the actors become equal.'

'Yes, I have seen that,' said Sancho.

'Well then,' said Don Quixote, 'the same thing happens in the comedy and life of this world, where some play emperors, others popes, and, in short, all the characters that can be brought into a play; but when it is over, that is to say when life ends, death strips them all of the garments that distinguish one from the other, and all are equal in the grave.'

'A fine comparison!' said Sancho; 'though not so new but that I have heard it many and many a time, as well as that other one of the game of chess; how, so long as the game lasts, each piece has its own particular office, and when the game is finished they are all mixed, jumbled up

¹ In place of *comparacion*—'similitude'—some correctors would read *comparicion*—'appearance,' in the legal sense, as in the phrase 'to put in an appearance;' but I think the original reading makes better sense.

and shaken together, and stowed away in the bag, which is much like ending life in the grave.’¹

‘Thou art growing less doltish and more shrewd every day, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote.

‘Ay,’ said Sancho; ‘it must be that some of your worship’s shrewdness sticks to me; land that, of itself, is barren and dry will come to yield good fruit if you dung it and till it; what I mean is that your worship’s conversation has been the dung that has fallen on the barren soil of my dry wit, and the time I have been in your service and society has been the tillage; and with the help of this I hope to yield fruit in abundance that will not fall away or slide from those paths of good breeding that your worship has made in my parched understanding.’

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho’s affected phraseology, and perceived that what he said about his improvement was true, for now and then he spoke in a way that surprised him; though always, or mostly, when Sancho tried to talk fine and attempted polite language, he wound up by toppling over from the summit of his simplicity into the abyss of his ignorance; and where he showed his culture and his memory to the greatest advantage was in dragging in proverbs, no matter whether they had any bearing or not upon the subject in hand, as may have been seen already and will be noticed in the course of this history.

In conversation of this kind they passed a good part of the night, but Sancho felt a desire to let down the curtains of his eyes, as he used to say when he wanted to go to sleep; and stripping Dapple he left him at liberty to graze

¹ See Note A, p. 130.

his fill. He did not remove Rocinante's saddle, as his master's express orders were, that so long as they were in the field or not sleeping under a roof Rocinante was not to be stripped—the ancient usage established and observed by knights-errant being to take off the bridle and hang it on the saddle-bow, but to remove the saddle from the horse—never! Sancho acted accordingly, and gave him the same liberty he had given Dapple, between whom and Rocinante there was a friendship so unequalled and so strong, that it is handed down by tradition from father to son, that the author of this veracious history devoted some special chapters to it, which, in order to preserve the propriety and decorum due to a history so heroic, he did not insert therein; although at times he forgets this resolution of his and describes how eagerly the two beasts would scratch one another when they were together, and how, when they were tired or full, Rocinante would lay his neck across Dapple's, stretching half a yard or more on the other side, and the pair would stand thus, gazing thoughtfully on the ground, for three days, or at least so long as they were left alone, or hunger did not drive them to go and look for food. I may add that they say the author left it on record that he likened their friendship to that of Nisus and Euryalus, and Pylades and Orestes; and if that be so, it may be perceived, to the admiration of mankind, how firm the friendship must have been between these two peaceful animals, shaming men, who preserve friendships with one another so badly. This was why it was said—

For friend no longer is there friend;
The reeds turn lances now.

And some one else has sung—

Friend to friend the bug, &c.¹

And let no one fancy that the author was at all astray when he compared the friendship of these animals to that of men ; for men have received many lessons from beasts, and learned many important things, as, for example, the clyster from the stork, emetics and gratitude from the dog, watchfulness from the crane, foresight from the ant, modesty from the elephant, and loyalty from the horse.

Sancho at last fell asleep at the foot of a cork tree, while Don Quixote dozed at that of a sturdy oak ; but a short time only had elapsed when a noise he heard behind him awoke him, and rising up startled, he listened and looked in the direction the noise came from, and perceived two men on horseback, one of whom, letting himself drop from the saddle, said to the other, ‘ Dismount, my friend, and take the bridles off the horses, for, so far as I can see, this place will furnish grass for them, and the solitude and silence my love-sick thoughts have need of.’ As he said this he stretched himself upon the ground, and as he flung himself down, the armour in which he was clad rattled, whereby Don Quixote perceived that he must be a knight-errant ; and going over to Sancho, who was asleep, he shook him by the arm and with no small difficulty brought him back to his senses, and said in a low voice to him, ‘ Brother Sancho, we have got an adventure.’

‘ God send us a good one,’ said Sancho ; ‘ and where, señor, may her ladyship the adventure be ? ’

‘ Where, Sancho ? ’ replied Don Quixote ; ‘ turn thine

¹ See Note B, p. 130.

eyes and look, and thou wilt see stretched there a knight-errant, who, it strikes me, is not over and above happy, for I saw him fling himself off his horse and throw himself on the ground with a certain air of dejection, and his armour rattled as he fell.'

'Well,' said Sancho, 'how does your worship make out that to be an adventure?'

'I do not mean to say,' returned Don Quixote, 'that it is a complete adventure, but that it is the beginning of one, for it is in this way adventures begin. But listen, for it seems he is tuning a lute or guitar, and from the way he is spitting and clearing his chest he must be getting ready to sing something.'

'Faith, you are right,' said Sancho, 'and no doubt he is some enamoured knight.'

'There is no knight-errant that is not,' said Don Quixote; 'but let us listen to him, for, if he sings, by that thread we shall extract the ball of his thoughts; ¹ because out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'

Sancho was about to reply to his master, but the Knight of the Grove's voice, which was neither very bad nor very good, stopped him, and listening attentively the pair heard him sing this

SONNET.

Your pleasure, prithee, lady mine, unfold;
 Declare the terms that I am to obey;
 My will to yours submissively I mould,
 And from your law my feet shall never stray.
 Would you I die, to silent grief a prey?
 Then count me even now as dead and cold;

¹ A reference to the often quoted proverb, *por el hilo se saca el ovillo*.

Would you I tell my woes in some new way ?
 Then shall my tale by love itself be told.
 The unison of opposites to prove,
 Of the soft wax and diamond hard am I ;
 But still, obedient to the laws of love,
 Here, hard or soft, I offer you my breast,
 Whate'er you grave or stamp thereon shall rest
 Indelible for all eternity.¹

With an 'Ah me !' that seemed to be drawn from the inmost recesses of his heart, the Knight of the Grove brought his lay to an end, and shortly afterwards exclaimed in a melancholy and piteous voice, 'O fairest and most ungrateful woman on earth ! What ! can it be, most serene Casildea de Vandalia, that thou wilt suffer this thy captive knight to waste away and perish in ceaseless wanderings and rude and arduous toils ? Is it not enough that I have compelled all the knights of Navarre, all the Leonese, all the Tartesians, all the Castilians, and finally all the knights of La Mancha, to confess thee the most beautiful in the world ?'

'Not so,' said Don Quixote at this, 'for I am of La Mancha, and I have never confessed anything of the sort, nor could I nor should I confess a thing so much to the prejudice of my lady's beauty ; thou seest how this knight is raving, Sancho. But let us listen, perhaps he will tell us more about himself.'

'That he will,' returned Sancho, 'for he seems in a mood to bewail himself for a month at a stretch.'

¹ The pieces of verse introduced in the Second Part are more or less burlesques, and sometimes, as here and in chapter xviii., imitations of the affected poetry of the day. The verses in the First Part (except, of course, the commendatory verses, and those at the end of the last chapter) are serious efforts, and evidently regarded by Cervantes with some complacency. The difference is significant.

But this was not the case, for the Knight of the Grove, hearing voices near him, instead of continuing his lamentation, stood up and exclaimed in a distinct but courteous tone, 'Who goes there? What are you? Do you belong to the number of the happy or of the miserable?'

'Of the miserable,' answered Don Quixote.

'Then come to me,' said he of the Grove, 'and rest assured that it is to woe itself and affliction itself you come.'

Don Quixote, finding himself answered in such a soft and courteous manner, went over to him, and so did Sancho.

The doleful knight took Don Quixote by the arm, saying, 'Sit down here, sir knight; for, that you are one, and of those that profess knight-errantry, it is to me a sufficient proof to have found you in this place, where solitude and night, the natural couch and proper retreat of knights-errant, keep you company.' To which Don Quixote made answer, 'A knight I am of the profession you mention; and though sorrows, misfortunes, and calamities have made my heart their abode, the compassion I feel for the misfortunes of others has not been thereby banished from it. From what you have just now sung I gather that yours spring from love, I mean from the love you bear that fair ingrate you named in your lament.'

In the meantime, they had seated themselves together on the hard ground peaceably and sociably, just as if, as soon as day broke, they were not going to break one another's heads.

'Are you, sir knight, in love perchance?' asked he of the Grove of Don Quixote.

'By mischance I am,' replied Don Quixote; 'though

the ills arising from well-bestowed affections should be esteemed favours rather than misfortunes.'

'That is true,' returned he of the Grove, 'if scorn did not unsettle our reason and understanding, for if it be excessive it looks like revenge.'

'I was never scorned by my lady,' said Don Quixote.

'Certainly not,' said Sancho, who stood close by, 'for my lady is as gentle as a lamb, and softer than a roll of butter.'

'Is this your squire?' asked he of the Grove.

'He is,' said Don Quixote.

'I never yet saw a squire,' said he of the Grove, 'who ventured to speak when his master was speaking; at least, there is mine, who is as big as his father, and it cannot be proved that he has ever opened his lips when I am speaking.'

'By my faith, then,' said Sancho, 'I have spoken, and am fit to speak, in the presence of one as much, or even—but never mind—it only makes it worse to stir it.'

The Squire of the Grove took Sancho by the arm, saying to him, 'Let us two go where we can talk in squire style as much as we please, and leave these gentlemen our masters to fight it out over the story of their loves; and, depend upon it, daybreak will find them at it without having made an end of it.'

'So be it by all means,' said Sancho; 'and I will tell your worship who I am, that you may see whether I am to be reckoned among the number of the most talkative squires.'

With this the two squires withdrew to one side, and

between them there passed a conversation as droll as that which passed between their masters was serious.

Note A (page 123).

Impotent pieces of the game he plays
 Upon this chequer-board of nights and days,
 Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
 And one by one back in the closet lays.

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

Don Quixote, it will be seen, held Teufelsdröckh's philosophy of clothes.

Note B (page 125).

The first quotation is from one of the ballads on the dissensions of the Zegrís and Abencerrages in Gines Perez de Hita's *Guerras Civiles de Granada*. I do not know who 'sang' the other, but it is a popular phrase, and in full is 'from friend to friend' (or 'between friends') the bug in the eye.' *Tener chinche en el ojo*, or *Sangre en el ojo*, is 'to keep a sharp look-out.'

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE GROVE, TOGETHER WITH THE SENSIBLE, ORIGINAL, AND TRANQUIL COLLOQUY THAT PASSED BETWEEN THE TWO SQUIRES.

THE knights and the squires made two parties, these telling the story of their lives, the others the story of their loves ; but the history relates first of all the conversation of the servants, and afterwards takes up that of the masters ; and it says that, withdrawing a little from the others, he of the Grove said to Sancho, ‘A hard life it is we lead and live, señor, we that are squires to knights-errant ; verily, we eat our bread in the sweat of our faces, which is one of the curses God laid on our first parents.’

‘It may be said, too,’ added Sancho, ‘that we eat it in the chill of our bodies ; for who gets more heat and cold than the miserable squires of knight-errantry ? Even so it would not be so bad if we had something to eat, for woes are lighter if there’s bread ;¹ but sometimes we go a day or two without breaking our fast, except with the wind that blows.’

‘All that,’ said he of the Grove, ‘may be endured and put up with when we have hopes of reward ; for, unless the

¹ Prov. 173.

knight-errant he serves is excessively unlucky, after a few turns the squire will at least find himself rewarded with a fine government of some island or some fair country.'

'I,' said Sancho, 'have already told my master that I shall be content with the government of some island, and he is so noble and generous that he has promised it to me ever so many times.'

'I,' said he of the Grove, 'shall be satisfied with a canonry for my services, and my master has already assigned me one.'

'Your master,' said Sancho, 'no doubt is a knight in the Church line, and can bestow rewards of that sort on his good squire; but mine is only a layman; though I remember some clever, but, to my mind, designing people, strove to persuade him to try and become an archbishop. He, however, would not be anything but an emperor; but I was trembling all the time lest he should take a fancy to go into the Church, not finding myself fit to hold office in it; for I may tell you, though I seem a man, I am no better than a beast for the Church.'

'Well, then, you are wrong there,' said he of the Grove; 'for those island governments are not all satisfactory; some are awkward, some are poor, some are dull, and, in short, the highest and choicest brings with it a heavy burden of cares and troubles which the unhappy wight to whose lot it has fallen bears upon his shoulders. Far better would it be for us who have adopted this accursed service, to go back to our own houses, and there employ ourselves in pleasanter occupations—in hunting or fishing, for instance; for what squire in the world is there so poor as not

to have a hack and a couple of greyhounds and a fishing-rod to amuse himself with in his own village ?’

‘I am not in want of any of those things,’ said Sancho ; ‘to be sure I have no hack, but I have an ass that is worth my master’s horse twice over ; God send me a bad Easter, and that the next one I am to see, if I would swap, even if I got four bushels of barley to boot. You will laugh at the value I put on my Dapple—for dapple is the colour of my beast. As to greyhounds, I can’t want for them, for there are enough and to spare in my town ; and, moreover, there is more pleasure in sport when it is at other people’s expense.’

‘In truth and earnest, sir squire,’ said he of the Grove, ‘I have made up my mind and determined to have done with these drunken vagaries of these knights, and go back to my village, and bring up my children ; for I have three, like three Oriental pearls.’

‘I have two,’ said Sancho, ‘that might be presented before the Pope himself, especially a girl whom I am breeding up for a countess, please God, though in spite of her mother.’

‘And how old is this lady that is being bred up for a countess ?’ asked he of the Grove.

‘Fifteen, a couple of years more or less,’ answered Sancho ; ‘but she is as tall as a lance, and as fresh as an April morning, and as strong as a porter.’

‘Those are gifts to fit her to be not only a countess but a nymph of the greenwood,’ said he of the Grove ; ‘whoreson strumpet ! what pith the rogue must have !’

To which Sancho made answer, somewhat sulkily, ‘She’s no strumpet, nor was her mother, nor will either of them be,

please God, while I live ; speak more civilly ; for one bred up among knights-errant, who are courtesy itself, your words don't seem to me to be very becoming.'

'O how little you know about compliments, sir squire,' returned he of the Grove. 'What! don't you know that when a horseman delivers a good lance thrust at the bull in the plaza, or when anyone does anything very well, the people are wont to say, "Ha, whoreson rip! how well he has done it!" and that what seems to be abuse in the expression is high praise? Disown sons and daughters, señor, who don't do what deserves that compliments of this sort should be paid to their parents.'

'I do disown them,' replied Sancho, 'and in this way, and by the same reasoning, you might call me and my children and my wife all the strumpets in the world, for all they do and say is of a kind that in the highest degree deserves the same praise; and to see them again I pray God to deliver me from mortal sin, or, what comes to the same thing, to deliver me from this perilous calling of squire into which I have fallen a second time, decoyed and beguiled by a purse with a hundred ducats that I found one day in the heart of the Sierra Morena; and the devil is always putting a bag full of doubloons before my eyes, here, there, everywhere, until I fancy at every step I am putting my hand on it, and hugging it, and carrying it home with me, and making investments, and getting interest, and living like a prince; and so long as I think of this I make light of all the hardships I endure with this simpleton of a master of mine, who, I well know, is more of a madman than a knight.'

'There's why they say that "covetousness bursts the

bag,"¹ said he of the Grove; 'but if you come to talk of that sort, there is not a greater one in the world than my master, for he is one of those of whom they say, "The cares of others kill the ass;"² for, in order that another knight may recover the senses he has lost, he makes a madman of himself and goes looking for what, when found, may, for all I know, fly in his own face.'

'And is he in love, now?' asked Sancho.

'He is,' said he of the Grove, 'with one Casildea de Vandalia, the rawest and best roasted lady the whole world could produce;³ but that rawness is not the only foot he limps on, for he has greater schemes rumbling in his bowels, as will be seen before many hours are over.'

'There's no road so smooth but it has some hole or hindrance in it,' said Sancho; 'in other houses they cook beans, but in mine it's by the potful;⁴ madness will have more followers and hangers-on than sound sense; but if there be any truth in the common saying, that to have companions in trouble gives some relief, I may take consolation from you, inasmuch as you serve a master as crazy as my own.'

'Crazy but valiant,' replied he of the Grove, 'and more roguish than crazy or valiant.'

'Mine is not that,' said Sancho; 'I mean he has nothing of the rogue in him; on the contrary, he has the soul of a pitcher;⁵ he has no thought of doing harm to anyone, only good to all, nor has he any malice whatever in him; a child

¹ Prov. 50.

² Prov. 64.

³ *Crudo*—'raw'—means also cruel, but even with this explanation the squire's humour is not very intelligible.

⁴ Prov. 44. 'I get more than my share of ill-luck.'

⁵ *Tener alma de cantaro*—to be simplicity itself.

might persuade him that it is night at noonday ; and for this simplicity I love him as the core of my heart, and I can't bring myself to leave him, let him do ever such foolish things.'

'For all that, brother and señor,' said he of the Grove, 'if the blind lead the blind both are in danger of falling into the pit. It is better for us to beat a quiet retreat and get back to our own quarters ; for those who seek adventures don't always find good ones.'

Sancho kept spitting from time to time, and his spittle seemed somewhat ropy and dry, observing which the compassionate Squire of the Grove said, 'It seems to me that with all this talk of ours our tongues are sticking to the roofs of our mouths ; but I have a pretty good loosener hanging from the saddle-bow of my horse,' and getting up he came back the next minute with a large bota of wine and a pasty half a yard across ; and this is no exaggeration, for it was made of a house rabbit so big that Sancho, as he handled it, took it to be made of a goat, not to say a kid, and looking at it he said, 'And do you carry this with you, señor ?'

'Why, what are you thinking about ?' said the other ; 'do you take me for some paltry squire ? I carry a better larder on my horse's croup than a general takes with him when he goes on a march.'

Sancho ate without requiring to be pressed, and in the dark bolted mouthfuls like the knots on a tether,¹ and said he, 'You are a proper trusty squire, one of the right sort,

¹ Either as big, or following one another as closely, as the knots on a tether.

sumptuous and grand, as this banquet shows, which, if it has not come here by magic art, at any rate has the look of it ; not like me, unlucky beggar, that have nothing more in my alforjas than a scrap of cheese, so hard that one might brain a giant with it, and, to keep it company, a few dozen carobs¹ and as many more filberts and walnuts ; thanks to the austerity of my master, and the idea he has and the rule he follows, that knights-errant must not live or sustain themselves on anything except dried fruits and the herbs of the field.'

'By my faith, brother,' said he of the Grove, 'my stomach is not made for thistles, or wild pears, or roots out of the woods ; let our masters do as they like, with their chivalry notions and laws, and eat what those enjoin ; I carry my prog-basket and this bota hanging to the saddle-bow, whatever they may say ; and it is such an object of worship with me, and I love it so, that there is hardly a moment but I am kissing and embracing it over and over again ;' and so saying he thrust it into Sancho's hands, who raising it aloft pressed to his mouth, gazed at the stars for a quarter of an hour ;² and when he had done drinking let his head fall on one side, and giving a deep sigh, exclaimed, 'Ah, whoreson rogue, how catholic it is !'

'There, you see,' said he of the Grove as he heard Sancho's exclamation, 'how you have called this wine whoreson by way of praise.'

'Well,' said Sancho, 'I own it, and I grant it is no dis-

¹ The bean of the carob tree ; 'St. John's bread.'

² Anyone who has ever watched a Spanish peasant with a *bota* knows how graphic this is.

honour to call anyone whoreson when it is to be understood in the sense of praise. But tell me, señor, by what you love best, is this Ciudad Real wine ?' ¹

'O rare wine-taster !' said he of the Grove ; 'nowhere else indeed does it come from, and it has some years' age too.'

'Leave me alone for that,' said Sancho ; 'never fear but I'll hit upon the place it came from somehow. What would you say, sir squire, to my having such a great natural instinct in judging wines that you have only to let me smell one and I can tell positively its country, its kind, its flavour and soundness, the changes it will undergo, and everything that appertains to a wine ? But it is no wonder, for I have had in my family, on my father's side, the two best wine-tasters that have been known in La Mancha for many a long year, and to prove it I'll tell you now a thing that happened them. They gave the two of them some wine out of a cask, to try, asking their opinion as to the condition, quality, goodness or badness of the wine. One of them tried it with the tip of his tongue, the other did no more than bring it to his nose. The first said the wine had a flavour of iron, the second said it had a stronger flavour of cordovan.² The owner said the cask was clean, and that nothing had been added to the wine from which it could have got a flavour of either iron or leather. Nevertheless, these two great wine-tasters held to what they had said. Time went by, the wine was sold, and when they came to clean out the cask,

¹ The chief town of La Mancha, and also of the great wine-growing district of which the Valdepeñas is the best known product.

² The Cordovan leather, a legacy of the Moors, was somewhat like morocco.

they found in it a small key hanging to a thong of cordovan ; see now if one who comes of the same stock has not a right to give his opinion in such like cases.’¹

‘ Therefore, I say,’ said he of the Grove, ‘ let us give up going in quest of adventures, and as we have loaves let us not go looking for cakes,² but return to our cribs, for God will find us there if it be his will.’

‘ Until my master reaches Saragossa,’ said Sancho, ‘ I’ll remain in his service ; after that we’ll see.’

The end of it was that the two squires talked so much and drank so much that sleep had to tie their tongues and moderate their thirst, for to quench it was impossible ; and so the pair of them fell asleep clinging to the now nearly empty bota and with half-chewed morsels in their mouths ; and there we will leave them for the present, to relate what passed between the Knight of the Grove and him of the Rueful Countenance.

¹ Cervantes has introduced the same story, with some slight modifications, in the interlude of the *Eleccion de los Alcaldes de Daganzo*.

² Prov. 116.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE ADVENTURES OF THE KNIGHT OF
THE GROVE.

AMONG the many things that passed between Don Quixote and the Knight of the Wood, the history tells us he of the Grove said to Don Quixote, ‘In fine, sir knight, I would have you know that my destiny, or, more properly speaking, my choice led me to fall in love with the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. I call her peerless because she has no peer, whether it be in bodily stature or in the supremacy of rank and beauty. This same Casildea, then, that I speak of, requited my honourable passion and gentle aspirations by compelling me, as his stepmother did Hercules, to engage in many perils of various sorts, at the end of each promising me that, with the end of the next, the object of my hopes should be attained; but my labours have gone on increasing link by link until they are past counting, nor do I know what will be the last one that is to be the beginning of the accomplishment of my chaste desires. On one occasion she bade me go and challenge the famous giantess of Seville, La Giralda by name, who is as mighty and strong as if made of brass, and though never stirring from one spot, is the most restless and changeable

woman in the world.¹ I came, I saw, I conquered, and I made her stay quiet and behave herself, for nothing but north winds blew for more than a week. Another time I was ordered to lift those ancient stones, the mighty bulls of Guisando,² an enterprise that might more fitly be entrusted to porters than to knights. Again, she bade me fling myself into the cavern of Cabra³—an unparalleled and awful peril—and bring her a minute account of all that is concealed in those gloomy depths. I stopped the motion of the Giralda, I lifted the bulls of Guisando, I flung myself into the cavern and brought to light the secrets of its abyss; and my hopes are as dead as dead can be, and her scorn and her commands as lively as ever. ✓To be brief, last of all she has commanded me to go through all the provinces of Spain and compel all the knights-errant wandering therein to confess that she surpasses all women alive to-day in beauty, and that I am the most valiant and the most deeply enamoured knight on earth; in support of which claim I have already travelled over the greater part of Spain, and have there vanquished several knights who have dared to contradict me; but what I most plume and pride myself upon is having vanquished in single combat that so famous knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea; and in this one victory I hold myself to have conquered all the

¹ The colossal statue of Faith that acts as weathercock on the top of the great Moorish tower of the same name which serves as belfry to the Cathedral at Seville.

² See Note A, p. 155.

³ A chasm in the Sierra de Cabra, south of Cordova, probably the shaft of an ancient mine.

knights in the world ; for this Don Quixote that I speak of has vanquished them all, and I having vanquished him, his glory, his fame, and his honour have passed and are transferred to my person ; for

The more the vanquished hath of fair renown,
The greater glory gilds the victor's crown.¹

Thus the innumerable achievements of the said Don Quixote are now set down to my account and have become mine.'

Don Quixote was amazed when he heard the Knight of the Grove, and was a thousand times on the point of telling him he lied, and had the lie direct already on the tip of his tongue ; but he restrained himself as well as he could, in order to force him to confess the lie with his own lips ; so he said to him quietly, 'As to what you say, sir knight, about having vanquished most of the knights of Spain, or even of the whole world, I say nothing ; but that you have vanquished Don Quixote of La Mancha I consider doubtful ; it may have been some other that resembled him, although there are few like him.'

'How ! not vanquished ?' said he of the Grove ; 'by the heaven that is above us I fought Don Quixote and overcame him and made him yield ; and he is a man of tall stature, gaunt features, long, lank limbs, with hair turning grey, an aquiline nose rather hooked, and large black drooping moustaches ; he does battle under the name of "The Knight of the Rueful Countenance," and he has for squire a peasant called Sancho Panza ; he presses the loins and rules the

¹ Lines quoted, but incorrectly, from the beginning of the *Araucana* of Ercilla, who apparently borrowed them from the old poet the Archpriest of Hita

reins of a famous steed called Rocinante ; and lastly, he has for the mistress of his will a certain Dulcinea del Toboso, once upon a time called Aldonza Lorenzo, just as I call mine Casildea de Vandalia because her name is Casilda and she is of Andalusia. If all these tokens are not enough to vindicate the truth of what I say, here is my sword, that will compel incredulity itself to give credence to it.'

'Calm yourself, sir knight,' said Don Quixote, 'and give ear to what I am about to say to you. I would have you know that this Don Quixote you speak of is the greatest friend I have in the world ; so much so that I may say I regard him in the same light as my own person ; and from the precise and clear indications you have given I cannot but think that he must be the very one you have vanquished. On the other hand, I see with my eyes and feel with my hands that it is impossible it can have been the same ; unless indeed it be that, as he has many enemies who are enchanters, and one in particular who is always persecuting him, some one of these may have taken his shape in order to allow himself to be vanquished, so as to defraud him of the fame that his exalted achievements as a knight have earned and acquired for him throughout the known world. And in confirmation of this, I must tell you, too, that it is but ten hours since these said enchanters his enemies transformed the shape and person of the fair Dulcinea del Toboso into a foul and mean village lass, and in the same way they must have transformed Don Quixote : and if all this does not suffice to convince you of the truth of what I say, here is Don Quixote himself, who will maintain it by arms, on foot or on horseback or in any way you please.'

And so saying he stood up and laid his hand on his sword, waiting to see what the Knight of the Grove would do, who in an equally calm voice said in reply, ‘Pledges don’t distress a good paymaster ;¹ he who has succeeded in vanquishing you once when transformed, Sir Don Quixote, may fairly hope to subdue you in your own proper shape ; but as it is not becoming for knights to perform their feats of arms in the dark, like highwaymen and bullies, let us wait till daylight, that the sun may behold our deeds ; and the conditions of our combat shall be that the vanquished shall be at the victor’s disposal, to do all that he may enjoin, provided the injunction be such as shall be becoming a knight.’

‘I am more than satisfied with these conditions and terms,’ replied Don Quixote ; and so saying, they betook themselves to where their squires lay, and found them snoring, and in the same posture they were in when sleep fell upon them. They roused them up, and bade them get the horses ready, as at sunrise they were to engage in a bloody and arduous single combat ; at which intelligence Sancho was aghast and thunderstruck, trembling for the safety of his master because of the mighty deeds he had heard the Squire of the Grove ascribe to his ; but without a word the two squires went in quest of their cattle ; for by this time the three horses and the ass had smelt one another out, and were all together. /

On the way, he of the Grove said to Sancho, ‘ You must know, brother, that it is the custom with the fighting men of Andalusia, when they are godfathers² in any quarrel, not to stand idle with folded arms while their godsons fight ; I

¹ Prov. 104.

² I.e. seconds.

say so to remind you that while our masters are fighting, we, too, have to fight, and knock one another to shivers.'

'That custom, sir squire,' replied Sancho, 'may hold good among those bullies and fighting men you talk of, but certainly not among the squires of knights-errant; at least, I have never heard my master speak of any custom of the sort, and he knows all the laws of knight-errantry by heart; but granting it true that there is an express law that squires are to fight while their masters are fighting, I don't mean to obey it, but to pay the penalty that may be laid on peacefully minded squires like myself; for I am sure it cannot be more than two pounds of wax,¹ and I would rather pay that, for I know it will cost me less than the lint I shall be at the expense of to mend my head, which I look upon as broken and split already; there's another thing that makes it impossible for me to fight, that I have no sword, for I never carried one in my life.'

'I know a good remedy for that,' said he of the Grove; 'I have here two linen bags of the same size; you shall take one, and I the other, and we will fight at bag blows with equal arms.'

'If that's the way, so be it with all my heart,' said Sancho, 'for that sort of battle will serve to knock the dust out of us instead of hurting us.'

'That will not do,' said the other, 'for we must put into the bags, to keep the wind from blowing them away, half a dozen nice smooth pebbles, all of the same weight; and in this way we shall be able to baste one another without doing ourselves any harm or mischief.'

¹ The fine imposed in some fraternities on absent members.

‘Body of my father!’ said Sancho, see what marten and sable, and pads of carded cotton he is putting into the bags, that our heads may not be broken and our bones beaten to jelly! But even if they are filled with floss silk, I can tell you, señor, I am not going to fight; let our masters fight, that’s their look-out, and let us drink and live; for time will take care to ease us of our lives, without our going to look for fillips¹ so that they may be finished off before their proper time comes and they drop from ripeness.’

‘Still,’ returned he of the Grove, ‘we must fight, if it be only for half an hour.’

‘By no means,’ said Sancho; ‘I am not going to be so discourteous or so ungrateful as to have any quarrel, be it ever so small, with one I have eaten and drunk with; besides, who the devil could bring himself to fight in cold blood, without anger or provocation?’

‘I can remedy that entirely,’ said he of the Grove, ‘and in this way: before we begin the battle, I will come up to your worship fair and softly, and give you three or four buffets, with which I shall stretch you at my feet and rouse your anger, though it were sleeping sounder than a dormouse.’

‘To match that plan,’ said Sancho, ‘I have another that is not a whit behind it; I will take a cudgel, and before your worship comes near enough to waken my anger I will send yours so sound to sleep with whacks, that it won’t waken unless it be in the other world, where it is known

¹ *Apetites*. Hartzenbusch proposes *arbitrios*—‘expedients;’ but it is hardly a case that calls for emendation, and there is a flavour of Sancho in the idea as it stands.

that I am not a man to let my face be handled by anyone ; let each look out for the arrow¹—though the surer way would be to let everyone's anger sleep, for nobody knows the heart of anyone, and a man may come for wool and go back shorn ; ² God gave His blessing to peace and his curse to quarrels ; ³ if a hunted cat, surrounded and hard pressed, turns into a lion, God knows what I, who am a man, may turn into ; and so from this time forth I warn you, sir squire, that all the harm and mischief that may come of our quarrel will be put down to your account.'

'Very good,' said he of the Grove ; 'God will send the dawn and we shall be all right.'

And now gay-plumaged birds of all sorts began to warble in the trees, and with their varied and gladsome notes seemed to welcome and salute the fresh morn that was beginning to show the beauty of her countenance at the gates and balconies of the east, shaking from her locks a profusion of liquid pearls ; in which dulcet moisture bathed, the plants, too, seemed to shed and shower down a pearly spray, the willows distilled sweet manna, the fountains laughed, the brooks babbled, the woods rejoiced, and the meadows arrayed themselves in all their glory at her coming. But hardly had the light of day made it possible to see and distinguish things, when the first object that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho Panza was the Squire of the Grove's nose, which was so big that it almost overshadowed his whole body. It is, in fact, stated, that it was of enor-

¹ Prov. 248. According to Covarrubias, a metaphor taken from rabbit-shooting with the crossbow, when each sportsman should confine his attention to looking for his own arrows, or, more properly, bolts, *virotas*.

² Prov. 124.

³ Prov. 81.

mous size, hooked in the middle, covered with warts, and of a mulberry colour like an egg-plant; it hung down two fingers'-lengths below his mouth, and the size, the colour, the warts, and the bend of it, made his face so hideous, that Sancho, as he looked at him, began to tremble hand and foot like a child in convulsions, and he vowed in his heart to let himself be given two hundred buffets, sooner than be provoked to fight that monster. Don Quixote examined his adversary, and found that he already had his helmet on and the visor lowered, so that he could not see his face; he observed, however, that he was a sturdily built man, but not very tall in stature. Over his armour he wore a surcoat or cassock of what seemed to be the finest cloth of gold, all bespangled with glittering mirrors like little moons, which gave him an extremely gallant and splendid appearance; above his helmet fluttered a great quantity of plumes, green, yellow, and white, and his lance, which was leaning against a tree, was very long and stout, and had a steel point more than a palm in length.

Don Quixote observed all, and took note of all, and from what he saw and observed he concluded that the said knight must be a man of great strength, but he did not for all that give way to fear, like Sancho Panza; on the contrary, with a composed and dauntless air, he said to the Knight of the Mirrors, 'If, sir knight, your great eagerness to fight has not banished your courtesy, by it I would entreat you to raise your visor a little, in order that I may see if the comeliness of your countenance corresponds with that of your equipment.'

'Whether you come victorious or vanquished out of

this emprise, sir knight,' replied he of the Mirrors, 'you will have more than enough time and leisure to see me: and if now I do not comply with your request, it is because it seems to me I should do a serious wrong to the fair Casildea de Vandalia in wasting time while I stopped to raise my visor before compelling you to confess what you are already aware I maintain.'

'Well then,' said Don Quixote, 'while we are mounting you can at least tell me if I am that Don Quixote whom you said you vanquished.'

'To that we answer you,'¹ said he of the Mirrors, 'that you are as like the very knight I vanquished as one egg is like another, but as you say enchanters persecute you, I will not venture to say positively whether you are the said person or not.'

'That,' said Don Quixote, 'is enough to convince me that you are under a deception; however, entirely to relieve you of it, let our horses be brought, and in less time than it would take you to raise your visor, if God, my lady, and my arm stand me in good stead, I shall see your face, and you shall see that I am not the vanquished Don Quixote you take me to be.'

With this, cutting short the colloquy, they mounted, and Don Quixote wheeled Rocinante round in order to take a proper distance to charge back upon his adversary, and he of the Mirrors did the same; but Don Quixote had not moved away twenty paces when he heard himself called by the other, and, each returning half-way, he of the Mirrors said to him, 'Remember, sir knight, that the terms of our combat

¹ The formal commencement of the answer to a petition to the crown.

are, that the vanquished, as I said before, shall be at the victor's disposal.'

'I am aware of it already,' said Don Quixote; 'provided what is commanded and imposed upon the vanquished be things that do not transgress the limits of chivalry.'

'That is understood,' replied he of the Mirrors.

At this moment the extraordinary nose of the squire presented itself to Don Quixote's view, and he was no less amazed than Sancho at the sight; insomuch that he set him down as a monster of some kind, or a human being of some new species or unearthly breed. Sancho, seeing his master retiring to run his course, did not like to be left alone with the nosey man, fearing that with one flap of that nose on his own the battle would be all over for him and he would be left stretched on the ground, either by the blow or with fright; so he ran after his master, holding on to Rocinante's stirrup-leather, and when it seemed to him time to turn about, he said, 'I implore of your worship, señor, before you turn to charge, to help me up into this cork tree, from which I will be able to witness the gallant encounter your worship is going to have with this knight, more to my taste and better than from the ground.'

'It seems to me rather, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that thou wouldst mount a scaffold in order to see the bulls without danger.'

'To tell the truth,' returned Sancho, 'the monstrous nose of that squire has filled me with fear and terror, and I dare not stay near him.'

'It is,' said Don Quixote, 'such a one that were I not

what I am it would terrify me too; so, come, I will help thee up where thou wilt.'

While Don Quixote waited for Sancho to mount into the cork tree he of the Mirrors took as much ground as he considered requisite, and, supposing Don Quixote to have done the same, without waiting for any sound of trumpet or other signal to direct them, he wheeled his horse, which was not more agile or better-looking than Rocinante, and at his top speed, which was an easy trot, he proceeded to charge his enemy; seeing him, however, engaged in putting Sancho up, he drew rein, and halted in mid career, for which his horse was very grateful, as he was already unable to go. Don Quixote, fancying that his foe was coming down upon him flying, drove his spurs vigorously into Rocinante's lean flanks and made him scud along in such style that the history tells us that on this occasion only was he known to make something like running, for on all others it was a simple trot with him; and with this unparalleled fury he bore down where he of the Mirrors stood digging his spurs into his horse up to the buttons,¹ without being able to make him stir a finger's length from the spot where he had come to a standstill in his course. At this lucky moment and crisis, Don Quixote came upon his adversary, in trouble with his horse, and embarrassed with his lance, which he either could not manage, or had no time to lay in rest. Don Quixote, however, paid no attention to these difficulties, and in perfect safety to himself and without any risk encountered him of the Mirrors with such force that he

¹ The old form of spur was a spike with a knob or button near the point to keep it from penetrating too far.

brought him to the ground in spite of himself over the haunches of his horse, and with so heavy a fall that he lay to all appearance dead, not stirring hand or foot. The instant Sancho saw him fall he slid down from the cork tree, and made all haste to where his master was, who, dismounting from Rocinante, went and stood over him of the Mirrors, and unlacing his helmet to see if he was dead, and to give him air if he should happen to be alive, he saw—who can say what he saw, without filling all who hear it with astonishment, wonder, and awe? He saw, the history says, the very countenance, the very face, the very look, the very physiognomy, the very effigy, the very image of the bachelor Samson Carrasco! As soon as he saw it he called out in a loud voice, ‘Make haste here, Sancho, and behold what thou art to see but not to believe; quick, my son, and learn what magic can do, and wizards and enchanters are capable of.’

Sancho came up, and when he saw the countenance of the bachelor Carrasco, he fell to crossing himself a thousand times, and blessing himself as many more. All this time the prostrate knight showed no signs of life, and Sancho said to Don Quixote, ‘It is my opinion, señor, that in any case your worship should take and thrust your sword into the mouth of this one here that looks like the bachelor Samson Carrasco; perhaps in him you will kill one of your enemies, the enchanters.’

‘Thy advice is not bad,’ said Don Quixote, ‘for of enemies the fewer the better;’¹ and he was drawing his sword to carry into effect Sancho’s counsel and suggestion,

¹ Prov. 94.

when the Squire of the Mirrors came up, now without the nose which had made him so hideous, and cried out in a loud voice, 'Mind what you are about, Señor Don Quixote ; that is your friend, the bachelor Samson Carrasco, you have at your feet, and I am his squire.'

'And the nose?' said Sancho, seeing him without the hideous feature he had before ; to which he replied, 'I have it here in my pocket,' and putting his hand into his right pocket, he pulled out a masquerade nose of varnished pasteboard of the make already described ; and Sancho, examining him more and more closely, exclaimed aloud in a voice of amazement, 'Holy Mary be good to me ! Isn't it Tom Cecial, my neighbour and gossip ?'

'Why, to be sure I am !' returned the now un-nosed squire ; 'Tom Cecial I am, gossip and friend Sancho Panza : and I'll tell you presently the means and tricks and falsehoods by which I have been brought here ; but in the meantime, beg and entreat of your master not to touch, maltreat, wound, or slay the Knight of the Mirrors whom he has at his feet ; because, beyond all dispute, it is the rash and ill-advised bachelor Samson Carrasco, our fellow townsman.'

At this moment he of the Mirrors came to himself, and Don Quixote perceiving it, held the naked point of his sword over his face, and said to him, 'You are a dead man, knight, unless you confess that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels your Casildea de Vandalia in beauty ; and in addition to this you must promise, if you should survive this encounter and fall, to go to the city of El Toboso and present yourself before her on my behalf, that she deal

with you according to her good pleasure ; and if she leaves you free to do yours, you are in like manner to return and seek me out (for the trail of my mighty deeds will serve you as a guide to lead you to where I may be), and tell me what may have passed between you and her—conditions which, in accordance with what we stipulated before our combat, do not transgress the just limits of knight-errantry.’

‘I confess,’ said the fallen knight, ‘that the dirty tattered shoe of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso is better than the ill-combed though clean beard of Casildea ; and I promise to go and to return from her presence to yours, and to give you a full and particular account of all you demand of me.’

‘You must also confess and believe,’ added Don Quixote, ‘that the knight you vanquished was not and could not be Don Quixote of La Mancha, but some one else in his likeness, just as I confess and believe that you, though you seem to be the bachelor Samson Carrasco, are not so, but some other resembling him, whom my enemies have here put before me in his shape, in order that I may restrain and moderate the vehemence of my wrath, and make a gentle use of the glory of my victory.’

‘I confess, hold, and think everything to be as you believe, hold, and think it,’ replied the crippled knight ; ‘let me rise, I entreat you ; if, indeed, the shock of my fall will allow me, for it has left me in a sorry plight enough.’

Don Quixote helped him to rise, with the assistance of his squire Tom Cecial ; from whom Sancho never took his eyes, and to whom he put questions, the replies to which furnished

clear proof that he was really and truly the Tom Cecial he said ; but the impression made on Sancho's mind by what his master said about the enchanters having changed the face of the Knight of the Mirrors into that of the bachelor Samson Carrasco, would not permit him to believe what he saw with his eyes. In fine, both master and man remained under the delusion ; and, down in the mouth, and out of luck, he of the Mirrors and his squire parted from Don Quixote and Sancho, he meaning to go look for some village where he could plaster and strap his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho resumed their journey to Saragossa, and on it the history leaves them in order that it may tell who the Knight of the Mirrors and his long-nosed squire were.

Note A (page 141).

Rude stone figures of animals resembling the hippopotamus rather than the bull, the origin of which is a disputed point among Spanish antiquarians. They are not, however, confined to Guisando ; there are, for instance, four well-preserved specimens at Avila.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEREIN IT IS TOLD AND MADE KNOWN WHO THE KNIGHT OF
THE MIRRORS AND HIS SQUIRE WERE.

DON QUIXOTE went off satisfied, elated, and vain-glorious in the highest degree at having won a victory over such a valiant knight as he fancied him of the Mirrors to be, and one from whose knightly word he expected to learn whether the enchantment of his lady still continued; inasmuch as the said vanquished knight was bound, under the penalty of ceasing to be one, to return and render him an account of what took place between him and her. But Don Quixote was of one mind, he of the Mirrors of another,¹ for he just then had no thought of anything but finding some village where he could plaster himself, as has been said already. The history goes on to say, then, that when the bachelor Samson Carrasco recommended Don Quixote to resume his knight-errantry which he had laid aside, it was in consequence of having been previously in conclave with the curate and the barber on the means to be adopted to induce Don Quixote to stay at home in peace and quiet without worrying himself with his ill-starred adventures; at which consultation it was decided by the unanimous vote of all,

¹ A reference to the proverb (185), 'The bay is of one mind, he who saddles him of another.'

and on the special advice of Carrasco, that Don Quixote should be allowed to go, as it seemed impossible to restrain him, and that Samson should sally forth to meet him as a knight-errant, and do battle with him, for there would be no difficulty about a cause, and vanquish him, that being looked upon as an easy matter; and that it should be agreed and settled that the vanquished was to be at the mercy of the victor. Then, Don Quixote being vanquished, the bachelor knight was to command him to return to his village and his house, and not quit it for two years, or until he received further orders from him; all which it was clear Don Quixote would unhesitatingly obey, rather than contravene or fail to observe the laws of chivalry; and during the period of his seclusion he might perhaps forget his folly, or there might be an opportunity of discovering some ready remedy for his madness. Carrasco undertook the task, and Tom Cecial, a gossip and neighbour of Sancho Panza's, a lively, feather-headed fellow, offered himself as his squire. Carrasco armed himself in the fashion described, and Tom Cecial, that he might not be known by his gossip when they met, fitted on over his own natural nose the false masquerade one that has been mentioned; and so they followed the same route Don Quixote took, and almost came up with him in time to be present at the adventure of the cart of Death: and finally encountered them in the grove, where all that the sagacious reader has been reading about took place; and had it not been for the extraordinary fancies of Don Quixote, and his conviction that the bachelor was not the bachelor, señor bachelor would have been incapacitated for ever from taking his

degree of licentiate, all through not finding nests where he thought to find birds.¹

Tom Cecial, seeing how ill they had succeeded, and what a sorry end their expedition had come to, said to the bachelor, 'Sure enough, Señor Samson Carrasco, we are served right; it is easy enough to plan and set about an enterprise, but it is often a difficult matter to come well out of it. Don Quixote a madman, and we sane; he goes off laughing, safe, and sound, and you are left sore and sorry! I'd like to know now which is the madder, he who is so because he cannot help it, or he who is so of his own choice?'

To which Samson replied, 'The difference between the two sorts of madmen is, that he who is so will he nil he, will be one always, while he who is so of his own accord can leave off being one whenever he likes.'

'In that case,' said Tom Cecial, 'I was a madman of my own accord when I volunteered to become your squire, and, of my own accord, I'll leave off being one and go home.'

'That's your affair,' returned Samson, 'but to suppose that I am going home until I have given Don Quixote a thrashing is absurd; and it is not any wish that he may recover his senses that will make me hunt him out now, but a wish for revenge; for the sore pain I am in with my ribs won't let me entertain more charitable thoughts.'

Thus discoursing, the pair proceeded until they reached a town where it was their good luck to find a bone-setter,

¹ Prov. 155.

with whose help the unfortunate Samson was cured. Tom Cecial left him and went home, while he stayed behind meditating vengeance; and the history will return to him again at the proper time, so as not to omit making merry with Don Quixote now.

CHAPTER XVI.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH A DISCREET
GENTLEMAN OF LA MANCHA.

DON QUIXOTE pursued his journey in the high spirits, satisfaction, and self-complacency already described, fancying himself the most valorous knight-errant of the age in the world because of his late victory. All the adventures that could befall him from that time forth he regarded as already done and brought to a happy issue; he made light of enchantments and enchanters; he thought no more of the countless drubbings that had been administered to him in the course of his knight-errantry, nor of the volley of stones that had levelled half his teeth, nor of the ingratitude of the galley slaves, nor of the audacity of the Yanguesans and the shower of stakes that fell upon him; in short, he said to himself that could he discover any means, mode, or way of disenchanting his lady Dulcinea, he would not envy the highest fortune that the most fortunate knight-errant of yore ever reached or could reach.

He was going along entirely absorbed in these fancies, when Sancho said to him, 'Isn't it odd, señor, that I have still before my eyes that monstrous enormous nose of my gossip, Tom Cecial?'

‘And dost thou, then, believe, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘that the Knight of the Mirrors was the bachelor Carrasco, and his squire Tom Cecial thy gossip?’

‘I don’t know what to say to that,’ replied Sancho; ‘all I know is that the tokens he gave me about my own house, wife and children, nobody else but himself could have given me; and the face, once the nose was off, was the very face of Tom Cecial, as I have seen it many a time in my town and next door to my own house; and the sound of the voice was just the same.’

‘Let us reason the matter, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote. ‘Come now, by what process of thinking can it be supposed that the bachelor Samson Carrasco would come as a knight-errant, in arms offensive and defensive, to fight with me? Have I ever been by any chance his enemy? Have I ever given him any occasion to owe me a grudge? Am I his rival, or does he profess arms, that he should envy the fame I have acquired in them?’

‘Well, but what are we to say, señor,’ returned Sancho, ‘about that knight, whoever he is, being so like the bachelor Carrasco, and his squire so like my gossip, Tom Cecial? And if that be enchantment, as your worship says, was there no other pair in the world for them to take the likeness of?’

‘It is all,’ said Don Quixote, ‘a scheme and plot of the malignant magicians that persecute me, who, foreseeing that I was to be victorious in the conflict, arranged that the vanquished knight should display the countenance of my friend the bachelor, in order that the friendship I bear him should interpose to stay the edge of my sword and

might of my arm, and temper the just wrath of my heart ; so that he who sought to take my life by fraud and falsehood should save his own. And to prove it, thou knowest already, Sancho, by experience which cannot lie or deceive, how easy it is for enchanter to change one countenance into another, turning fair into foul, and foul into fair ; for it is not two days since thou sawest with thine own eyes the beauty and elegance of the peerless Dulcinea in all its perfection and natural harmony, while I saw her in the repulsive and mean form of a coarse country wench, with cataracts in her eyes and a foul smell in her mouth ; and when the perverse enchanter ventured to effect so wicked a transformation, it is no wonder if he effected that of Samson Carrasco and thy gossip in order to snatch the glory of victory out of my grasp. For all that, however, I console myself, because, after all, in whatever shape he may have been, I have been victorious over my enemy.’

‘God knows what’s the truth of it all,’ said Sancho ; and knowing as he did that the transformation of Dulcinea had been a device and imposition of his own, his master’s illusions were not satisfactory to him ; but he did not like to reply lest he should say something that might disclose his trickery.

As they were engaged in this conversation they were overtaken by a man who was following the same road behind them, mounted on a very handsome flea-bitten mare, and dressed in a *gaban* of fine green cloth, with tawny velvet facings, and a *montera* of the same velvet.¹ The trappings

¹ *Gaban*, a loose overcoat with a hood, worn when hunting, hawking, or travelling ; *montera*, a cap with falling flaps, a common head gear in Central Spain.

of the mare were of the field and jineta fashion,¹ and of mulberry colour and green. He carried a Moorish cutlass hanging from a broad green and gold baldric; the buskins were of the same make as the baldric; the spurs were not gilt, but lacquered green, and so brightly polished that, matching as they did the rest of his apparel, they looked better than if they had been of pure gold.

When the traveller came up with them he saluted them courteously, and spurring his mare was passing them without stopping, but Don Quixote called out to him, ‘Gallant sir, if so be your worship is going our road, and has no occasion for speed, it would be a pleasure to me if we were to join company.’

‘In truth,’ replied he on the mare, ‘I would not pass you so hastily but for fear that horse might turn restive in the company of my mare.’

‘You may safely hold in your mare, señor,’ said Sancho in reply to this, ‘for our horse is the most virtuous and well-behaved horse in the world; he never does anything wrong on such occasions, and the only time he misbehaved, my master and I suffered for it sevenfold; I say again your worship may pull up if you like; for if she was offered to him between two plates the horse would not hanker after her.’

The traveller drew rein, amazed at the trim and features of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which Sancho carried like a valise in front of Dapple’s pack-saddle: and if the man in green examined Don Quixote closely, still more closely did Don Quixote examine the man in green.

¹ *Jineta*, an easy saddle with short stirrups, already referred to. p. 110.

who struck him as being a man of intelligence. In appearance he was about fifty years of age, with but few grey hairs, an aquiline cast of features, and an expression between grave and gay; and his dress and accoutrements showed him to be a man of good condition. What he in green thought of Don Quixote of La Mancha was that a man of that sort and shape he had never yet seen; he marvelled at the length of his hair,¹ his lofty stature, the lankness and sallowness of his countenance, his armour, his bearing and his gravity—a figure and picture such as had not been seen in those regions for many a long day.

Don Quixote saw very plainly the attention with which the traveller was regarding him, and read his curiosity in his astonishment; and courteous as he was and ready to please everybody, before the other could ask him any question he anticipated him by saying, ‘The appearance I present to your worship being so strange and so out of the common, I should not be surprised if it filled you with wonder; but you will cease to wonder when I tell you, as I do, that I am one of those knights who, as people say, go seeking adventures. I have left my home, I have mortgaged my estate, I have given up my comforts, and committed myself to the arms of Fortune, to bear me whithersoever she may please. My desire was to bring to life again knight-errantry, now dead, and for some time past, stumbling here, falling there, now coming down headlong, now raising myself up again, I have carried out a great portion of my design, succouring widows, protecting maidens, and giving aid to

¹ See Note A, p. 173.

wives, orphans, and minors, the proper and natural duty of knights-errant; and, therefore, because of my many valiant and Christian achievements, I have been already found worthy to make my way in print to well-nigh all, or most, of the nations of the earth. Thirty thousand volumes of my history have been printed, and it is on the high-road to be printed thirty thousand thousands of times, if heaven does not put a stop to it.¹ In short, to sum up all in a few words, or in a single one, I may tell you I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise called “The Knight of the Rueful Countenance;” for though self-praise is degrading,² I must perforce sound my own sometimes, that is to say, when there is no one at hand to do it for me. So that, gentle sir, neither this horse, nor this lance, nor this shield, nor this squire, nor all these arms put together, nor the sallowness of my countenance, nor my gaunt leanness, will henceforth astonish you, now that you know who I am and what profession I follow.’

With these words Don Quixote held his peace, and, from the time he took to answer, the man in green seemed to be at a loss for a reply; after a long pause, however, he said to him, ‘You were right when you saw curiosity in my amazement, sir knight; but you have not succeeded in removing the astonishment I feel at seeing you; for although you say, señor, that knowing who you are ought to remove it, it has not done so; on the contrary, now that I know, I am left more amazed and astonished than before. What! is it possible that there are knights-errant in the world in these days, and histories of real chivalry printed? I cannot

¹ See Note B, p. 173.

² Prov. 6.

realise the fact that there can be anyone on earth now-a-days who aids widows, or protects maidens, or defends wives, or succours orphans ; nor should I believe it had I not seen it in your worship with my own eyes. Blessed be heaven ! for by means of this history of your noble and genuine chivalrous deeds, which you say has been printed, the countless stories of fictitious knights-errant with which the world is filled, so much to the injury of morality and the prejudice and discredit of good histories, will have been driven into oblivion.'

'There is a good deal to be said on that point,' said Don Quixote, 'as to whether the histories of the knights-errant are fiction or not.'

'Why, is there anyone who doubts that those histories are false ?' said the man in green.

'I doubt it,' said Don Quixote, 'but never mind that just now ; if our journey lasts long enough, I trust in God I shall show your worship that you do wrong in going with the stream of those who regard it as a matter of certainty that they are not true.'

From this last observation of Don Quixote's, the traveller began to have a suspicion that he was some crazy being, and was waiting him to confirm it by something further ; but before they could turn to any new subject Don Quixote begged him to tell him who he was, since he himself had rendered account of his station and life. To this, he in the green gaban replied, 'I, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, am a gentleman by birth, native of the village where, please God, we are going to dine to-day ; I am more than fairly well off, and my name is Don Diego de Miranda.

I pass my life with my wife, children, and friends; my pursuits are hunting and fishing, but I keep neither hawks nor greyhounds, nothing but a tame partridge¹ or a bold ferret or two; I have six dozen or so of books, some in our mother tongue, some Latin, some of them history, others devotional; those of chivalry have not as yet crossed the threshold of my door; I am more given to turning over the profane than the devotional, so long as they are books of honest entertainment that charm by their style and attract and interest by the invention they display, though of these there are very few in Spain. Sometimes I dine with my neighbours and friends, and often invite them; my entertainments are neat and well served without stint of anything. I have no taste for tattle, nor do I allow tattling in my presence; I pry not into my neighbours' lives, nor have I lynx-eyes for what others do. I hear mass every day; I share my substance with the poor, making no display of good works, lest I let hypocrisy and vainglory, those enemies that subtly take possession of the most watchful heart, find an entrance into mine. I strive to make peace between those whom I know to be at variance; I am the devoted servant of Our Lady, and my trust is ever in the infinite mercy of God our Lord.'

Sancho listened with the greatest attention to the account of the gentleman's life and occupations; and thinking it a good and a holy life, and that he who led it ought to work miracles, he threw himself off Dapple, and running in haste seized his right stirrup and kissed his foot again and again with a devout heart and almost with tears.

¹ See Note C, p. 173.

Seeing this the gentleman asked him, 'What are you about, brother? What are these kisses for?'

'Let me kiss,' said Sancho, 'for I think your worship is the first saint in the saddle I ever saw all the days of my life.'

'I am no saint,' replied the gentleman, 'but a great sinner; but you are, brother, for you must be a good fellow, as your simplicity shows.'

Sancho went back and regained his pack-saddle, having extracted a laugh from his master's profound melancholy, and excited fresh amazement in Don Diego. Don Quixote then asked him how many children he had, and observed that one of the things wherein the ancient philosophers, who were without the true knowledge of God, placed the *summum bonum* was in the gifts of nature, in those of fortune, in having many friends, and many and good children.¹

'I, Señor Don Quixote,' answered the gentleman, 'have one son, without whom, perhaps, I should count myself happier than I am, not because he is a bad son, but because he is not so good as I could wish. He is eighteen years of age; he has been for six at Salamanca studying Latin and Greek, and when I wished him to turn to the study of other sciences I found him so wrapped up in that of poetry (if that can be called a science) that there is no getting him to take kindly to the law, which I wished him to study, or to theology, the queen of them all. I would

¹ This is an instance of the heedless way in which Cervantes so often wrote. He meant, of course, that having many and good children was one of those things (such as, for example, the gifts of fortune &c.) wherein the philosophers placed the *summum bonum*.

like him to be an honour to his family, as we live in days when our kings liberally reward learning that is virtuous and worthy; for learning without virtue is a pearl on a dunghill. He spends the whole day in settling whether Homer expressed himself correctly or not in such and such a line of the *Iliad*, whether Martial was indecent or not in such and such an epigram, whether such and such lines of Virgil are to be understood in this way or in that; in short, all his talk is of the works of these poets, and those of Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus; for of the moderns in our own language he makes no great account; but with all his seeming indifference to Spanish poetry, just now his thoughts are absorbed in making a gloss on four lines that have been sent him from Salamanca, which I suspect are for some poetical tournament.’¹

To all this Don Quixote said in reply, ‘Children, señor, are portions of their parents’ bowels, and therefore, be they good or bad, are to be loved as we love the souls that give us life; it is for the parents to guide them from infancy in the ways of virtue, propriety, and worthy Christian conduct, so that when grown up they may be the staff of their parents’ old age, and the glory of their posterity; and to force them to study this or that science I do not think wise, though it may be no harm to persuade them; and when there is no need to study for the sake of *pene lucrando*, and it is the student’s good fortune that heaven has given him parents who provide him with it, it would be my advice to

¹ *Justas literarias*—literary or poetical jousts or tournaments, in which the compositions of the competitors were recited in public, and prizes awarded by appointed judges, were still frequent in the time of Cervantes.

them to let him pursue whatever science they may see him most inclined to; and though that of poetry is less useful than pleasurable, it is not one of those that bring discredit upon the possessor. Poetry, gentle sir, is, as I take it, like a tender young maiden of supreme beauty, to array, bedeck, and adorn whom is the task of several other maidens, who are all the rest of the sciences; and she must avail herself of the help of all, and all derive their lustre from her. But this maiden will not bear to be handled, nor dragged through the streets, nor exposed either at the corners of the market-places, or in the closets of palaces. She is the product of an Alchemy of such virtue that he who is able to practise it, will turn her into pure gold of inestimable worth. He that possesses her must keep her within bounds, not permitting her to break out in ribald satires or soulless sonnets. She must on no account be offered for sale, unless, indeed, it be in heroic poems, moving tragedies, or sprightly and ingenious comedies. She must not be touched by the buffoons, nor by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of comprehending or appreciating her hidden treasures. And do not suppose, señor, that I apply the term vulgar here merely to plebeians and the lower orders; for everyone who is ignorant, be he lord or prince, may and should be included among the vulgar. He, then, who shall embrace and cultivate poetry under the conditions I have named, shall become famous, and his name honoured throughout all the civilised nations of the earth. And with regard to what you say, señor, of your son having no great opinion of Spanish poetry, I am inclined to think that he is not quite right there, and for this reason: the great poet Homer did

not write in Latin, because he was a Greek, nor did Virgil write in Greek, because he was a Latin; in short, all the ancient poets wrote in the language they imbibed with their mother's milk, and never went in quest of foreign ones to express their sublime conceptions; and that being so, the usage should in justice extend to all nations, and the German poet should not be undervalued because he writes in his own language, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayan, for writing in his. But your son, señor, I suspect, is not prejudiced against Spanish poetry, but against those poets who are mere Spanish verse writers, without any knowledge of other languages or sciences to adorn and give life and vigour to their natural inspiration; and yet even in this he may be wrong; for, according to a true belief, a poet is born one; that is to say, the poet by nature comes forth a poet from his mother's womb; and following the bent that heaven has bestowed upon him, without the aid of study or art, he produces things that show how truly he spoke who said, "*Est Deus in nobis*," &c.¹ At the same time, I say that the poet by nature who calls in art to his aid will be a far better poet, and will surpass him who tries to be one relying upon his knowledge of art alone. The reason is, that art does not surpass nature, but only brings it to perfection; and thus, nature combined with art, and art with nature, will produce a perfect poet. To bring my argument to a close, I would say then, gentle sir, let your son go on as his star leads him, for being so studious as he seems to be, and having already successfully surmounted the first step of the sciences, which is that of the languages,

¹ I.e. Ovid. *Fasti*, Lib. VI. and *De Arte Amandi*, Lib. III.

with their help he will by his own exertions reach the summit of polite literature, which so well becomes an independent gentleman, and adorns, honours, and distinguishes him, as much as the mitre does the bishop, or the gown the learned counsellor. If your son write satires reflecting on the honour of others, chide and correct him, and tear them up; but if he compose discourses in which he rebukes vice in general, in the style of Horace, and with elegance like his, commend him; for it is legitimate for a poet to write against envy and lash the envious in his verse, and the other vices too, provided he does not single out individuals; there are, however, poets who, for the sake of saying something spiteful, would run the risk of being banished to the coast of Pontus.¹ If the poet be pure in his morals, he will be pure in his verses too; the pen is the tongue of the mind, and as the thought engendered there, so will be the things that it writes down. And when kings and princes observe this marvellous science of poetry in wise, virtuous, and thoughtful subjects, they honour, value, exalt them, and even crown them with the leaves of that tree which the thunderbolt strikes not,² as if to show that they whose brows are honoured and adorned with such a crown are not to be assailed by anyone.'

He of the green gaban was filled with astonishment at Don Quixote's argument, so much so that he began to abandon the notion he had taken up about his being crazy. But in the middle of the discourse, it being not very much to his taste, Sancho had turned aside out of the road to beg a little milk from some shepherds, who were milking their

¹ Like Ovid, banished to Tomos in Pontus.

² I.e. the laurel.

ewes hard by; and just as the gentleman, highly pleased with Don Quixote's sound sense and intelligence, was about to renew the conversation, Don Quixote, raising his head, perceived a cart covered with royal flags coming along the road they were travelling; and persuaded that this must be some new adventure, he called aloud to Sancho to come and bring him his helmet. Sancho, hearing himself called, quitted the shepherds, and, prodding Dapple vigorously, came up to his master, to whom there fell a terrific and desperate adventure.

Note A (page 164).

All editions previous to Hartzenbusch's read *caballo*—'horse'—instead of *cabello*, but we are told, and the whole context shows, that it was Don Quixote's *personal* appearance that astonished Don Diego; it is true that Rocinante is described as 'long' in chapter ix. Part I.

Note B (page 165).

In chapter iii., the reader may remember, the number is put at 'more than twelve thousand.' Perhaps, between writing that chapter and this, Cervantes may have heard of other editions besides those he mentions there; but even counting all editions his estimate is excessive.

Note C (page 167).

Clemencin seems to think that it should be, not *perdigon*—'partridge'—but *perdiguero*—'pointer'; but Cervantes would never have applied the word *manso*—'tame'—to a dog. Clemencin apparently was not aware that tame partridges are extensively used by Andalusian sportsmen as decoys.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEREIN IS SHOWN THE FURTHEST AND HIGHEST POINT WHICH THE UNEXAMPLED COURAGE OF DON QUIXOTE REACHED OR COULD REACH ; TOGETHER WITH THE HAPPILY ACHIEVED ADVENTURE OF THE LIONS.

WHEN the author of this great history comes to relate what is set down in this chapter he says he would have preferred to pass it over in silence, fearing it would not be believed, because here Don Quixote's madness reaches the confines of the greatest that can be conceived, and even goes a couple of bowshots beyond the greatest.¹ But after all, though still under the same fear and apprehension, he has recorded it without adding to the story or leaving out a particle of the truth, and entirely disregarding the charges of falsehood that might be brought against him ; and he was right, for the truth may run fine but will not break,² and always rises above falsehood as oil above water ;³ and so, going on with his story, he says that when Don Quixote called out to Sancho to bring him his helmet, Sancho was buying some curds the shepherds agreed to sell him, and flurried by the great haste his master was in did not know what to do with them or what to carry them in ; so, not to lose them, for

¹ See Note A, p. 188.

² Prov. 240. May be drawn out fine like wire.

Prov. 241.

he had already paid for them, he thought it best to throw them into his master's helmet, and acting on this bright idea he went to see what his master wanted with him. He, as he approached, exclaimed to him, 'Give me that helmet, my friend, for either I know little of adventures, or what I observe yonder is one that will, and does, call upon me to arm myself.' He of the green gaban, on hearing this, looked in all directions, but could perceive nothing, except a cart coming towards them with two or three small flags, which led him to conclude it must be carrying treasure of the King's, and he said so to Don Quixote. He, however, would not believe him, being always persuaded and convinced that all that happened to him must be adventures and still more adventures; so he replied to the gentleman, 'He who is prepared has his battle half fought; ¹ nothing is lost by my preparing myself, for I know by experience that I have enemies, visible and invisible, and I know not when, or where, or at what moment, or in what shapes they will attack me;' and turning to Sancho he called for his helmet; and Sancho, as he had no time to take out the curds, had to give it just as it was. Don Quixote took it, and without perceiving what was in it thrust it down in hot haste upon his head; but as the curds were pressed and squeezed the whey began to run all over his face and beard, whereat he was so startled that he cried out to Sancho, 'Sancho, what's this? I think my head is softening, or my brains are melting, or I am sweating from head to foot! If I am sweating it is not indeed from fear.√ I am convinced beyond a doubt that the adventure which is about to befall me is a terrible one. Give me

¹ Prov. 14.

something to wipe myself with, if thou hast it, for this profuse sweat is blinding me.'

Sancho held his tongue, and gave him a cloth, and gave thanks to God at the same time that his master had not found out what was the matter. Don Quixote then wiped himself, and took off his helmet to see what it was that made his head feel so cool, and seeing all that white mash inside his helmet he put it to his nose, and as soon as he had smelt it he exclaimed, 'By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, but it is curds thou hast put here, thou treacherous, impudent, ill-mannered squire !'

To which, with great composure and pretended innocence, Sancho replied, 'If they are curds let me have them, your worship, and I'll eat them ; but let the devil eat them, for it must have been he who put them there. I dare to dirty your worship's helmet ! You have guessed the offender finely ! Faith, sir, by the light God gives me, it seems I must have enchanters too, that persecute me as a creature and limb of your worship, and they must have put that nastiness there in order to provoke your patience to anger, and make you baste my ribs as you are wont to do. Well, this time, indeed, they have missed their aim, for I trust to my master's good sense to see that I have got no curds or milk, or anything of the sort ; and that if I had it is in my stomach I would put it and not in the helmet.'

'May be so,' said Don Quixote. All this the gentleman was observing, and with astonishment, more especially when, after having wiped himself clean, his head, face, beard, and helmet, Don Quixote put it on, and settling himself firmly in his stirrups, easing his sword in the scabbard, and grasp-

ing his lance, he cried, 'Now, come who will, here am I, ready to try conclusions with Satan himself in person !'

By this time the cart with the flags had come up, unattended by anyone except the carter on a mule, and a man sitting in front. Don Quixote planted himself before it and said, 'Whither are you going, brothers ? What cart is this ? What have you got in it ? What flags are those ?'

To this the carter replied, 'The cart is mine ; what is in it is a pair of fine caged lions, which the governor of Oran is sending to court as a present to his Majesty ; and the flags are our lord the King's, to show that what is here is his property.'¹

'And are the lions large ?' asked Don Quixote.

'So large,' replied the man who sat at the door of the cart, 'that larger, or as large, have never crossed from Africa to Spain ; I am the keeper, and I have brought over others, but never any like these. They are male and female ; the male is in that first cage and the female in the one behind, and they are hungry now, for they have eaten nothing to-day, so let your worship stand aside, for we must make haste to the place where we are to feed them.'

Hereupon, smiling slightly, Don Quixote exclaimed, 'Lion-whelps to me ! to me whelps of lions, and at such a time ! Then, by God ! those gentlemen who send them here shall see if I am a man to be frightened by lions. Get down, my good fellow, and as you are the keeper open the cages, and turn me out those beasts, and in the midst of

¹ Don Quixote, going to Saragossa, could not have *met* the cart with lions coming from Cartagena, where they would have been landed from Oran.

this plain I will let them know who Don Quixote of La Mancha is, in spite and in the teeth of the enchanters who send them to me.'

'So, so,' said the gentleman to himself at this; 'our worthy knight has shown of what sort he is; the curds, no doubt, have softened his scull and brought his brains to a head.'

At this instant Sancho came up to him, saying, 'Señor, for God's sake do something to keep my master, Don Quixote, from tackling these lions; for if he does they'll tear us all to pieces here.'

'Is your master then so mad,' asked the gentleman, 'that you believe and are afraid he will engage such fierce animals?'

'He is not mad,' said Sancho, 'but he is venturesome.'

'I will prevent it,' said the gentleman; and going over to Don Quixote, who was insisting upon the keeper's opening the cages, he said to him, 'Sir knight, knights-errant should attempt adventures which encourage the hope of a successful issue, not those which entirely withhold it; for valour that trenches upon temerity savours rather of madness than of courage; moreover, these lions do not come to oppose you, nor do they dream of such a thing; they are going as presents to his Majesty, and it will not be right to stop them or delay their journey.'

'Gentle sir,' replied Don Quixote, 'you go and mind your tame partridge and your bold ferret, and leave everyone to manage his own business; this is mine, and I know whether these gentlemen the lions come to me or not;' and

then turning to the keeper he exclaimed, ‘By all that’s good, sir scoundrel, if you don’t open the cages this very instant, I’ll pin you to the cart with this lance.’

The carter, seeing the determination of this apparition in armour, said to him, ‘Please your worship, for charity’s sake, señor, let me unyoke the mules and place myself in safety along with them before the lions are turned out; for if they kill them on me I am ruined for life, for all I possess is this cart and mules.’

‘O man of little faith,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘get down and unyoke; you will soon see that you are exerting yourself for nothing, and that you might have spared yourself the trouble.’

The carter got down and with all speed unyoked the mules, and the keeper called out at the top of his voice, ‘I call all here to witness that against my will and under compulsion I open the cages and let the lions loose, and that I warn this gentleman that he will be accountable for all the harm and mischief which these beasts may do, and for my salary and dues as well. You, gentlemen, place yourselves in safety before I open, for I know they will do me no harm.’

Once more the gentleman strove to persuade Don Quixote not to do such a mad thing, as it was tempting God to engage in such a piece of folly. To this, Don Quixote replied that he knew what he was about. The gentleman in return entreated him to reflect, for he knew he was under a delusion.

‘Well, señor,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘if you do not like to be a spectator of this tragedy, as in your opinion it

will be, spur your flea-bitten mare, and place yourself in safety.'

Hearing this, Sancho with tears in his eyes entreated him to give up an enterprise compared with which the one of the windmills, and the awful one of the fulling mills, and, in fact, all the feats he had attempted in the whole course of his life, were cakes and fancy bread. 'Look ye, señor,' said Sancho, 'there's no enchantment here, nor anything of the sort, for between the bars and chinks of the cage I have seen the paw of a real lion, and judging by that I reckon the lion such a paw could belong to must be bigger than a mountain.'

'Fear, at any rate,' replied Don Quixote, 'will make him look bigger to thee than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me; and if I die here thou knowest our old compact; thou wilt repair to Dulcinea—I say no more.' To these he added some further words that banished all hope of his giving up his insane project. He of the green gaban would have offered resistance, but he found himself ill-matched as to arms, and did not think it prudent to come to blows with a madman, for such Don Quixote now showed himself to be in every respect; and the latter, renewing his commands to the keeper and repeating his threats, gave warning to the gentleman to spur his mare, Sancho his Dapple, and the carter his mules, all striving to get away from the cart as far as they could before the lions broke loose. Sancho was weeping over his master's death, for this time he firmly believed it was in store for him from the claws of the lions; and he cursed his fate and called it an unlucky hour when he thought of taking service with him

again ; but with all his tears and lamentations he did not forget to thrash Dapple so as to put a good space between himself and the cart. The keeper, seeing that the fugitives were now some distance off, once more entreated and warned Don Quixote as he had entreated and warned him before ; but he replied that he heard him, and that he need not trouble himself with any further warnings or entreaties, as they would be fruitless, and bade him make haste.

During the delay that occurred while the keeper was opening the first cage, Don Quixote was considering whether it would not be well to do battle on foot, instead of on horseback, and finally resolved to fight on foot, fearing that Rocinante might take fright at the sight of the lions ; he therefore sprang off his horse, flung his lance aside, braced his buckler on his arm, and drawing his sword, advanced slowly with marvellous intrepidity and resolute courage, to plant himself in front of the cart, commending himself with all his heart, first to God, and then to his lady Dulcinea.

It is to be observed, that on coming to this passage, the author of this veracious history breaks out into exclamations. ‘ O doughty Don Quixote ! high mettled past extolling ! Mirror, wherein all the heroes of the world may see themselves ! Second and modern Don Manuel de Leon, once the glory and honour of Spanish knighthood !¹ In what words shall I describe this dread exploit, by what language shall I make it credible to ages to come, what eulogies are there unmeet for thee, though they be hyperboles piled on hyperboles ! On foot, alone, undaunted, high-souled,

¹ See Note B, p. 188.

with but a simple sword, and that no trenchant blade of the Perrillo brand,¹ a shield, but no bright polished steel one, there stoodst thou, biding and awaiting the two fiercest lions that Afric's forests ever bred ! Thy own deeds be thy praise, O valiant Manchegan, and here I leave them as they stand, wanting the words wherewith to glorify them !'

Here the author's outburst came to an end, and he proceeded to take up the thread of his story, saying that the keeper, seeing that Don Quixote had taken up his position, and that it was impossible for him to avoid letting out the male without incurring the enmity of the fiery and daring knight, flung open the doors of the first cage, containing, as has been said, the lion, which was now seen to be of enormous size, and grim and hideous mien. The first thing he did was to turn round in the cage in which he lay, and protrude his claws, and stretch himself thoroughly ; he next opened his mouth, and yawned very leisurely, and with near two palms'-length of tongue that he had thrust forth, he licked the dust out of his eyes and washed his face ; having done this, he put his head out of the cage and looked all round with eyes like glowing coals, a spectacle and demeanour to strike terror into temerity itself. Don Quixote merely observed him steadily, longing for him to leap from the cart and come to close quarters with him, when he hoped to hew him in pieces.

So far did his unparalleled madness go ; but the noble lion, more courteous than arrogant, not troubling himself about silly bravado, after having looked all round, as has

¹ The Perrillo—i.e. the little dog—was the trade mark of Julian del Rei, a famous armourer and swordsmith of Toledo and Saragossa.

been said, turned about and presented his hind-quarters to Don Quixote, and very coolly and tranquilly lay down again in the cage. Seeing this, Don Quixote ordered the keeper to take a stick to him and provoke him to make him come out.

‘That I won’t,’ said the keeper; ‘for if I anger him, the first he’ll tear in pieces will be myself. Be satisfied, sir knight, with what you have done, which leaves nothing more to be said on the score of courage, and do not seek to tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door open; he is free to come out or not to come out; but as he has not come out so far, he will not come out to-day. The greatness of your worship’s courage has been fully manifested already; no brave champion, so it strikes me, is bound to do more than challenge his enemy and wait for him on the field; if his adversary does not come, on him lies the disgrace, and he who waits for him carries off the crown of victory.’

‘That is true,’ said Don Quixote; ‘close the door, my friend, and let me have, in the best form thou canst, what thou hast seen me do, by way of certificate; to wit, that thou didst open for the lion, that I waited for him, that he did not come out, that I still waited for him, and that still he did not come out, and lay down again. I am not bound to do more; enchantments avaunt, and God uphold the right, the truth, and true chivalry! Close the door as I bade thee, while I make signals to the fugitives that have left us, that they may learn this exploit from thy lips.’

The keeper obeyed, and Don Quixote, fixing on the point of his lance the cloth he had wiped his face with

after the deluge of curds, proceeded to recall the others, who still continued to fly, looking back at every step, all in a body, the gentleman bringing up the rear. Sancho, however, happening to observe the signal of the white cloth, exclaimed, 'May I die, if my master has not overcome the wild beasts, for he is calling to us.'

They all stopped, and perceived that it was Don Quixote who was making signals, and shaking off their fears to some extent, they approached slowly until they were near enough to hear distinctly Don Quixote's voice calling to them. They returned at length to the cart, and as they came up, Don Quixote said to the carter, 'Put your mules to once more, brother, and continue your journey; and do thou, Sancho, give him two gold crowns for himself and the keeper, to compensate for the delay they have incurred through me.'

'That will I give with all my heart,' said Sancho; 'but what has become of the lions? Are they dead or alive?'

The keeper, then, in full detail, and bit by bit, described the end of the contest, exalting to the best of his power and ability the valour of Don Quixote, at the sight of whom the lion quailed, and would not and dared not come out of the cage, although he had held the door open ever so long; and showing how, in consequence of his having represented to the knight that it was tempting God to provoke the lion in order to force him out, which he wished to have done, he very reluctantly, and altogether against his will, had allowed the door to be closed.

'What dost thou think of this, Sancho?' said Don Quixote. 'Are there any enchantments that can prevail

against true valour? The enchanter may be able to rob me of good fortune, but of fortitude and courage they cannot.'

Sancho paid the crowns, the carter put to, the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hands for the bounty bestowed upon him, and promised to give an account of the valiant exploit to the King himself, as soon as he saw him at court.

'Then,' said Don Quixote, 'if his Majesty should happen to ask who performed it, you must say *THE KNIGHT OF THE LIONS*; for it is my desire that into this the name I have hitherto borne of Knight of the Rueful Countenance be from this time forward changed, altered, transformed, and turned; and in this I follow the ancient usage of knights-errant, who changed their names when they pleased, or when it suited their purpose.'¹

The cart went its way, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and he of the green gaban went theirs. All this time, Don Diego de Miranda had not spoken a word, being entirely taken up with observing and noting all that Don Quixote did and said, and the opinion he formed was that he was a man of brains gone mad, and a madman on the verge of rationality. The first part of his history had not yet reached him, for, had he read it, the amazement with which his words and deeds filled him would have vanished, as he would then have understood the nature of his madness; but knowing nothing of it, he took him to be rational one moment, and crazy the next, for what he said was sensible, elegant, and well expressed, and what he did, absurd, rash,

¹ E.g. Amadis, Esplandian, Belianis, the Caballero del Febo, and others. The Knight of the Lions' was one of the titles adopted by Amadis.

and foolish ; and said he to himself, ‘ What could be madder than putting on a helmet full of curds, and then persuading oneself that enchanters are softening one’s skull ; or what could be greater rashness and folly than wanting to fight lions tooth and nail ? ’

Don Quixote roused him from these reflections and this soliloquy by saying, ‘ No doubt, Señor Don Diego de Miranda, you set me down in your mind as a fool and a madman, and it would be no wonder if you did, for my deeds do not argue anything else. But for all that, I would have you take notice that I am neither so mad nor so foolish as I must have seemed to you. A gallant knight shows to advantage bringing his lance to bear adroitly upon a fierce bull under the eyes of his sovereign, in the midst of a spacious plaza ; a knight shows to advantage arrayed in glittering armour, pacing the lists before the ladies in some joyous tournament, and all those knights show to advantage that entertain, divert, and, if we may say so, honour the courts of their princes by warlike exercises, or what resemble them ; but to greater advantage than all these does a knight-errant show when he traverses deserts, solitudes, cross-roads, forests, and mountains, in quest of perilous adventures, bent on bringing them to a happy and successful issue, all to win a glorious and lasting renown. To greater advantage, I maintain, does the knight-errant show bringing aid to some widow in some lonely waste, than the court knight dallying with some city damsel. All knights have their own special parts to play ; let the courtier devote himself to the ladies, let him add lustre to his sovereign’s court by his liveries, let him entertain poor

gentlemen with the sumptuous fare of his table, let him arrange joustings, marshal tournaments, and prove himself noble, generous, and magnificent, and above all a good Christian, and so doing he will fulfil the duties that are especially his; but let the knight-errant explore the corners of the earth and penetrate the most intricate labyrinths, at each step let him attempt impossibilities, on desolate heaths let him endure the burning rays of the midsummer sun, and the bitter inclemency of the winter winds and frosts; let no lions daunt him, no monsters terrify him, no dragons make him quail; for to seek these, to attack those, and to vanquish all, are in truth his main duties. I, then, as it has fallen to my lot to be a member of knight-errantry, cannot avoid attempting all that to me seems to come within the sphere of my duties; thus it was my bounden duty to attack those lions that I just now attacked, although I knew it to be the height of rashness; for I know well what valour is, that it is a virtue that occupies a place between two vicious extremes, cowardice and temerity; but it will be a lesser evil for him who is valiant to rise till he reaches the point of rashness, than to sink until he reaches the point of cowardice; for, as it is easier for the prodigal than for the miser to become generous, so it is easier for a rash man to prove truly valiant than for a coward to rise to true valour; and believe me, Señor Don Diego, in attempting adventures it is better to lose by a card too many than by a card too few;¹ for to hear it said, "such a knight is rash and daring," sounds better than "such a knight is timid and cowardly."

¹ Prov. 39.

‘I protest, Señor Don Quixote,’ said Don Diego, ‘everything you have said and done is proved correct by the test of reason itself; and I believe, if the laws and ordinances of knight errantry should be lost, they might be found in your worship’s breast as in their own proper depository and muniment-house; but let us make haste, for it grows late, and reach my village and house, where you shall take rest after your late exertions; for if they have not been of the body they have been of the spirit, and these sometimes tend to produce bodily fatigue.’

‘I take the invitation as a great favour and honour,’ Señor Don Diego,’ replied Don Quixote; and pressing forward at a better pace than before, at about two in the afternoon they reached the village and house of Don Diego, or, as Don Quixote called him, ‘The Knight of the Green Gaban.’

Note A (page 174).

The opening sentences have been transferred to this place from chapter x. by Hartzenbusch. It would be absurd to call Don Quixote’s simplicity in the matter of Sancho’s mystification about the village girls, mad doings (*locuras*) that go beyond the maddest that can be conceived; while the lion adventure is all through treated as his very maddest freak; one compared with which, as Sancho says, all the rest were ‘cakes and fancy bread.’

Note B (page 181).

Referring to Don Manuel Ponce de Leon, one of the most brilliant of the galaxy of gallant knights round Ferdinand and Isabella at the siege of Granada, and hero, according to Spanish tradition, of the story told by Schiller in *Der Handschuh*, by Leigh Hunt in the *Glove and the Lions*, but best of all by Robert Browning in *The Glove*. Although, with these, the hero’s name is De Lorge and the scene the Court of Francis I. of France, the story is originally a Spanish one. It was transferred to France by Brantôme in Discours X. of his *Dames Illustres*. He took it from No. 39 of Part III. of Bandello’s novels, and Bandello had it from a Valencian or

Catalan source. It appears in different forms in old Spanish literature. It is mentioned in the *Nobiliario* of Alonso Lopez de Haro, who, however, says nothing about throwing the glove in the lady's face. It is also mentioned by Urrea in his translation of Ariosto, 1549, and by Garci Sanchez de Badajoz; and it is the subject of a ballad, probably of the fifteenth century, in Timoneda's *Rosa de Romances*, 1573. Viardot, in a note on this passage in his translation, says that the surname of 'de Leon' was conferred by Isabella in commemoration of the feat. As a member of the Spanish Academy he ought to have known that in that case the title would have been '*del* Leon;' and, in the next place, that the noble family of the Ponces had borne the addition to their name since the end of the twelfth century, when Pedro Ponce de Minerva married Aldonza, natural daughter of Alfonso IX. of Leon. Unfortunately, the reverse of Viardot's theory is far the more probable one; that the story was invented to account for the name by some ballad-maker ignorant of the family history of the Ponces.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OF WHAT HAPPENED DON QUIXOTE IN THE CASTLE OR HOUSE
OF THE KNIGHT OF THE GREEN GABAN, TOGETHER WITH
OTHER MATTERS OUT OF THE COMMON.

DON QUIXOTE found Don Diego de Miranda's house built in village style, with his arms in rough stone over the street door; ¹ in the patio was the store-room, and at the entrance the cellar, with plenty of wine-jars standing round, which, coming from El Toboso, brought back to his memory his enchanted and transformed Dulcinea; and with a sigh, and not thinking of what he was saying, or in whose presence he was, he exclaimed—

‘O ye sweet treasures, to my sorrow found!
Once sweet and welcome when ’t was heaven’s good-will.’²

O ye Tobosan jars, how ye bring back to my memory the sweet object of my bitter regrets!’

The student poet, Don Diego’s son, who had come out with his mother to receive him, heard this exclamation, and both mother and son were filled with amazement at the extraordinary figure he presented; he, however, dismounting from Rocinante, advanced with great politeness to ask

¹ Many houses in the old towns of Northern and Central Spain are so decorated to this day.

² The beginning of Garcilaso’s tenth sonnet, imitated from Virgil, *Æneid*, Lib. IV.: ‘Dulces exuvie, dum fata deusque sinebant.’

permission to kiss the lady's hand, while Don Diego said, 'Señora, pray receive with your wonted kindness Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, whom you see before you, a knight-errant, and the bravest and wisest in the world.'

The lady, whose name was Doña Christina, received him with every sign of good-will and great courtesy, and Don Quixote placed himself at her service with an abundance of well-chosen and polished phrases. Almost the same civilities were exchanged between him and the student, who, listening to Don Quixote, took him to be a sensible, clear-headed person.

Here the author describes minutely everything belonging to Don Diego's mansion, putting before us in his picture the whole contents of a rich gentleman-farmer's house ; but the translator of the history thought it best to pass over these and other details of the same sort in silence, as they are not in harmony with the main purpose of the story, the strong point of which is truth rather than dull digressions.¹

They led Don Quixote into a room, and Sancho removed his armour, leaving him in his loose Walloon breeches and chamois-leather doublet, all stained with the rust of his armour ; his collar was a falling one of scholastic cut, without starch or lace, his buskins buff-coloured, and his shoes polished. He wore his good sword, which hung in a baldric of sea-wolf's skin, for he had suffered for many years, they say, from an ailment of the kidneys ;² and over all he

¹ A hit at the prolixity not only of the romances of chivalry, but of more modern works.

² Not that sea-wolf skin was a specific, but because, like many suffering from ailments in the region of the loins, he found a baldric passing over the shoulder easier than the ordinary sword-belt.

threw a long cloak of good grey cloth. But first of all, with five or six buckets of water (for as regards the number of buckets there is some dispute), he washed his head and face, and still the water remained whey-coloured, thanks to Sancho's greediness and purchase of those unlucky curds that turned his master so white. Thus arrayed, and with an easy, sprightly, and gallant air, Don Quixote passed out into another room, where the student was waiting to entertain him while the table was being laid; for on the arrival of so distinguished a guest, Doña Christina was anxious to show that she knew how and was able to give a becoming reception to those who came to her house.

While Don Quixote was taking off his armour, Don Lorenzo (for so Don Diego's son was called) took the opportunity to say to his father, 'What are we to make of this gentleman you have brought home to us, sir? For his name, his appearance, and your describing him as a knight-errant have completely puzzled my mother and me.'

'I don't know what to say, my son,' replied Don Diego; 'all I can tell thee is that I have seen him act the acts of the greatest madman in the world, and heard him make observations so sensible that they efface and undo all he does; do thou talk to him and feel the pulse of his wits, and as thou art shrewd, form the most reasonable conclusion thou canst as to his wisdom or folly; though, to tell the truth, I am more inclined to take him to be mad than sane.'

With this Don Lorenzo went away to entertain Don Quixote as has been said, and in the course of the conversation that passed between them Don Quixote said to Don

Lorenzo, 'Your father, Señor Don Diego de Miranda, has told me of the rare abilities and subtle intellect you possess, and, above all, that you are a great poet.'

'A poet, it may be,' replied Don Lorenzo, 'but a great one, by no means. It is true that I am somewhat given to poetry and to reading good poets, but not so much so as to justify the title of "great" which my father gives me.'

'I do not dislike that modesty,' said Don Quixote; 'for there is no poet who is not conceited and does not think he is the best poet in the world.'

'There is no rule without an exception,' said Don Lorenzo; 'there may be some who are poets and yet do not think they are.'

'Very few,' said Don Quixote; 'but tell me, what verses are those which you have now in hand, and which your father tells me keep you somewhat restless and absorbed? If it be some gloss, I know something about glosses, and I should like to hear them; and if they are for a poetical tournament, contrive to carry off the second prize; for the first always goes by favour or personal standing, the second by simple justice; and so the third comes to be the second, and the first, reckoning in this way, will be third, in the same way as licentiate degrees are conferred at the universities; but, for all that, the title of first is a great distinction.'¹

'So far,' said Don Lorenzo to himself, 'I should not take you to be a madman; but let us go on.' So he said to him, 'Your worship has apparently attended the schools; what sciences have you studied?'

¹ Cervantes himself won a first prize at Saragossa in 1595.

‘That of knight-errantry,’ said Don Quixote, ‘which is as good as that of poetry, and even a finger or two above it.’

‘I do not know what science that is,’ said Don Lorenzo, ‘and until now I have never heard of it.’

‘It is a science,’ said Don Quixote, ‘that comprehends in itself all or most of the sciences in the world, for he who professes it must be a jurist, and must know the rules of justice, distributive and equitable, so as to give to each one what belongs to him and is due to him. He must be a theologian, so as to be able to give a clear and distinctive reason for the Christian faith he professes, wherever it may be asked of him. He must be a physician, and above all a herbalist, so as in wastes and solitudes to know the herbs that have the property of healing wounds, for a knight-errant must not go looking for some one to cure him at every step. He must be an astronomer, so as to know by the stars how many hours of the night have passed, and what clime and quarter of the world he is in. He must know mathematics, for at every turn some occasion for them will present itself to him; and, putting it aside that he must be adorned with all the virtues, cardinal and theological, to come down to minor particulars, he must, I say, be able to swim as well as Nicholas or Nicolao the Fish could, as the story goes;¹ he must know how to shoe a horse, and repair his saddle and bridle; and, to return to higher matters, he must be faithful to God and to his lady; he must be pure in thought, decorous in words, generous in works, valiant in deeds, patient in suffering, compassionate

¹ Alluding to Pesce-Cola, or Pece Colan, the famous swimmer of Catania, who lived towards the end of the fifteenth century.

towards the needy, and, lastly, an upholder of the truth though its defence should cost him his life. Of all these qualities, great and small, is a true knight-errant made up ; judge then, Señor Don Lorenzo, whether it be a contemptible science which the knight who studies and professes it has to learn, and whether it may not compare with the very loftiest that are taught in the schools.'

'If that be so,' replied Don Lorenzo, 'this science, I protest, surpasses all.'

'How, if that be so?' said Don Quixote.

'What I mean to say,' said Don Lorenzo, 'is, that I doubt whether there are now, or ever were, any knights-errant, and adorned with such virtues.'

'Many a time,' replied Don Quixote, 'have I said what I now say once more, that the majority of the world are of opinion that there never were any knights-errant in it ; and as it is my opinion that, unless heaven by some miracle brings home to them the truth that there were and are, all the pains one takes will be in vain (as experience has often proved to me), I will not now stop to disabuse you of the error you share with the multitude. All I shall do is to pray to heaven to deliver you from it, and show you how beneficial and necessary knights-errant were in days of yore, and how useful they would be in these days were they but in vogue ; but now, for the sins of the people, sloth and indolence, gluttony and luxury are triumphant.'

'Our guest has broken out on our hands,' said Don Lorenzo to himself at this point ; 'but, for all that, he is a glorious madman, and I should be a dull blockhead to doubt it.'

Here, being summoned to dinner, they brought their colloquy to a close. Don Diego asked his son what he had been able to make out as to the wits of their guest. To which he replied, ‘All the doctors and clever scribes in the world will not make sense of the scrawl of his madness; he is a madman full of streaks,¹ full of lucid intervals.’

They went in to dinner, and the repast was such as Don Diego said on the road he was in the habit of giving to his guests, neat, plentiful, and tasty; but what pleased Don Quixote most was the marvellous silence that reigned throughout the house, for it was like a Carthusian monastery.

When the cloth had been removed, grace said, and their hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly pressed Don Lorenzo to repeat to him his verses for the poetical tournament, to which he replied, ‘Not to be like those poets who, when they are asked to recite their verses, refuse, and when they are not asked for them vomit them up,² I will repeat my gloss, for which I do not expect any prize, having composed it merely as an exercise of ingenuity.’

‘A discerning friend of mine,’ said Don Quixote, ‘was of opinion that no one ought to waste labour in glossing verses: and the reason he gave was that the gloss can never come up to the text, and that often or most frequently it wanders away from the meaning and purpose aimed at in the glossed lines: and besides, that the laws of the gloss were too strict, as they did not allow interrogations, nor “said

¹ *Entreverado*, i.e. like bacon that is mixed fat and lean.

² ‘Nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati,
Injussi nunquam desistant.’

he," nor "I say," nor turning verbs into nouns, or altering the construction, not to speak of other restrictions and limitations that fetter gloss-writers, as you no doubt know.'¹

'Verily, Señor Don Quixote,' said Don Lorenzo, 'I wish I could catch your worship tripping at a stretch, but I cannot, for you slip through my fingers like an eel.'

'I don't understand what you say, or mean by slipping,' said Don Quixote.

'I will explain myself another time,' said Don Lorenzo; 'for the present pray attend to the glossed verses and the gloss, which run thus :

Could ' was ' become an ' is ' for me,
Then would I ask no more than this ;
Or could, for me, the time that is
Become the time that is to be !—

GLOSS.

Dame Fortune once upon a day
To me was bountiful and kind ;
But all things change ; she changed her mind,
And what she gave she took away.
O Fortune, long I 've sued to thee ;
The gifts thou gavest me restore,
For, trust me, I would ask no more,
Could ' was ' become an ' is ' for me.

No other prize I seek to gain,
No triumph, glory, or success,
Only the long-lost happiness,
The memory whereof is pain.

¹ See Note A, p. 202.

One taste, methinks, of bygone bliss
 The heart-consuming fire might stay ;
 And, so it come without delay,
 Then would I ask no more than this.

I ask what cannot be, alas !
 That time should ever be, and then
 Come back to us, and be again,
 No power on earth can bring to pass ;
 For fleet of foot is he, I wis,
 And idly, therefore, do we pray
 That what for aye hath left us may
 Become for us the time that is.

Perplexed, uncertain, to remain
 'Twixt hope and fear, is death, not life ;
 'T were better, sure, to end the strife,
 And dying, seek release from pain.
 And yet, though 't were the best for me,
 Anon the thought aside I fling,
 And to the present fondly cling,
 And dread the time that is to be.

When Don Lorenzo had finished reciting his gloss, Don Quixote stood up, and in a loud voice, almost a shout, exclaimed as he grasped Don Lorenzo's right hand in his, 'By the highest heavens, O noble youth, but you are the best poet on earth, and deserve to be crowned with laurel, not by Cyprus or by Gaeta—as a certain poet, God forgive him, said—but by the Academies of Athens, if they still flourished, and by those that flourish now, Paris, Bologna, Salamanca. Heaven grant that the judges who rob you of the first prize—that Phœbus may pierce them with his arrows, and the Muses never cross the thresholds of their

doors. Repeat me some of your long-measure verses, señor, if you will be so good, for I want thoroughly to feel the pulse of your rare genius.'

Is there any need to say that Don Lorenzo enjoyed hearing himself praised by Don Quixote, albeit he looked upon him as a madman? O power of flattery, how far-reaching art thou, and how wide are the bounds of thy pleasant jurisdiction! Don Lorenzo gave a proof of it, for he complied with Don Quixote's request and entreaty, and repeated to him this sonnet on the fable or story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

SONNET.

The lovely maid, she pierces now the wall;
 Heart-pierced by her young Pyramus doth lie;
 And Love spreads wing from Cyprus isle to fly,
 A chink to view so wondrous great and small.
 There silence speaketh, for no voice at all
 Can pass so strait a strait; but love will ply
 Where to all other power 't were vain to try;
 For love will find a way whate'er befall.
 Impatient of delay, with reckless pace
 The rash maid wins the fatal spot where she
 Sinks not in lover's arms but death's embrace.
 So runs the strange tale, how the lovers twain
 One sword, one sepulchre, one memory,
 Slays, and entombs, and brings to life again.¹

'Blessed be God,' said Don Quixote when he had heard Don Lorenzo's sonnet, 'that among the hosts there are of irritable poets I have found one consummate one,'²

¹ See Note B, p. 202.

² Literally, 'among the hosts of consumed poets.' Possibly Cervantes meant by the word, 'lean,' 'starving,' but it also has the meaning I have given, which, perhaps — '*genus irritabile vatum*' — is the more likely one.

which, señor, the art of this sonnet proves to me that you are !'

For four days was Don Quixote most sumptuously entertained in Don Diego's house, at the end of which time he asked his permission to depart, telling him he thanked him for the kindness and hospitality he had received in his house, but that, as it did not become knights-errant to give themselves up for long to idleness and luxury, he was anxious to fulfil the duties of his calling in seeking adventures, of which he was informed there was an abundance in that neighbourhood, where he hoped to employ his time until the day came round for the jousts at Saragossa, for that was his proper destination ; and that, first of all, he meant to enter the cave of Montesinos, of which so many marvellous things were reported all through the country, and at the same time to investigate and explore the origin and true source of the seven lakes commonly called the lakes of Ruidera.¹

Don Diego and his son commended his laudable resolution, and bade him furnish himself with all he wanted from their house and belongings, as they would most gladly be of service to him ; which, indeed, his personal worth and his honourable profession made it incumbent upon them to be.

The day of his departure came at length, as welcome to Don Quixote as it was sad and sorrowful to Sancho Panza, who was very well satisfied with the abundance of Don Diego's house, and objected to return to the starvation of the woods and wilds and the short-commons of his ill-

¹ See notes to chapter xxii.

stocked alforjas ; these, however, he filled and packed with what he considered most needful. On taking leave, Don Quixote said to Don Lorenzo, ‘I know not whether I have told you already, but if I have I tell you once more, that if you wish to spare yourself fatigue and toil in reaching the inaccessible summit of the temple of fame, you have nothing to do but to turn aside out of the somewhat narrow path of poetry and take the still narrower one of knight-errantry, wide enough, however, to make you an emperor in the twinkling of an eye.’

In this speech Don Quixote wound up the evidence of his madness, but still better in what he added when he said, ‘God knows, I would gladly take Don Lorenzo with me to teach him how to spare the humble, and trample the proud under foot, virtues that are part and parcel of the profession I belong to ; but since his tender age does not allow of it, nor his praiseworthy pursuits permit it, I will simply content myself with impressing it upon your worship that you will become famous as a poet if you are guided by the opinion of others rather than by your own ; because no fathers or mothers ever think their own children ill-favoured, and this sort of deception prevails still more strongly in the case of the children of the brain.’

Both father and son were amazed afresh at the strange medley Don Quixote talked, at one moment sense, at another nonsense, and at the pertinacity and persistence he displayed in going through thick and thin in quest of his unlucky adventures, which he made the end and aim of his desires. There was a renewal of offers of service and civilities, and then, with the gracious permission of the

lady of the castle, they took their departure, Don Quixote on Rocinante, and Sancho on Dapple.¹

¹ Cervantes seems to have introduced the 'discreet' Don Diego de Miranda as a sort of contrast to Don Quixote. Possibly it was from these chapters that Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné took the idea of his *Sieur Enay* and *Baron Fœneeste*.

Note A (page 197).

Glossed verses, *versos glosados*, of the sort imitated here, were among the literary frivolities indulged in by the sixteenth and seventeenth century poets in Spain. Lope claims them as a Spanish invention, but Ticknor traces them to the Provençal poets. The Provençal glosses, however, were not constructed on the same principle. In Saa de Miranda's *Obras* (1595), a gloss on some lines of Jorge Manrique's is described as '*ao custume daquelles tempos*,' which may imply that they came into fashion at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Note B (page 199).

This sonnet is a caricature, and by no means an overcharged one, of the sonnet style of the Culto school, which at this time had nearly attained its highest influence. Indeed, it might easily pass muster as a fair specimen, not perhaps of Gongora, but of any of the minor *cultoristas*.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENAMOURED SHEPHERD, TOGETHER WITH OTHER TRULY DROLL INCIDENTS.

DON QUIXOTE had gone but a short distance beyond Don Diego's village, when he fell in with a couple of either priests or students, and a couple of peasants, mounted on four beasts of the ass kind. One of the students carried, wrapped up in a piece of green buckram by way of a port-manteau, what seemed to be a little linen and a couple of pair of ribbed stockings; the other carried nothing but a pair of new fencing-foils with buttons. The peasants carried divers articles that showed they were on their way from some large town where they had bought them, and were taking them home to their village; and both students and peasants were struck with the same amazement that everybody felt who saw Don Quixote for the first time, and were dying to know who this man, so different from ordinary men, could be. Don Quixote saluted them, and after ascertaining that their road was the same as his, made them an offer of his company, and begged them to slacken their pace, as their young asses travelled faster than his horse; and then, to gratify them, he told them in a few words who he was and the calling and profession he followed, which was that of a knight-errant seeking adven-

tures in all parts of the world. He informed them that his name was properly Don Quixote of La Mancha, and that he was called, by way of surname, the Knight of the Lions.

All this was Greek or gibberish to the peasants, but not so to the students, who very soon perceived the crack in Don Quixote's pate; for all that, however, they regarded him with admiration and respect, and one of them said to him, 'If you, sir knight, have no fixed road, as it is the way with those who seek adventures not to have any, let your worship come with us; you will see one of the finest and richest weddings that up to this day have ever been celebrated in La Mancha, or for many a league round.'

Don Quixote asked him if it was some prince's, that he spoke of it in this way. 'Not at all,' said the student; 'it is the wedding of a farmer and a farmer's daughter, he the richest in all this country, and she the fairest mortal ever set eyes on. The display with which it is to be attended will be something rare and out of the common, for it will be celebrated in a meadow adjoining the town of the bride, who is called, *par excellence*, Quiteria the fair, as the bridegroom is called Camacho the rich. She is eighteen, and he twenty-two, and they are fairly matched, though some knowing ones, who have all the pedigrees in the world by heart, will have it that the family of the fair Quiteria is better than Camacho's; but no one minds that now-a-days, for wealth can solder a great many flaws. At any rate, Camacho is free-handed, and it is his fancy to screen the whole meadow with boughs and cover it in overhead, so that the sun will have hard work if he tries to get

in to reach the grass that covers the soil. He has provided dancers too, not only sword- but also bell-dancers, for in his own town there are those who ring the changes and jingle the bells to perfection ; of shoe-dancers I say nothing, for of them he has engaged a host.¹ But none of these things, nor of the many others I have omitted to mention, will do more to make this a memorable wedding than the part which I suspect the despairing Basilio will play in it. This Basilio is a youth of the same village as Quiteria, and he lived in the house next door to that of her parents, of which circumstance Love took advantage to reproduce to the world the long-forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe ; for Basilio loved Quiteria from his earliest years, and she responded to his passion with countless modest proofs of affection, so that the loves of the two children, Basilio and Quiteria, were the talk and the amusement of the town. As they grew up, the father of Quiteria made up his mind to refuse Basilio his wonted freedom of access to the house, and, to relieve himself of constant doubts and suspicions, he arranged a match for his daughter with the rich Camacho, as he did not approve of marrying her to Basilio, who had not so large a share of the gifts of fortune as of nature ; for if the truth be told ungrudgingly, he is the most agile youth we know, a mighty thrower of the bar, a first-rate wrestler, and a great ball-player ; he runs like a deer, and leaps better than a goat, bowls over the nine-pins as if by magic, sings like a lark, plays the guitar so as to make it speak, and, above all, handles a sword as well as the best.'

¹ See Note A, p. 213.

‘For that excellence alone,’ said Don Quixote at this, ‘the youth deserves to marry, not merely the fair Quiteria, but Queen Guinevere herself, were she alive now, in spite of Launcelot and all who would try to prevent it.’

‘Say that to my wife,’ said Sancho, who had until now listened in silence, ‘for she won’t hear of anything but each one marrying his equal, holding with the proverb “each ewe to her like.”¹ What I would like is that this good Basilio (for I am beginning to take a fancy to him already) should marry this lady Quiteria; and a blessing and good luck—I meant to say the opposite—on people who would prevent those who love one another from marrying.’

‘If all those who love one another were to marry,’ said Don Quixote, ‘it would deprive parents of the right to choose, and marry their children to the proper person and at the proper time; and if it was left to daughters to choose husbands as they pleased, one would be for choosing her father’s servant, and another, some one she has seen passing in the street and fancies gallant and dashing, though he may be a drunken bully; for love and fancy easily blind the eyes of the judgment, so much wanted in choosing one’s way of life; and the matrimonial choice is very liable to error, and it needs great caution and the special favour of heaven to make it a good one. He who has to make a long journey, will, if he is wise, look out for some trusty and pleasant companion to accompany him before he sets out. Why, then, should not he do the same who has to make the whole journey of life down to the final halting-place of death, more especially when the companion has to be his

¹ Prov. 162.

companion in bed, at board, and everywhere, as the wife is to her husband? The companionship of one's wife is no article of merchandise, that, after it has been bought, may be returned, or bartered, or changed; for it is an inseparable accident that lasts as long as life lasts; it is a noose that, once you put it round your neck, turns into a Gordian knot, which, if the scythe of Death does not cut it, there is no untying. I could say a great deal more on this subject, were I not prevented by the anxiety I feel to know if the señor licentiate has anything more to tell about the story of Basilio.'

To this the student, bachelor, or, as Don Quixote called him, licentiate, replied, 'I have nothing whatever to say further, but that from the moment Basilio learned that the fair Quiteria was to be married to Camacho the rich, he has never been seen to smile, or heard to utter a rational word, and he always goes about moody and dejected, talking to himself in a way that shows plainly he is out of his senses. He eats little and sleeps little, and all he eats is fruit, and when he sleeps, if he sleeps at all, it is in the field on the hard earth like a brute beast. Sometimes he gazes at the sky, at other times he fixes his eyes on the earth in such an abstracted way that he might be taken for a clothed statue, with its drapery stirred by the wind. In short, he shows such signs of a heart crushed by suffering, that all we who know him believe that when to-morrow the fair Quiteria says "yes," it will be his sentence of death.'

'God will guide it better,' said Sancho, 'for God who gives the wound gives the salve :¹ nobody knows what will

¹ Prov. 82.

happen ; there are a good many hours between this and to-morrow, and any one of them, or any moment, the house may fall ; I have seen the rain coming down and the sun shining all at one time ; many a one goes to bed in good health who can't stir the next day. And tell me, is there anyone who can boast of having driven a nail into the wheel of fortune ? No, faith ; and between a woman's "yes" and "no" I wouldn't venture to put the point of a pin, for there would not be room for it ; if you tell me Quiteria loves Basilio heart and soul, then I'll give him a bag of good luck ; for love, I have heard say, looks through spectacles that make copper seem gold, poverty wealth, and blear eyes pearls.'

'What art thou driving at, Sancho, curses on thee?' said Don Quixote ; 'for when thou takest to stringing proverbs and sayings together, no one can understand thee but Judas himself, and I wish he had thee. Tell me, thou animal, what dost thou know about nails or wheels, or anything else?'

'Oh, if you don't understand me,' replied Sancho, 'it is no wonder my words are taken for nonsense ; but no matter ; I understand myself, and I know I have not said anything very foolish in what I have said ; only your worship, señor, is always gravelling at everything I say, nay, everything I do.'

'Cavilling, not gravelling,' said Don Quixote, 'thou prevaricator of honest language, God confound thee!'

'Don't find fault with me, your worship,' returned Sancho, 'for you know I have not been bred up at court or trained at Salamanca, to know whether I am adding or dropping a letter or so in my words. Why ! God bless me,

it's not fair to force a Sayago-man to speak like a Toledan ;¹ and maybe there are Toledans who do not hit it off when it comes to polished talk.'

'That is true,' said the licentiate, 'for those who have been bred up in the Tanneries and the Zocodover, cannot talk like those who are almost all day pacing the cathedral cloisters, and yet they are all Toledans.'² Pure, correct, elegant and lucid language will be met with in men of courtly breeding and discrimination, though they may have been born in Majalahonda ;³ I say of discrimination, because there are many who are not so, and discrimination is the grammar of good language, if it be accompanied by practice. I, sirs, for my sins have been a student of canon law at Salamanca, and I rather pique myself on expressing my meaning in clear, plain, and intelligible language.'

'If you did not pique yourself more on your dexterity with those foils you carry than on dexterity of tongue,' said the other student, 'you would have been head of the degrees, where you are now tail.'

'Look here, bachelor Corchuelo,' returned the licentiate, 'you have the most mistaken idea in the world about skill with the sword, if you think it useless.'

'It is no idea on my part, but an established truth,'

¹ Sayago, a district between Zamora and the Portuguese frontier. From the time of Alfonso X. the Castilian of Toledo was always regarded as the standard.

² The Zocodover, the chief plaza of Toledo, and the Sok, or market-place, in the time of the Moors. The cathedral cloisters are to this day a favourite lounge in that sun-baked city.

³ Majalahonda (properly Majadahonda), a small village a couple of leagues to the north-west of Madrid.

replied Corchuelo; ‘and if you wish me to prove it to you by experiment, you have swords there, and it is a good opportunity; I have a steady hand and a strong arm, and these joined with my resolution, which is not small, will make you confess that I am not mistaken. Dismount and put in practice your positions and circles and angles and science, for I hope to make you see stars at noonday with my rude raw swordsmanship, in which, next to God, I place my trust that the man is yet to be born who will make me turn my back, and that there is not one in the world I will not compel to give ground.’

‘As to whether you turn your back or not, I do not concern myself,’ replied the master of fence; ‘though it might be that your grave would be dug on the spot where you planted your foot the first time; I mean that you would be stretched dead there for despising skill with the sword.’

‘We shall soon see,’ replied Corchuelo, and getting off his ass briskly, he drew out furiously one of the swords the licentiate carried on his beast.

‘It must not be that way,’ said Don Quixote at this point; ‘I will be the director of this fencing match, and judge of this often disputed question;’ and dismounting from Rocinante and grasping his lance, he planted himself in the middle of the road, just as the licentiate, with an easy, graceful bearing and step, advanced towards Corchuelo, who came on against him, darting fire from his eyes, as the saying is. The other two of the company, the peasants, without dismounting from their asses, served as spectators of the mortal tragedy. The cuts, thrusts, down strokes, back

strokes and doubles,¹ that Corchuelo delivered were past counting, and came thicker than hops or hail. He attacked like an angry lion, but he was met by a tap on the mouth from the button of the licentiate's sword that checked him in the midst of his furious onset, and made him kiss it as it had been a relic, though not as devoutly as relics are and ought to be kissed. The end of it was that the licentiate reckoned up for him by thrusts every one of the buttons of the short cassock he wore, tore the skirts into strips, like the tails of a cuttle-fish, knocked off his hat twice, and so completely tired him out, that in vexation, anger, and rage, he took the sword by the hilt and flung it away with such force, that one of the peasants that were there, who was a notary, and who went for it, made an affidavit afterwards that he sent it nearly three-quarters of a league, which testimony will serve, and has served, to show and establish with all certainty that strength is overcome by skill.

Corchuelo sat down wearied, and Sancho approaching him said, 'By my faith, señor bachelor, if your worship takes my advice, you will never challenge anyone to fence again, only to wrestle and throw the bar, for you have the youth and strength for that; but as for these fencers as they call them, I have heard say they can put the point of a sword through the eye of a needle.'

'I am satisfied with having tumbled off my donkey,'² said

¹ *Mandoble* is described in the Academy Dictionary as a cut or stroke delivered with both hands, but Arrieta explains it as one given by a turn of the wrist.

² To fall off one's donkey, *caer de su borrico* or *burra*, a popular phrase for owning that one has been in the wrong.

Corchuelo, ‘and with having had the truth I was so ignorant of proved to me by experience ;’ and getting up he embraced the licentiate, and they were better friends than ever ; and not caring to wait for the notary who had gone for the sword, as they saw he would be a long time about it, they resolved to push on so as to reach the village of Quiteria, to which they all belonged, in good time.

During the remainder of the journey the licentiate held forth to them on the excellences of the sword, with such conclusive arguments, and such figures and mathematical proofs, that all were convinced of the value of the science, and Corchuelo cured of his dogmatism.

It grew dark ; but before they reached the town it seemed to them all as if there was a heaven full of countless glittering stars in front of it. They heard, too, the pleasant mingled notes of a variety of instruments, flutes, drums, psalteries, pipes, tabors, and timbrels, and as they drew near they perceived that the trees of a leafy arcade that had been constructed at the entrance of the town were filled with lights unaffected by the wind, for the breeze at the time was so gentle that it had not power to stir the leaves on the trees. The musicians were the life of the wedding, wandering through the pleasant grounds in separate bands, some dancing, others singing, others playing the various instruments already mentioned. In short, it seemed as though mirth and gaiety were frisking and gambolling all over the meadow. Several other persons were engaged in erecting raised benches from which people might conveniently see the plays and dances that were to be performed the next day on the spot dedicated to the celebration of the marriage of Camacho the rich and

the obsequies of Basilio. Don Quixote would not enter the village, although the peasant as well as the bachelor pressed him ; he excused himself, however, on the grounds, amply sufficient in his opinion, that it was the custom of knights-errant to sleep in the fields and woods in preference to towns, even were it under gilded ceilings ; and so he turned aside a little out of the road, very much against Sancho's will, as the good quarters he had enjoyed in the castle or house of Don Diego came back to his mind.

Note A (page 205).

In the sword-dances the dancers carried swords with which they made cuts and passes at each other, the art of the performance consisting in going as near as possible without doing any injury. The bell-dancers wore a dress hung with little bells after the fashion of the morris-dancers in England. The peculiar agility of the shoe-dancers—*zapateadores*—was shown by striking the sole of the shoe with the palm of the hand.

CHAPTER XX.

WHEREIN AN ACCOUNT IS GIVEN OF THE WEDDING OF CAMACHO
THE RICH, TOGETHER WITH THE INCIDENT OF BASILIO THE
POOR.

SCARCE had the fair Aurora given bright Phœbus time to dry the liquid pearls upon her golden locks with the heat of his fervent rays, when Don Quixote, shaking off sloth from his limbs, sprang to his feet and called to his squire Sancho, who was still snoring; seeing which Don Quixote ere he roused him thus addressed him: ‘Happy thou, above all the dwellers on the face of the earth, that, without envying or being envied, sleepest with tranquil mind, and that neither enchanters persecute nor enchantments affright. Sleep, I say, and will say a hundred times, without any jealous thoughts of thy mistress to make thee keep ceaseless vigils, or any cares as to how thou art to pay the debts thou owest, or find to-morrow’s food for thyself and thy needy little family, to interfere with thy repose. Ambition breaks not thy rest, nor doth this world’s empty pomp disturb thee, for the utmost reach of thy anxiety is to provide for thy ass, since upon my shoulders thou hast laid the support of thyself, the counterpoise and burden that nature and custom have imposed upon masters. The servant sleeps and the master lies awake thinking how he is to feed him, advance him, and

reward him. The distress of seeing the sky turn brazen, and withhold its needful moisture from the earth, is not felt by the servant but by the master, who in time of scarcity and famine must support him who has served him in times of plenty and abundance.'

To all this Sancho made no reply because he was asleep, nor would he have wakened up so soon as he did had not Don Quixote brought him to his senses with the butt of his lance. He awoke at last, drowsy and lazy, and casting his eyes about in every direction, observed, 'There comes, if I don't mistake, from the quarter of that arcade a steam and a smell a great deal more like fried rashers than galingale or thyme; a wedding that begins with smells like that, by my faith, ought to be plentiful and unstinting.'

'Have done, thou glutton,' said Don Quixote; 'come, let us go and witness this bridal, and see what the rejected Basilio does.'

'Let him do what he likes,' returned Sancho; 'he'd be poor and yet marry Quiteria. To make a grand match for himself, and he without a farthing; is that all he wants? Faith, señor, it's my opinion the poor man should be content with what he can get, and not go looking for dainties in the bottom of the sea.¹ I will bet my arm that Camacho could bury Basilio in reals; and if that be so, as no doubt it is, what a fool Quiteria would be to refuse the fine dresses and jewels Camacho must have given her and will give her, and take Basilio's bar-throwing and sword-play. They won't give a pint of wine at the tavern for a good cast of the bar or a neat thrust of the sword. Talents and accomplish-

¹ Prov. 60.

ments that can't be turned into money, let Count Dirlos have them ;¹ but when such gifts fall to one that has hard cash, I wish my condition of life was as becoming as they are. On a good foundation you can raise a good building, and the best foundation and groundwork in the world is money.'

'For God's sake, Sancho,' said Don Quixote here, 'stop that harangue ; it is my belief, if thou wert allowed to continue all thou beginnest every instant, thou wouldst have no time left for eating or sleeping ; for thou wouldst spend it all in talking.'

'If your worship had a good memory,' replied Sancho, 'you would remember the articles of our agreement before we started from home this last time ; one of them was that I was to be let say all I liked, so long as it was not against my neighbour or your worship's authority ; and so far, it seems to me, I have not broken the said article.'

'I remember no such article, Sancho,' said Don Quixote ; 'and even if it were so, I desire you to hold your tongue and come along ; for the instruments we heard last night are already beginning to enliven the valleys again, and no doubt the marriage will take place in the cool of the morning, and not in the heat of the afternoon.'

Sancho did as his master bade him, and putting the saddle on Rocinante and the pack-saddle on Dapple, they both mounted and at a leisurely pace entered the arcade. The first thing that presented itself to Sancho's eyes was a whole ox spitted on a whole elm tree, and in the fire at which it was to be roasted there was burning a middling-sized

¹ See Note A, p. 226.

mountain of faggots, and six stewpots that stood round the blaze had not been made in the ordinary mould of common pots, for they were six half wine-jars, each fit to hold the contents of a slaughter-house ;¹ they swallowed up whole sheep and hid them away in their insides without showing any more sign of them than if they were pigeons. Countless were the hares ready skinned and the plucked fowls that hung on the trees for burial in the pots, numberless the wildfowl and game of various sorts suspended from the branches that the air might keep them cool. Sancho counted more than sixty wine skins of over six gallons each, and all filled, as it proved afterwards, with generous wines. There were, besides, piles of the whitest bread, like the heaps of corn one sees on the threshing-floors. There was a wall made of cheeses arranged like open brick-work, and two cauldrons full of oil, bigger than those of a dyer's shop, served for cooking fritters, which when fried were taken out with two mighty shovels, and plunged into another cauldron of prepared honey that stood close by. Of cooks and cook-maids there were over fifty, all clean, brisk, and blythe. In the capacious belly of the ox were a dozen soft little sucking-pigs, which, sewn up there, served to give it tenderness and flavour. The spices of different kinds did not seem to have been bought by the pound but by the quarter, and all lay open to view in a great chest. In short, all the preparations made for the wedding were in rustic style, but abundant enough to feed an army.

Sancho observed all, contemplated all, and everything

¹ The *tinajas* or jars used for storing wine in La Mancha are sometimes seven or eight feet high, and nearly as much in diameter at the widest part.

won his heart. The first to captivate and take his fancy were the pots, out of which he would have very gladly helped himself to a moderate pipkinful ; then the wine skins secured his affections ; and lastly, the produce of the frying-pans, if, indeed, such imposing cauldrons may be called frying-pans ; and unable to control himself or bear it any longer, he approached one of the busy cooks and civilly but hungrily begged permission to soak a scrap of bread in one of the pots ; to which the cook made answer, ‘ Brother, this is not a day on which hunger is to have any sway, thanks to the rich Camacho ; get down and look about for a ladle and skim off a hen or two, and much good may they do you.’

‘ I don’t see one,’ said Sancho.

‘ Wait a bit,’ said the cook ; ‘ sinner that I am ! how particular and bashful you are ! ’ and so saying, he seized a bucket and plunging it into one of the half jars took up three hens and a couple of geese, and said to Sancho, ‘ Fall to, friend, and take the edge off your appetite with these skimmings until dinner-time comes.’

‘ I have nothing to put them in,’ said Sancho.

‘ Well then,’ said the cook, ‘ take spoon and all ; for Camacho’s wealth and happiness furnish everything.’

While Sancho fared thus, Don Quixote was watching the entrance, at one end of the arcade, of some twelve peasants, all in holiday and gala dress, mounted on twelve beautiful mares with rich handsome field trappings and a number of little bells attached to their petrels, who, marshalled in regular order, ran not one but several courses over the meadow, with jubilant shouts and cries of ‘ Long

live Camacho and Quiteria ! he as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest on earth !'

Hearing this, Don Quixote said to himself, 'It is easy to see these folk have never seen my Dulcinea del Toboso ; for if they had they would be more moderate in their praises of this Quiteria of theirs.'

Shortly after this, several bands of dancers of various sorts began to enter the arcade at different points, and among them one of sword-dancers composed of some four-and-twenty lads of gallant and high-spirited mien, clad in the finest and whitest of linen, and with handkerchiefs embroidered in various colours with fine silk ; and one of those on the mares asked an active youth who led them if any of the dancers had been wounded. 'As yet, thank God, no one has been wounded,' said he, 'we are all safe and sound ;'¹ and he at once began to execute complicated figures with the rest of his comrades, with so many turns and so great dexterity, that although Don Quixote was well used to see dances of the same kind, he thought he had never seen any so good as this. He also admired another that came in composed of fair young maidens, none of whom seemed to be under fourteen or over eighteen years of age, all clad in green stuff, with their locks partly braided, partly flowing loose, but all of such bright gold as to vie with the sunbeams, and over them they wore garlands of jessamine, roses, amaranth, and honeysuckle. At their head were a venerable old man and an ancient dame, more brisk and active, however, than might have been expected

¹ The sword-dance was exceedingly dangerous, so much so that it was prohibited in course of time.

from their years. The notes of a Zamora bagpipe accompanied them, and with modesty in their countenances and in their eyes, and lightness in their feet, they looked the best dancers in the world.

Following these there came an artistic dance of the sort they call 'speaking dances.' It was composed of eight nymphs in two files, with the god Cupid leading one and Interest the other, the former furnished with wings, bow, quiver and arrows, the latter in a rich dress of gold and silk of divers colours. The nymphs that followed Love bore their names written on white parchment in large letters on their backs. 'Poetry' was the name of the first, 'Wit' of the second, 'Birth' of the third, and 'Valour' of the fourth. Those that followed Interest were distinguished in the same way; the badge of the first announced 'Liberality,' that of the second 'Largess,' the third 'Treasure,' and the fourth 'Peaceful Possession.' In front of them all came a wooden castle drawn by four wild men, all clad in ivy and hemp stained green, and looking so natural that they nearly terrified Sancho. On the front of the castle and on each of the four sides of its frame it bore the inscription 'Castle of Caution.' Four skilful tabor and flute players accompanied them, and the dance having been opened, Cupid, after executing two figures, raised his eyes and bent his bow against a damsel who stood between the turrets of the castle, and thus addressed her :

I am the mighty God whose sway
Is potent over land and sea.
The heavens above us own me ; nay,
The shades below acknowledge me.

I know not fear, I have my will,
Whate'er my whim or fancy be ;
For me there 's no impossible,
I order, bind, forbid, set free.

Having concluded the stanza he discharged an arrow at the top of the castle, and went back to his place. Interest then came forward and went through two more figures, and as soon as the tabors ceased, he said :

But mightier than Love am I,
Though Love it be that leads me on,
Than mine no lineage is more high,
Or older, underneath the sun.
To use me rightly few know how,
To act without me fewer still,
For I am Interest, and I vow
For evermore to do thy will.

Interest retired, and Poetry came forward, and when she had gone through her figures like the others, fixing her eyes on the damsel of the castle, she said :

With many a fanciful conceit,
Fair Lady, winsome Poesy
Her soul, an offering at thy feet,
Presents in sonnets unto thee.
If thou my homage wilt not scorn,
Thy fortune, watched by envious eyes,
On wings of poesy upborne
Shall be exalted to the skies.

Poetry withdrew, and on the side of Interest Liberality advanced, and after having gone through her figures, said :

To give, while shunning each extreme,
The sparing hand, the over-free,
Therein consists, so wise men deem,
The virtue Liberality.
But thee, fair lady, to enrich,
Myself a prodigal I 'll prove,
A vice not wholly shameful, which
May find its fair excuse in love.

In the same manner all the characters of the two bands advanced and retired, and each executed its figures, and delivered its verses, some of them graceful, some burlesque, but Don Quixote's memory (though he had an excellent one) only carried away those that have been just quoted. All then mingled together, forming chains and breaking off again with graceful, unconstrained gaiety; and whenever Love passed in front of the castle he shot his arrows up at it, while Interest broke gilded pellets against it. At length, after they had danced a good while, Interest drew out a great purse, made of the skin of a large brindled cat and to all appearance full of money, and flung it at the castle, and with the force of the blow the boards fell asunder and tumbled down, leaving the damsel exposed and unprotected. Interest and the characters of his band advanced, and throwing a great chain of gold over her neck pretended to take her and lead her away captive, on seeing which, Love and his supporters made as though they would release her, the whole action being to the accompaniment of the tabors and in the form of a regular dance. The wild men made peace between them, and with great dexterity readjusted and fixed the boards of the castle, and the damsel once more ensconced herself within; and with

this the dance wound up, to the great enjoyment of the beholders.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs who it was that had composed and arranged it. She replied that it was a beneficiary of the town who had a nice taste in devising things of the sort.

‘I will lay a wager,’ said Don Quixote, ‘that the same bachelor or beneficiary is a greater friend of Camacho’s than of Basilio’s, and that he is better at satire than at vespers; he has introduced the accomplishments of Basilio and the riches of Camacho very neatly into the dance.’

Sancho Panza, who was listening to all this, exclaimed, ‘The king is my cock;’¹ I stick to Camacho.’

‘It is easy to see thou art a clown, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘and one of that sort that cry “Long life to the conqueror.”’

‘I don’t know of what sort I am,’ returned Sancho, ‘but I know very well I’ll never get such elegant skimmings off Basilio’s pots as these I have got off Camacho’s;’ and he showed him the bucketful of geese and hens, and seizing one began to eat with great gaiety and appetite, saying, ‘A fig for the accomplishments of Basilio! As much as thou hast so much art thou worth, and as much as thou art worth so much hast thou.’² As a grandmother of mine used to say, there are only two families in the world, the Haves and the Haven’ts; ³ and she stuck to the Haves; and to this day, Señor Don Quixote, people would sooner feel the pulse of

¹ *El Rey es mi gallo*—an exclamation borrowed from cock-fighting. The winning cock was called *el Rey*.

² Prov. 221.

³ Prov. 223.

“Have,” than of “Know ;” an ass covered with gold looks better than a horse with a pack-saddle. So once more I say I stick to Camacho, the bountiful skimmings of whose pots are geese and hens, hares and rabbits ; but of Basilio’s, if any ever come to hand, or even to foot, they’ll be only rinsings.’¹

‘Hast thou finished thy harangue, Sancho ?’ said Don Quixote.

‘Of course I have finished it,’ replied Sancho, ‘because I see your worship takes offence at it ; but if it was not for that, there was work enough cut out for three days.’

‘God grant I may see thee dumb before I die, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote.

‘At the rate we are going,’ said Sancho, ‘I’ll be chewing clay before your worship dies ; and then, maybe, I’ll be so dumb that I’ll not say a word until the end of the world, or, at least, till the day of judgment.’

‘Even should that happen, O Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘thy silence will never come up to all thou hast talked, art talking, and wilt talk all thy life ; moreover, it naturally stands to reason, that my death will come before thine ; so I never expect to see thee dumb, not even when thou art drinking or sleeping, and that is the utmost I can say.’

‘In good faith, señor,’ replied Sancho, ‘there’s no trusting that fleshless one, I mean Death, who devours the lamb as soon as the sheep, and, as I have heard our curate say, treads with equal foot upon the lofty towers of kings and the lowly huts of the poor. That lady is more mighty than dainty, she is no way squeamish, she devours all and

¹ Properly, a vile kind of wine made from the refuse and washings of the wine-press.

is ready for all, and fills her alforjas with people of all sorts, ages, and ranks. She is no reaper that sleeps out the noontide; at all times she is reaping and cutting down, as well the dry grass as the green; she never seems to chew, but bolts and swallows all that is put before her, for she has a canine appetite that is never satisfied; and though she has no belly, she shows she has a dropsy and is athirst to drink the lives of all that live, as one would drink a jug of cold water.'

'Say no more, Sancho,' said Don Quixote at this; 'don't try to better it, and risk a fall; for in truth what thou hast said about death in thy rustic phrase is what a good preacher might have said. I tell thee, Sancho, if thou hadst discretion equal to thy mother wit, thou mightst take a pulpit in hand, and go about the world preaching fine sermons.'

'He preaches well who lives well,'¹ said Sancho, 'and I know no more theology than that.'

'Nor needst thou,' said Don Quixote, 'but I cannot conceive or make out how it is that, the fear of God being the beginning of wisdom, thou, who art more afraid of a lizard than of him, knowest so much.'

'Pass judgment on your chivalries, señor,' returned Sancho, 'and don't set yourself up to judge of other men's fears or braveries, for I am as good a fearer of God as my neighbours; but leave me to despatch these skimmings, for all the rest is only idle talk that we shall be called to account for in the other world;' and so saying, he began a fresh attack on the bucket, with such a hearty appetite

¹ Prov. 191.

that he aroused Don Quixote's, who no doubt would have helped him had he not been prevented by what must be told farther on.

Note A (page 216).

Count Dirlos was the brother of Durandarte and hero of one of the ballads of the Carolingian cycle. His name seems to have come to be used somewhat in the same fashion as that of 'The Marquis of Carabas.' V. Quevedo's *Gran Tacaño*, chap. xii.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH CAMACHO'S WEDDING IS CONTINUED, WITH OTHER
DELIGHTFUL INCIDENTS.

WHILE Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the discussion set forth in the last chapter, they heard loud shouts and a great noise, which were uttered and made by the men on the mares as they went at full gallop, shouting, to receive the bride and bridegroom, who were approaching with musical instruments and pageantry of all sorts around them, and accompanied by the priest and the relatives of both, and all the most distinguished people of the surrounding villages. When Sancho saw the bride, he exclaimed, 'By my faith, she is not dressed like a country girl, but like some fine court lady; egad, as well as I can make out, the patena¹ she wears is rich coral, and her green Cuenca stuff is thirty-pile velvet;² and then the white linen trimming—by my oath, but it's satin! Look at her hands—jet rings on them! May I never have luck if they're not gold rings, and real gold, and set with pearls as white as curdled milk, and every one of them worth an eye of one's head! Whoreson baggage, what hair she has! if

¹ A metal ornament worn by peasant girls somewhat after the manner of a locket.

² The richest ordinary velvet being three pile.

it's not a wig, I never saw longer or brighter all the days of my life. See how bravely she bears herself—and her shape! Wouldn't you say she was like a walking palm-tree loaded with clusters of dates? for the trinkets she has hanging from her hair and neck look just like them. I swear in my heart she is a brave lass, and fit to pass the banks of Flanders.'¹

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's boorish eulogies, and thought that, saving his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he had never seen a fairer woman. The fair Quiteria appeared somewhat pale, which was, no doubt, because of the bad night brides always pass dressing themselves out for their wedding on the morrow. They advanced towards a theatre that stood on one side of the meadow decked with carpets and boughs, where they were to plight their troth, and from which they were to behold the dances and plays; but at the moment of their arrival at the spot they heard a loud outcry behind them, and a voice exclaiming, 'Wait a little, ye, as inconsiderate as ye are hasty!' At these words all turned round, and perceived that the speaker was a man clad in what seemed to be a loose black coat garnished with crimson patches like flames. He was crowned (as was presently seen) with a crown of gloomy cypress, and in his hand he held a long staff. As he approached he was recognised by everyone as the gay Basilio, and all waited anxiously to see what would come of his words, in dread of some catastrophe in consequence of his appearance at such a moment. He came up at last weary and breathless, and

¹ Fit for any enterprise; the shoals of the Flemish coast being regarded with great awe by the Spanish sailors.

planting himself in front of the bridal pair, drove his staff, which had a steel spike at the end, into the ground, and, with a pale face and eyes fixed on Quiteria, he thus addressed her in a hoarse, trembling voice: 'Well dost thou know, ungrateful Quiteria, that, according to the holy law we acknowledge, so long as I live thou canst take no husband; nor art thou ignorant either that, in my hopes that time and my own exertions would improve my fortunes, I have never failed to observe the respect due to thy honour; but thou, casting behind thee all thou owest to my true love, wouldst surrender what is mine to another whose wealth serves to bring him not only good fortune but supreme happiness; and now to complete it (not that I think he deserves it, but inasmuch as heaven is pleased to bestow it upon him), I will, with my own hands, do away with the obstacle that may interfere with it, and remove myself from between you. Long live the rich Camacho! many a happy year may he live with the ungrateful Quiteria! and let the poor Basilio die, Basilio whose poverty clipped the wings of his happiness, and brought him to the grave!' and so saying, he seized the staff he had driven into the ground, and leaving one half of it fixed there, showed it to be a sheath that concealed a tolerably long rapier; and, what may be called its hilt being planted in the ground, he swiftly, coolly, and deliberately threw himself upon it, and in an instant the bloody point and half the steel blade appeared at his back, the unhappy man falling to the earth bathed in his blood, and transfixed by his own weapon.

His friends at once ran to his aid, filled with grief at his

misery and sad fate, and Don Quixote, dismounting from Rocinante, hastened to support him, and took him in his arms, and found he had not yet ceased to breathe. They were about to draw out the rapier, but the priest who was standing by objected to its being withdrawn before he had confessed him, as the instant of its withdrawal would be that of his death. Basilio, however, reviving slightly, said in a weak voice, as though in pain, 'If thou wouldst consent, cruel Quiteria, to give me thy hand as my bride in this last fatal moment, I might still hope that my rashness would find pardon, as by its means I attained the bliss of being thine.'

Hearing this the priest bade him think of the welfare of his soul rather than of the cravings of the body, and in all earnestness implore God's pardon for his sins and for his rash resolve; to which Basilio replied that he was determined not to confess unless Quiteria first gave him her hand in marriage, for that happiness would compose his mind and give him courage to make his confession.

Don Quixote, hearing the wounded man's entreaty, exclaimed aloud that what Basilio asked was just and reasonable, and moreover a request that might be easily complied with; and that it would be as much to Señor Camacho's honour to receive the lady Quiteria as the widow of the brave Basilio as if he received her direct from her father. 'In this case,' said he, 'it will be only to say "yes," and no consequences can follow the utterance of the word, for the nuptial couch of this marriage must be the grave.'

Camacho was listening to all this, perplexed and bewildered and not knowing what to say or do; but so urgent

were the entreaties of Basilio's friends, imploring him to allow Quiteria to give him her hand, so that his soul, quitting this life in despair, should not be lost, that they moved, nay, forced him, to say that if Quiteria were willing to give it he was satisfied, as it was only putting off the fulfilment of his wishes for a moment. At once all assailed Quiteria and pressed her, some with prayers, and others with tears, and others with persuasive arguments, to give her hand to poor Basilio; but she, harder than marble and more unmoved than any statue, seemed unable or unwilling to utter a word, nor would she have given any reply had not the priest bade her decide quickly what she meant to do, as Basilio now had his soul at his teeth, and there was no time for hesitation.

On this the fair Quiteria, to all appearance distressed, grieved, and repentant, advanced without a word to where Basilio lay, his eyes already turned in his head, his breathing short and painful, murmuring the name of Quiteria between his teeth, and apparently about to die like a heathen and not like a Christian. Quiteria approached him, and kneeling, demanded his hand by signs without speaking. Basilio opened his eyes and gazing fixedly at her, said, 'O Quiteria, why hast thou turned compassionate at a moment when thy compassion will serve as a dagger to rob me of life, for I have not now the strength left either to bear the happiness thou givest me in accepting me as thine, or to suppress the pain that is rapidly drawing the dread shadow of death over my eyes? What I entreat of thee, O thou fatal star to me, is that the hand thou demandest of me and wouldst give me, be not given out of complaisance or to deceive me afresh,

but that thou confess and declare that without any constraint upon thy will thou givest it to me as to thy lawful husband ; for it is not meet that thou shouldst trifle with me at such a moment as this, or have recourse to falsehoods with one who has dealt so truly by thee.'

While uttering these words he showed such weakness that the bystanders expected each return of faintness would take his life with it. Then Quiteria, overcome with modesty and shame, holding in her right hand the hand of Basilio, said, 'No force would bend my will ; as freely, therefore, as it is possible for me to do so, I give thee the hand of a lawful wife, and take thine if thou givest it to me of thine own free will, untroubled and unaffected by the calamity thy hasty act has brought upon thee.'

'Yes, I give it,' said Basilio, 'not agitated or distracted, but with the unclouded reason that heaven is pleased to grant me, thus do I give myself to be thy husband.'

'And I give myself to be thy wife,' said Quiteria, 'whether thou livest many years, or they carry thee from my arms to the grave.'

'For one so badly wounded,' observed Sancho at this point, 'this young man has a great deal to say ; they should make him leave off billing and cooing, and attend to his soul : for to my thinking he has it more on his tongue than at his teeth.'

Basilio and Quiteria having thus joined hands, the priest, deeply moved and with tears in his eyes, pronounced the blessing upon them, and implored heaven to grant an easy passage to the soul of the newly wedded man, who, the instant he received the blessing, started nimbly to his feet


and with unparalleled effrontery pulled out the rapier that had been sheathed in his body. All the bystanders were astounded, and some, more simple than inquiring, began shouting, 'A miracle, a miracle!' But Basilio replied, 'No miracle, no miracle; only a trick, a trick!' The priest, perplexed and amazed, made haste to examine the wound with both hands, and found that the blade had passed, not through Basilio's flesh and ribs, but through a hollow iron tube full of blood, which he had adroitly fixed at the place, the blood, as was afterwards ascertained, having been so prepared as not to congeal. In short, the priest and Camacho and most of those present saw they were tricked and made fools of. The bride showed no signs of displeasure at the deception; on the contrary, hearing them say that the marriage, being fraudulent, would not be valid, she said that she confirmed it afresh, whence they all concluded that the affair had been planned by agreement and understanding between the pair, whereat Camacho and his supporters were so mortified that they proceeded to revenge themselves by violence, and a great number of them drawing their swords attacked Basilio, in whose protection as many more swords were in an instant unsheathed, while Don Quixote taking the lead on horseback, with his lance over his arm and well covered with his shield, made all give way before him. Sancho, who never found any pleasure or enjoyment in such doings, retreated to the wine jars from which he had taken his delectable skimmings, considering that, as a holy place, that spot would be respected. 'Hold, sirs, hold!' cried Don Quixote in a loud voice; 'we have no right to take vengeance for wrongs that love may do to us: remember love and war

are the same thing, and as in war it is allowable and common to make use of wiles and stratagems to overcome the enemy, so in the contests and rivalries of love the tricks and devices employed to attain the desired end are justifiable, provided they be not to the discredit or dishonour of the loved object. Quiteria belonged to Basilio and Basilio to Quiteria by the just and beneficent disposal of heaven. Camacho is rich, and can purchase his pleasure when, where, and as it pleases him. Basilio has but this ewe-lamb, and no one, however powerful he may be, shall take her from him; these two whom God hath joined man cannot separate; and he who attempts it must first pass the point of this lance;’ and so saying he brandished it so stoutly and dexterously that he overawed all who did not know him.

But so deep an impression had the rejection of Quiteria made on Camacho’s mind that it banished her at once from his thoughts; and so the counsels of the priest, who was a wise and kindly disposed man, prevailed with him, and by their means he and his partisans were pacified and tranquillised, and to prove it put up their swords again, inveighing against the pliancy of Quiteria rather than the craftiness of Basilio; Camacho maintaining that, if Quiteria as a maiden had such a love for Basilio, she would have loved him too as a married woman, and that he ought to thank heaven more for having taken her than for having given her.

Camacho and those of his following, therefore, being consoled and pacified, those on Basilio’s side were appeased; and the rich Camacho, to show that he felt no resentment for the trick, and did not care about it, desired the festival to go on just as if he were married in reality.

Neither Basilio, however, nor his bride, nor their followers would take any part in them, and they withdrew to Basilio's village ; for the poor, if they are persons of virtue and good sense, have those who follow, honour, and uphold them, just as the rich have those who flatter and dance attendance on them. With them they carried Don Quixote, regarding him as a man of worth and a stout one. Sancho alone had a cloud on his soul, for he found himself debarred from waiting for Camacho's splendid feast and festival, which lasted until night ; and thus dragged away, he moodily followed his master, who accompanied Basilio's party, and left behind him the flesh-pots of Egypt ; though in his heart he took them with him, and their now nearly finished skimmings that he carried in the bucket conjured up visions before his eyes of the glory and abundance of the good cheer he was losing. And so, vexed and dejected though not hungry, without dismounting from Dapple he followed in the footsteps of Rocinante.



CHAPTER XXII.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE GRAND ADVENTURE OF THE CAVE
OF MONTESINOS IN THE HEART OF LA MANCHA, WHICH THE
VALIANT DON QUIXOTE BROUGHT TO A HAPPY TERMINATION.

MANY and great were the attentions shown to Don Quixote by the newly married couple, who felt themselves under an obligation to him for coming forward in defence of their cause; and they exalted his wisdom to the same level with his courage, rating him as a Cid in arms, and a Cicero in eloquence. Worthy Sancho enjoyed himself for three days at the expense of the pair, from whom they learned that the sham wound was not a scheme arranged with the fair Quiteria, but a device of Basilio's, who counted on exactly the result they had seen; ¹ he confessed, it is true, that he had confided his idea to some of his friends, so that at the proper time they might aid him in his purpose and insure the success of the deception.

‘That,’ said Don Quixote, ‘is not and ought not to be called deception which aims at virtuous ends;’ and the marriage of lovers he maintained to be a most excellent end, reminding them, however, that love has no greater enemy than

¹ It is difficult to see why Cervantes should have gone out of his way to make such a cold-blooded monster of the fair Quiteria as this gratuitous admission of his makes her.

hunger and constant want ; for love is all gaiety, enjoyment, and happiness, especially when the lover is in the possession of the object of his love, and poverty and want are the declared enemies of all these ; which he said to urge Señor Basilio to abandon the practice of those accomplishments he was skilled in, for though they brought him fame, they brought him no money, and apply himself to the acquisition of wealth by legitimate industry, which will never fail those who are prudent and persevering. The poor man who is a man of honour (if indeed a poor man can be a man of honour) has a jewel when he has a fair wife, and if she is taken from him, his honour is taken from him and slain. The fair woman who is a woman of honour, and whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with the laurels and crowns of victory and triumph. Beauty by itself attracts the desires of all who behold it, and the royal eagles and birds of towering flight stoop on it as on a dainty lure ; but if beauty be accompanied by want and penury, then the ravens and the kites and other birds of prey assail it, and she who stands firm against such attacks well deserves to be called the crown of her husband. ‘Remember, O prudent Basilio,’ added Don Quixote, ‘it was the opinion of a certain sage, I know not whom, that there was not more than one good woman in the whole world ; and his advice was that each one should think and believe that this one good woman was his own wife, and in this way he would live happy. I myself am not married, nor, so far, has it ever entered my thoughts to be so ; nevertheless I would venture to give advice to anyone who might ask it, as to the mode in which he should seek a wife such as he would be content to marry. The first thing

I would recommend him, would be to look to good name rather than to wealth, for a good woman does not win a good name merely by being good, but by letting it be seen that she is so, and open looseness and freedom do much more damage to a woman's honour than secret depravity. If you take a good woman into your house it will be an easy matter to keep her good, and even to make her still better ; but if you take a bad one you will find it hard work to mend her, for it is no very easy matter to pass from one extreme to another. I do not say it is impossible, but I look upon it as difficult.'

Sancho, listening to all this, said to himself, ' This master of mine, when I say anything that has weight and substance, says I might take a pulpit in hand, and go about the world preaching fine sermons ; but I say of him that, when he begins stringing maxims together and giving advice, not only might he take a pulpit in hand, but two on each finger, and go into the market-places to his heart's content. Devil take you for a knight-errant, what a lot of things you know ! I used to think in my heart that the only thing he knew was what belonged to his chivalry ; but there is nothing he won't have a finger in.'

Sancho muttered this somewhat aloud, and his master overheard him, and asked, ' What art thou muttering there, Sancho ? '

' I'm not saying anything or muttering anything,' said Sancho ; ' I was only saying to myself that I wish I had heard what your worship has said just now before I married ; perhaps I'd say now, " The ox that's loose licks himself well." ' ' ¹

¹ Prov. 27.

‘Is thy Teresa so bad then, Sancho?’ said Don Quixote.

‘She is not very bad,’ replied Sancho; ‘but she is not very good; at least she is not as good as I could wish.’

‘Thou dost wrong, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘to speak ill of thy wife; for after all she is the mother of thy children.’

‘We are quits,’ returned Sancho; ‘for she speaks ill of me whenever she takes it into her head, especially when she is jealous; and Satan himself could not put up with her then.’

In fine, they remained three days with the newly married couple, by whom they were entertained and treated like kings. ✓Don Quixote begged the fencing licentiate to find him a guide to show him the way to the cave of Montesinos, as he had a great desire to enter it and see with his own eyes if the wonderful tales that were told of it all over the country were true. The licentiate said he would get him a cousin of his own, a famous scholar, and one very much given to reading books of chivalry, who would have great pleasure in conducting him to the mouth of the very cave, and would show him the lakes of Ruidera, which were likewise famous all over La Mancha, and even all over Spain; and he assured him he would find him entertaining, for he was a youth who could write books good enough to be printed and dedicated to princes. The cousin arrived at last, leading an ass in foal, with a pack-saddle covered with a party-coloured carpet or sackcloth; Sancho saddled Rocinante, got Dapple ready, and stocked his alforjas, along with which went those of the cousin, likewise well filled; and so, commending themselves to God and bidding farewell to all,

they set out, taking the road for the famous cave of Montecosinos.

On the way Don Quixote asked the cousin of what sort and character his pursuits, avocations, and studies were, to which he replied that he was by profession a humanist, and that his pursuits and studies were making books for the press, all of great utility and no less entertainment to the nation. One was called ‘The Book of Liveries,’ in which he described seven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, mottoes, and ciphers, from which gentlemen of the court might pick and choose any they fancied for festivals and revels, without having to go a begging for them from anyone, or puzzling their brains, as the saying is, to have them appropriate to their objects and purposes; ‘for,’ said he, ‘I give the jealous, the rejected, the forgotten, the absent, what will suit them, and fit them without fail. I have another book, too, which I shall call “Metamorphoses, or the Spanish Ovid,” one of rare and original invention, for, imitating Ovid in burlesque style, I show in it who the Giralda of Seville and the Angel of the Magdalena were, what the sewer of Vecinguerra at Cordova was, what the bulls of Guisando, the Sierra Morena, the Leganitos and Lavapiés fountains at Madrid, not forgetting those of the Piojo, of the Caño Dorado, and of the Priora;¹ and all with their allegories, metaphors, and changes, so that they are amusing, interesting, and instructive, all at once. Another book I have which I call “The Supplement to Polydore Vergil,” which treats of the invention of things, and is a work of great erudition and research, for I establish and

¹ See Note A, p. 246.

elucidate elegantly some things of great importance which Polydore omitted to mention. He forgot to tell us who was the first man in the world that had a cold in his head, and who was the first to try salivation for the French disease, but I give it accurately set forth, and quote more than five-and-twenty authors in proof of it, so you may perceive I have laboured to good purpose and that the book will be of service to the whole world.'

Sancho, who had been very attentive to the cousin's words, said to him, 'Tell me, señor—and God give you luck in printing your books—can you tell me (for of course you know, as you know everything) who was the first man that scratched his head? For to my thinking it must have been our father Adam.'

'So it must,' replied the cousin; 'for there is no doubt but Adam had a head and hair; and being the first man in the world he would have scratched himself sometimes.'

'So I think,' said Sancho; 'but now tell me, who was the first tumbler in the world?'

'Really, brother,' answered the cousin, 'I could not at this moment say positively without having investigated it; I will look it up when I go back to where I have my books, and will satisfy you the next time we meet, for this will not be the last time.'

'Look here, señor,' said Sancho, 'don't give yourself any trouble about it, for I have just this minute hit upon what I asked you. The first tumbler in the world, you must know, was Lucifer, when they cast or pitched him out of heaven; for he came tumbling into the bottomless pit.'

'You are right, friend,' said the cousin; and said Don

Quixote, 'Sancho, that question and answer are not thine own; thou hast heard them from some one else.'

'Hold your peace, señor,' said Sancho; 'faith, if I take to asking questions and answering, I'll go on from this till to-morrow morning. Nay! to ask foolish things and answer nonsense I needn't go looking for help from my neighbours.'

'Thou hast said more than thou art aware of, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'for there are some who weary themselves out in learning and proving things that, after they are known and proved, are not worth a farthing to the understanding or memory.'

In this and other pleasant conversation the day went by, and that night they put up at a small hamlet whence it was not more than two leagues to the cave of Montesinos, so the cousin told Don Quixote, adding, that if he was bent upon entering it, it would be requisite for him to provide himself with ropes, so that he might be tied and lowered into its depths. Don Quixote said that even if it reached to the bottomless pit he meant to see where it went to; so they bought about a hundred fathoms of rope, and next day at two in the afternoon they arrived at the cave, the mouth of which is spacious and wide, but full of thorn and wild-fig bushes and brambles and briars, so thick and matted that they completely close it up and cover it over.¹

On coming within sight of it the cousin, Sancho, and Don Quixote dismounted, and the first two immediately tied the latter very firmly with the ropes, and as they were girding and swathing him Sancho said to him, 'Mind what you are about, master mine; don't go burying yourself alive, or

¹ See Note B, p. 246.

putting yourself where you'll be like a bottle put to cool in a well ; it's no affair or business of your worship's to become the explorer of this, which must be worse than a Moorish dungeon.'

'Tie me and hold thy peace,' said Don Quixote, 'for an emprise like this, friend Sancho, was reserved for me ;'¹ and said the guide, 'I beg of you, Señor Don Quixote, to observe carefully and examine with a hundred eyes everything that is within there ; perhaps there may be some things for me to put into my book of transformations.'

'The drum is in hands that will know how to beat it well enough,'² said Sancho Panza.

When he had said this and finished the tying (which was not over the armour but only over the doublet) Don Quixote observed, 'It was careless of us not to have provided ourselves with a small cattle-bell to be tied on the rope close to me, the sound of which would show that I was still descending and alive ; but as that is out of the question now, in God's hand be it to guide me ;' and forthwith he fell on his knees and in a low voice offered up a prayer to heaven, imploring God to aid him and grant him success in this to all appearance perilous and untried adventure, and then exclaimed aloud, 'O mistress of my actions and movements, illustrious and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, if so be the prayers and supplications of this thy fortunate lover can reach thy ears, by thy incomparable beauty I entreat thee to listen to them, for they but ask thee not to refuse me thy favour and protection now that I stand in such need of them.

¹ A line from the ballad in the *Guerras Civiles de Granada*, 'Estando el Rey Don Fernando.'

² Prov. 175.

I am about to precipitate, to sink, to plunge myself into the abyss that is here before me, only to let the world know that while thou dost favour me there is no impossibility I will not attempt and accomplish.' With these words he approached the cavern, and perceived that it was impossible to let himself down or effect an entrance except by sheer force or cleaving a passage; so drawing his sword he began to demolish and cut away the brambles at the mouth of the cave, at the noise of which a vast multitude of crows and choughs flew out of it so thick and so fast that they knocked Don Quixote down; and if he had been as much of a believer in augury as he was a Catholic Christian he would have taken it as a bad omen and declined to bury himself in such a place. He got up, however, and as there came no more crows, or night-birds like the bats that flew out at the same time with the crows, the cousin and Sancho giving him rope, he lowered himself into the depths of the dread cavern; and as he entered it Sancho sent his blessing after him, making a thousand crosses over him and saying, 'God, and the Peña de Francia, and the Trinity of Gaeta¹ guide thee, O flower and cream of knights-errant. There thou goest, thou dare-devil of the earth, heart of steel, arm of brass; once more, God guide thee and send thee back safe, sound, and unhurt to the light of this world thou art leaving to bury thyself in the darkness thou art seeking there;' and the cousin offered up almost the same prayers and supplications.

Don Quixote kept calling to them to give him rope and more rope, and they gave it out little by little, and by the time the calls, which came out of the cave as out of a pipe,

¹ See Note C, p. 247.

ceased to be heard they had let down the hundred fathoms of rope. They were inclined to pull Don Quixote up again, as they could give him no more rope ; however, they waited about half an hour, at the end of which time they began to gather in the rope again with great ease and without feeling any weight, which made them fancy Don Quixote was remaining below ; and persuaded that it was so, Sancho wept bitterly, and hauled away in great haste in order to settle the question. When, however, they had come to, as it seemed, rather more than eighty fathoms they felt a weight, at which they were greatly delighted ; and at last, at ten fathoms more, they saw Don Quixote distinctly, and Sancho called out to him, saying, ‘Welcome back, señor, for we had begun to think you were going to stop there to found a family.’ But Don Quixote answered not a word, and drawing him out entirely they perceived he had his eyes shut and every appearance of being fast asleep.

They stretched him on the ground and untied him, but still he did not awake ; however, they rolled him back and forwards and shook and pulled him about, so that after some time he came to himself, stretching himself just as if he were waking up from a deep and sound sleep, and looking about him he said, ‘God forgive you, friends ; ye have taken me away from the sweetest and most delightful existence and spectacle that ever human being enjoyed or beheld. Now indeed do I know that all the pleasures of this life pass away like a shadow and a dream, or fade like the flower of the field. O ill-fated Montesinos ! O sore-wounded Durandarte ! O unhappy Belerma ! O tearful Guadiana, and ye O hapless daughters of Ruidera who

show in your waves the tears that flowed from your beautiful eyes !’

The cousin and Sancho Panza listened with deep attention to the words of Don Quixote, who uttered them as though with immense pain he drew them up from his very bowels. They begged of him to explain himself, and tell them what he had seen in that hell down there.

‘Hell do you call it?’ said Don Quixote; ‘call it by no such name, for it does not deserve it, as ye shall soon see.’

He then begged them to give him something to eat, as he was very hungry. They spread the cousin’s sack-cloth on the grass, and put the stores of the alforjas into requisition, and all three sitting down lovingly and sociably, they made a luncheon and a supper of it all in one; and when the sack-cloth was removed, Don Quixote of La Mancha said, ‘Let no one rise, and attend to me, my sons, both of you.’

Note A (page 240).

For the Giralda of Seville, and the bulls of Guisando, see notes, chapter xiv. pp. 141, 155. The Angel of the Magdalena was a weather-cock on a church of that name at Salamanca; the Vecinguerra was the sewer draining the Potro quarter at Cordova. The other names are those of fountains in or on the outskirts of Madrid, of which I think the Lavapiés is the only one now in existence.

Note B (page 242).

The hamlet referred to is clearly that of Ruidera, about five leagues south-east of Argamasilla, near the Laguna del Rey, the lowest of the chain of lakes from which the waters of the Guadiana flow into the plain of La Mancha. From thence across the hills it is about two leagues to the cave of Montesinos, which lies a little to the north of the ruins of the castle of Roafría (v. map). There can be no doubt that Cervantes visited the spot, but he has somewhat exaggerated the dimensions of the cave. The mouth

is not more than eight or ten feet wide, or the depth more than fifty or sixty; nor is the descent so steep as to make a rope requisite. It is, in all probability, an ancient mine of Roman or possibly Carthaginian origin. The map of the district given in Pellicer's edition of *Don Quixote* misplaces the cave and several other points, and is entirely misleading.

Note C (page 244).

The Peña de Francia is a mountain near Ciudad Rodrigo, and one of the holy places of Spain in consequence of the discovery of an image of the Virgin there in the fifteenth century. The Trinity of Gaeta is the chapel dedicated to the Trinity above the harbour of Gaeta.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OF THE WONDERFUL THINGS THE INCOMPARABLE DON QUIXOTE SAID HE SAW IN THE PROFOUND CAVE OF MONTESINOS, THE IMPOSSIBILITY AND MAGNITUDE OF WHICH CAUSE THIS ADVENTURE TO BE DEEMED APOCRYPHAL.

It was about four in the afternoon when the sun, veiled in clouds, with subdued light and tempered beams, enabled Don Quixote to relate, without heat or inconvenience, what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos to his two illustrious hearers, and he began as follows :

‘A matter of some twelve or fourteen times a man’s height down in this pit, on the right-hand side, there is a recess or space, roomy enough to contain a large cart with its mules. A little light reaches it through some chinks or crevices, communicating with it and open to the surface of the earth. This recess or space I perceived when I was already growing weary and disgusted at finding myself hanging suspended by the rope, travelling downwards into that dark region without any certainty or knowledge of where I was going to, so I resolved to enter it and rest myself for a while. I called out, telling you not to let out more rope until I bade you, but you cannot have heard me. I then gathered in the rope you were sending me, and making a coil or pile of it I seated myself upon it, ruminating and

considering what I was to do to lower myself to the bottom, having no one to hold me up; and as I was thus deep in thought and perplexity, suddenly and without provocation a profound sleep fell upon me, and when I least expected it, I know not how, I awoke and found myself in the midst of the most beautiful, delicious, delightful meadow that nature could produce or the most lively human imagination conceive. I opened my eyes, I rubbed them, and found I was not asleep but thoroughly awake. Nevertheless, I felt my head and breast to satisfy myself whether it was I myself who was there or some empty delusive phantom; but touch, feeling, the collected thoughts that passed through my mind, all convinced me that I was the same then and there that I am this moment. Next there presented itself to my sight a stately royal palace or castle, with walls that seemed built of clear transparent crystal; and through two great doors that opened wide therein, I saw coming forth and advancing towards me a venerable old man, clad in a long gown of mulberry-coloured serge that trailed upon the ground. On his shoulders and breast he had a green satin collegiate hood, and covering his head a black Milanese bonnet, and his snow-white beard fell below his girdle. He carried no arms whatever, nothing but a rosary of beads bigger than fair-sized filberts, each tenth bead being like a moderate ostrich egg; his bearing, his gait, his dignity and imposing presence held me spell-bound and wondering. He approached me, and the first thing he did was to embrace me closely, and then he said to me, "For a long time now, O valiant knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, we who are here enchanted in these solitudes have been hoping to see

thee, that thou mayest make known to the world what is shut up and concealed in this deep cave, called the cave of Montesinos, which thou hast entered, an achievement reserved for thy invincible heart and stupendous courage alone to attempt. Come with me, illustrious sir, and I will show thee the marvels hidden within this transparent castle, whereof I am the alcaide and perpetual warden ; for I am Montesinos himself, from whom the cave takes its name.”’¹

‘The instant he told me he was Montesinos, I asked him if the story they told in the world above here was true, that he had taken out the heart of his great friend Durandarte from his breast with a little dagger, and carried it to the lady Belerma, as his friend when at the point of death had commanded him. He said in reply that they spoke the truth in every respect except as to the dagger, for it was not a dagger, nor little, but a burnished poniard sharper than an awl.’

‘That poniard must have been made by Ramon de Hoces the Sevillian,’ said Sancho.

‘I do not know,’ said Don Quixote ; ‘it could not have been by that poniard maker, however, because Ramon de Hoces was a man of yesterday, and the affair of Roncesvalles, where this mishap occurred, was long ago ; but the question is of no great importance, nor does it affect or make any alteration in the truth or substance of the story.’

‘That is true,’ said the cousin ; ‘continue, Señor Don Quixote, for I am listening to you with the greatest pleasure in the world.’

¹ See Note A, p. 262.

‘And with no less do I tell the tale,’ said Don Quixote ; ‘and so, to proceed—the venerable Montesinos led me into the palace of crystal, where, in a lower chamber, strangely cool and entirely of alabaster, was an elaborately wrought marble tomb, upon which I beheld, stretched at full length, a knight, not of bronze, or marble, or jasper, as are seen on other tombs, but of actual flesh and bone. His right hand (which seemed to me somewhat hairy and sinewy, a sign of great strength in its owner) lay on the side of his heart ; but before I could put any question to Montesinos, he, seeing me gazing at the tomb in amazement, said to me, “ This is my friend Durandarte, flower and mirror of the true lovers and valiant knights of his time. He is held enchanted here, as I myself and many others are, by that French enchanter Merlin, who, they say, was the devil’s son ;¹ but my belief is, not that he was the devil’s son, but that he knew, as the saying is, a point more than the devil. How or why he enchanted us, no one knows, but time will tell, and I suspect that time is not far off. What I marvel at is, that I know it to be as sure as that it is now day, that Durandarte ended his life in my arms, and that, after his death, I took out his heart with my own hands ; and indeed it must have weighed more than two pounds, for, according to naturalists, he who has a large heart is more largely endowed with valour than he who has a small one. Then, as this is the case, and as the knight did really die, how comes it that he now moans and sighs from time to time, as if he were still alive ? ”

¹ Merlin has been claimed by the Bretons as one of themselves, but of course he was a Welshman. In Mallory’s *Arthur* he is called ‘a devil’s son.’

‘As he said this, the wretched Durandarte cried out in a loud voice :

O cousin Montesinos !

’T was my last request of thee,
When my soul hath left the body,
And that lying dead I be,
With thy poniard or thy dagger
Cut the heart from out my breast,
And bear it to Belerma.

This was my last request.¹

On hearing which, the venerable Montesinos fell on his knees before the unhappy knight, and with tearful eyes exclaimed, “Long since, O Señor Durandarte, my beloved cousin, long since have I done what you bade me on that sad day when I lost you ; I took out your heart as well as I could, not leaving an atom of it in your breast, I wiped it with a lace handkerchief, and I took the road to France with it, having first laid you in the bosom of the earth with tears enough to wash and cleanse my hands of the blood that covered them after wandering among your bowels ; and more by token, O cousin of my soul, at the first village I came to after leaving Roncesvalles, I sprinkled a little salt upon your heart to keep it sweet, and bring it, if not fresh, at least pickled, into the presence of the lady Belerma, whom, together with you, myself, Guadiana your squire, the duenna Ruidera and her seven daughters and two nieces, and many more of your friends and acquaintances, the sage Merlin has been keeping enchanted here these many years ; and although more than five hundred

¹ See Note B, p. 262.

have gone by, not one of us has died; Ruidera and her daughters and nieces alone are missing, and these, because of the tears they shed, Merlin, out of the compassion he seems to have felt for them, changed into so many lakes, which to this day in the world of the living, and in the province of La Mancha, are called the Lakes of Ruidera.¹ The seven daughters belong to the kings of Spain and the two nieces to the knights of a very holy order called the Order of St. John.² Guadiana your squire, likewise bewailing your fate, was changed into a river of his own name, but when he came to the surface and beheld the sun of another heaven, so great was his grief at finding he was leaving you, that he plunged into the bowels of the earth; however, as he cannot help following his natural course, he from time to time comes forth and shows himself to the sun and the world. The lakes aforesaid send him their waters, and with these, and others that come to him, he makes a grand and imposing entrance into Portugal; but for all that, go where he may, he shows his melancholy and sadness, and takes no pride in breeding dainty choice fish, only coarse and tasteless sorts, very different from those of the golden Tagus.³ All this that I tell you now, O cousin mine, I have told you many times before, and as you make no answer, I fear that either you believe me not, or do not hear me, whereat I feel God knows what grief. I have now news to give you, which, if it serves not to alleviate your

¹ See Note C, p. 263.

² The boundaries of New Castile and the kingdom of Murcia meet in the upper portion of the valley, the head of which belongs entirely to the latter.

³ See Note D, p. 263.

sufferings, will not in any wise increase them. Know that you have here before you (open your eyes and you will see) that great knight of whom the sage Merlin has prophesied such great things; that Don Quixote of La Mancha I mean, who has again, and to better purpose than in past times, revived in these days knight-errantry, long since forgotten, and by whose intervention and aid it may be we shall be disenchanted; for great deeds are reserved for great men.”¹

““And if that may not be,” said the wretched Durandarte in a low and feeble voice, “if that may not be, then, O my cousin, I say ‘patience and shuffle;’”² and turning over on his side, he relapsed into his former silence without uttering another word.

‘And now there was heard a great outcry and lamentation, accompanied by deep sighs and bitter sobs. I looked round, and through the crystal wall I saw passing through another chamber a procession of two lines of fair damsels all clad in mourning, and with white turbans of Turkish fashion on their heads. Behind, in the rear of these, there came a lady, for so from her dignity she seemed to be, also clad in black, with a white veil so long and ample that it swept the ground. Her turban was twice as large as the largest of any of the others; her eyebrows met, her nose was rather flat, her mouth was large but with ruddy lips, and her teeth, of which at times she allowed a glimpse, were seen to be sparse and ill-set, though as white as peeled almonds. She carried in her hands a fine cloth, and in it, as well as I could make out, a heart that had been mummied, so parched and dried was it. Montesinos told me that all

¹ Prov. 110.

² Prov. 163.

those forming the procession were the attendants of Durandarte and Belerma, who were enchanted there with their master and mistress, and that the last, she who carried the heart in the cloth, was the lady Belerma, who, with her damsels, four days in the week went in procession singing, or rather weeping, dirges over the body and miserable heart of his cousin ; and that if she appeared to me somewhat ill-favoured, or not so beautiful as fame reported her, it was because of the bad nights and worse days that she passed in that enchantment, as I could see by the great dark circles round her eyes, and her sickly complexion ; “her sallowness, and the rings round her eyes,” said he, “are not caused by the periodical ailment usual with women, for it is many months and even years since she has had any, but by the grief her own heart suffers because of that which she holds in her hand perpetually, and which recalls and brings back to her memory the sad fate of her lost lover ; were it not for this, hardly would the great Dulcinea del Toboso, so celebrated in all these parts, and even in all the world, come up to her for beauty, grace, and gaiety.”

““ Hold hard ! ” said I at this, “ tell your story as you ought, Señor Don Montesinos, for you know very well that all comparisons are odious,¹ and there is no occasion to compare one person with another ; the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is what she is, and the lady Doña Belerma is what *she* is and has been, and that’s enough.” To which he made answer, “Forgive me, Señor Don Quixote : I own I was wrong and spoke unadvisedly in saying that the

¹ Prov. 56.

lady Dulcinea could scarcely come up to the lady Belerma ; for it were enough for me to have learned, by what means I know not, that you are her knight, to make me bite my tongue out before I compared her to anything save heaven itself." After this apology which the great Montesinos made me, my heart recovered itself from the shock I had received in hearing my lady compared with Belerma.'

'Still I wonder,' said Sancho, 'that your worship did not get upon the old fellow and bruise every bone of him with kicks, and pluck his beard until you didn't leave a hair in it.'

'Nay, Sancho, my friend,' said Don Quixote, 'it would not have been right in me to do that, for we are all bound to pay respect to the aged, even though they be not knights, but especially those who are, and who are enchanted ; I only know I gave him as good as he brought in the many other questions and answers we exchanged.'

New 'I cannot understand, Señor Don Quixote,' remarked the cousin here, 'how it is that your worship, in such a short space of time as you have been below there, could have seen so many things, and said and answered so much.'

'How long is it since I went down ?' asked Don Quixote.

'Little better than an hour,' replied Sancho.

'That cannot be,' returned Don Quixote, 'because night overtook me while I was there, and day came, and it was night again and day again three times ; so that, by my reckoning, I have been three days in those remote regions beyond our ken.'

'My master must be right,' replied Sancho ; 'for as

everything that has happened to him is by enchantment, maybe what seems to us an hour would seem three days and nights there.'

'That's it,' said Don Quixote.

'And did your worship eat anything all that time, señor?' asked the cousin.

'I never touched a morsel,' answered Don Quixote, 'nor did I even feel hunger, or think of it.'

'And do the enchanted eat?' said the cousin.

'They neither eat,' said Don Quixote; 'nor are they subject to the greater excrements, though it is thought that their nails, beards, and hair grow.'

'And do the enchanted sleep, now, señor?' asked Sancho.

'Certainly not,' replied Don Quixote; 'at least, during those three days I was with them not one of them closed an eye, nor did I either.'

'The proverb, "Tell me what company thou keepest and I'll tell thee what thou art," is to the point here,'¹ said Sancho; 'your worship keeps company with enchanted people that are always fasting and watching; what wonder is it, then, that you neither eat nor sleep while you are with them? But forgive me, señor, if I say that of all this you have told us now, may God take me—I was just going to say the devil—if I believe a single particle.'

'What!' said the cousin, 'has Señor Don Quixote, then, been lying? Why, even if he wished it he has not had time to imagine and put together such a host of lies.'

'I don't believe my master lies,' said Sancho.

¹ Prov. 13.

‘If not, what dost thou believe?’ asked Don Quixote.

‘I believe,’ replied Sancho, ‘that this Merlin, or those enchanters who enchanted the whole crew your worship says you saw and discoursed with down there, stuffed your imagination or your mind with all this rigmarole you have been treating us to, and all that is still to come.’

‘All that might be, Sancho,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘but it is not so, for everything that I have told you I saw with my own eyes, and touched with my own hands. But what will you say when I tell you now how, among the countless other marvellous things Montesinos showed me (of which at leisure and at the proper time I will give thee an account in the course of our journey, for they would not be all in place here), he showed me three country girls who went skipping and capering like goats over the pleasant fields there, and the instant I beheld them I knew one to be the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, and the other two those same country girls that were with her and that we spoke to on the road from El Toboso! I asked Montesinos if he knew them, and he told me he did not, but he thought they must be some enchanted ladies of distinction, for it was only a few days before that they had made their appearance in those meadows; but I was not to be surprised at that, because there were a great many other ladies there of times past and present, enchanted in various strange shapes, and among them he had recognised Queen Guinevere and her dame Quintañona, she who poured out the wine for Lancelot when he came from Britain.’

When Sancho Panza heard his master say this he was ready to take leave of his senses, or die with laughter; for,

as he knew the real truth about the pretended enchantment of Dulcinea, in which he himself had been the enchanter and concoctor of all the evidence, he made up his mind at last that, beyond all doubt, his master was out of his wits and stark mad, so he said to him, 'It was an evil hour, a worse season, and a sorrowful day, when your worship, dear master mine, went down to the other world, and an unlucky moment when you met with Señor Montesinos, who has sent you back to us like this. You were well enough here above in your full senses, such as God had given you, delivering maxims and giving advice at every turn, and not as you are now, talking the greatest nonsense that can be imagined.'

'As I know thee, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'I heed not thy words.'

'Nor I your worship's,' said Sancho, 'whether you beat me or kill me for those I have spoken, and will speak if you don't correct and mend your own. But tell me, while we are still at peace, how or by what did you recognise the lady our mistress; and if you spoke to her, what did you say, and what did she answer?'

'I recognised her,' said Don Quixote, 'by her wearing the same garments she wore when thou didst point her out to me. I spoke to her, but she did not utter a word in reply; on the contrary, she turned her back on me and took to flight, at such a pace that a crossbow bolt could not have overtaken her. I wished to follow her, and would have done so had not Montesinos recommended me not to take the trouble as it would be useless, particularly as the time was drawing near when it would be necessary for me to

quit the cavern. He told me, moreover, that in course of time he would let me know how he and Belerma, and Durandarte, and all who were there, were to be disenchanted. But of all I saw and observed down there, what gave me most pain was, that while Montesinos was speaking to me, one of the two companions of the hapless Dulcinea approached me on one side, without my having seen her coming, and with tears in her eyes said to me, in a low, agitated voice, "My lady Dulcinea del Toboso kisses your worship's hands, and entreats you to do her the favour of letting her know how you are ; and, being in great need, she also entreats your worship as earnestly as she can to be so good as to lend her half a dozen reals, or as much as you may have about you, on this new dimity petticoat that I have here ; and she promises to repay them very speedily." I was amazed and taken aback by such a message, and turning to Señor Montesinos I asked him, "Is it possible, Señor Montesinos, that persons of distinction under enchantment can be in need ?" To which he replied, "Believe me, Señor Don Quixote, that which is called need is to be met with everywhere, and penetrates all quarters and reaches everyone, and does not spare even the enchanted ; and as the lady Dulcinea del Toboso sends to beg those six reals, and the pledge is to all appearance a good one, there is nothing for it but to give them to her, for no doubt she must be in some great strait." "I will take no pledge of her," I replied, "nor yet can I give her what she asks, for all I have is four reals ;" which I gave (they were those which thou, Sancho, gavest me the other day to bestow in alms upon the poor I met along the road), and I said, "Tell your

mistress, my dear, that I am grieved to the heart because of her distresses, and wish I was a Fucar ¹ to remedy them, and that I would have her know that I cannot be, and ought not be, in health while deprived of the happiness of seeing her and enjoying her discreet conversation, and that I implore her as earnestly as I can, to allow herself to be seen and addressed by this her captive servant and forlorn knight. Tell her, too, that when she least expects it she will hear it announced that I have made an oath and vow after the fashion of that which the Marquis of Mantua made to avenge his nephew Baldwin, when he found him at the point of death in the heart of the mountains,² which was, not to eat bread off a table-cloth, and the other trifling matters which he added, until he had avenged him; and I will make the same to take no rest, and to roam the seven regions of the earth more thoroughly than the Infante Don Pedro of Portugal ever roamed them,³ until I have disenchanted her." "All that, and more, you owe my lady," was the damsel's answer to me, and taking the four reals, instead of making me a curtesy she cut a caper, springing two full yards into the air.'

'O blessed God!' exclaimed Sancho aloud at this, 'is it possible that such things can be in the world, and that enchanters and enchantments can have such power in it as to have changed my master's right senses into a craze so full

¹ The Spanish form of Fugger, the name of the great Augsburg capitalists of the sixteenth century.

² Referring to the ballad quoted in Part I. chapter v. and elsewhere.

³ *The Travels of the Infante Don Pedro of Portugal through the four quarters of the world*, 'written by Juan Gomez de Sanestevan,' Saragossa, 1570, was a popular book and passed through several editions.

of absurdity! O señor, señor, for God's sake, consider yourself, have a care for your honour, and give no credit to this silly stuff that has left you scant and short of wits.'

'Thou talkest in this way because thou lovest me, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'and not being experienced in the things of the world, everything that has some difficulty about it, seems to thee impossible; but time will pass, as I said before, and I will tell thee some of the things I saw down there which will make thee believe what I have related now, the truth of which admits of neither reply nor question.'

Note A (page 250).

Montesinos is the hero of half a dozen ballads belonging to the Carlovingian cycle, but does not figure in any of the French romances. According to the ballads he was one of the Peers, and son of Count Grimaltos, or Grimaldos, by a daughter of Charlemagne. He owed his name to having been born in a forest (*monte*), where his father and mother were wandering, banished from court by the machinations of the traitor Tomillas. It appears to have been connected with the cave from a very early period, and according to one of the oldest of the ballads the adjacent Castle of Rocafria, or Rocafrida, mentioned in Note B, chapter xxii., was the residence of Rosafiorida, a lady who was enamoured of him *de oídas*—from hearsay. Clemencin says they were married and lived there; but one of the ballads represents him as marrying Guimar, a converted Saracen. It is odd that, with the castle close at hand here, Cervantes should not have referred to it.

Note B (page 252).

These are an adaptation of lines from the ballad—

'Oh Belerma! Oh Belerma!

Por mi mal fuiste engendrada.'

Cancionero, s.a. Antwerp. Duran. *Romancero*, No. 387.

Durandarte and Belerma, like Montesinos, are only to be found in the Spanish ballads of the Carlovingian cycle; Mila y Fontanals, however, thinks that in the name of the former there may be a reminiscence of that of Roland's sword Durandal, or Durendal.

Note C (page 253).

The number of the lakes of Ruidera is variously stated. In chapter xviii. Cervantes himself speaks of seven; here he makes them ten, if Ruidera herself is to be included. Clemencin says there are fifteen. Pascual Madoz, in his *Geographical Dictionary of Spain*, says fifteen in one place, and fourteen in another. Ford, in the *Handbook*, says there are eleven, which was the number I counted in a ramble down the valley some years ago. Most of them are mere tarns, but two or three are of considerable extent, the largest, La Colgada, being about two miles long. In most instances there is no visible communication between them. It is strange that Cervantes, who so often bestows wood and water, hills and vales, on Don Quixote's parched, flat, treeless country, should not have a word to say for this pretty winding valley, with its succession of Claude-like vistas that would charm the eye anywhere, but here, after the bare brown steppes of La Mancha, seem veritable landscapes of Arcadia.

Note D (page 253).

The Guadiana, after issuing from the Ruidera valley near the picturesque old castle of Peñaroya, traverses the plain of La Mancha and disappears from sight a little to the north of Argamasilla, to reappear again seven or eight leagues off at the Ojos de la Guadiana, near Daimiel. Ruy Gonzalez Clavijo availed himself of the phenomenon to boast to Tamerlane in 1403 that his master King Henry had a bridge so large that a hundred thousand sheep browsed upon it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEREIN ARE RELATED A THOUSAND TRIFLING MATTERS, AS TRIVIAL AS THEY ARE NECESSARY TO THE RIGHT UNDERSTANDING OF THIS GREAT HISTORY.

HE who translated this great history from the original written by its first author, Cid Hamet Benengeli, says that on coming to the chapter giving the adventures of the cave of Montesinos he found written on the margin of it, in Hamet's own hand, these exact words :

‘ I cannot convince or persuade myself that everything that is written in the preceding chapter could have precisely happened to the valiant Don Quixote ; and for this reason, that all the adventures that have occurred up to the present have been possible and probable ; but as for this one of the cave, I see no way of accepting it as true, as it passes all reasonable bounds. For me to believe that Don Quixote could lie, he being the most truthful gentleman and the noblest knight of his time, is impossible ; he would not have told a lie though he were shot to death with arrows. On the other hand, I reflect that he related and told the story with all the circumstances detailed, and that he could not in so short a space have fabricated such a vast complication of absurdities ; if, then, this adventure seems apocryphal, it is

no fault of mine; and so, without affirming its falsehood or its truth, I write it down. Decide for thyself in thy wisdom, reader; for I am not bound, nor is it in my power, to do more; though certain it is they say that at the time of his death he retracted, and said he had invented it, thinking it matched and tallied with the adventures he had read of in his histories.' And then he goes on to say:

The cousin was amazed as well at Sancho's boldness as at the patience of his master, and concluded that the good temper the latter displayed arose from the happiness he felt at having seen his lady Dulcinea, even enchanted as she was; because otherwise the words and language Sancho had addressed to him deserved a thrashing; for indeed he seemed to him to have been rather impudent to his master, to whom he now observed, 'I, Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, look upon the time I have spent in travelling with your worship as very well employed, for I have gained four things in the course of it; the first is that I have made your acquaintance, which I consider great good fortune; the second, that I have learned what the cave of Montesinos contains, together with the transformations of Guadiana and of the lakes of Ruidera, which will be of use to me for the Spanish Ovid that I have in hand; the third, to have discovered the antiquity of cards, that they were in use at least in the time of Charlemagne, as may be inferred from the words you say Durandarte uttered when, at the end of that long spell while Montesinos was talking to him, he woke up and said. "Patience and shuffle." This phrase and expression he

could not have learned while he was enchanted, but only before he had become so, in France, and in the time of the aforesaid emperor Charlemagne. And this demonstration is just the thing for me for that other book I am writing, the “Supplement to Polydore Vergil on the Invention of Antiquities;” for I believe he never thought of inserting that of cards in his book, as I mean to do in mine, and it will be a matter of great importance, particularly when I can cite so grave and veracious an authority as Señor Durandarte. And the fourth thing is, that I have ascertained the source of the river Guadiana, heretofore unknown to mankind.’

‘You are right,’ said Don Quixote; ‘but I should like to know, if by God’s favour they grant you a licence to print those books of yours—which I doubt—to whom do you mean to dedicate them?’

‘There are lords and grandees in Spain to whom they can be dedicated,’ said the cousin.

‘Not many,’ said Don Quixote; ‘not that they are unworthy of it, but because they do not care to accept books and incur the obligation of making the return that seems due to the author’s labour and courtesy. One prince I know who makes up for all the rest, and more—how much more, if I ventured to say, perhaps I should stir up envy in many a noble breast;¹ but let this stand over for some more convenient time, and let us go and look for some place to shelter ourselves in to-night.’

‘Not far from this,’ said the cousin, ‘there is a hermitage, where there lives a hermit, who they say was a soldier,

¹ A passing compliment to his patron, the Conde de Lem

and who has the reputation of being a good Christian and a very intelligent and charitable man. Close to the hermitage he has a small house which he built at his own cost, but though small it is large enough for the reception of guests.'

'Has this hermit any hens, do you think?' asked Sancho.

'Few hermits are without them,' said Don Quixote; 'for those we see now-a-days are not like the hermits of the Egyptian deserts, who were clad in palm-leaves, and lived on the roots of the earth. But do not think that by praising these I am disparaging the others; all I mean to say is, that the penances of those of the present day do not come up to the asceticism and austerity of former times; but it does not follow from this that they are not all worthy; at least I think them so; and at the worst the hypocrite who pretends to be good does less harm than the open sinner.'

At this point they saw approaching the spot where they stood a man on foot, proceeding at a rapid pace, and beating a mule loaded with lances and halberds. When he came up to them, he saluted them and passed on without stopping. Don Quixote called to him, 'Stay, good fellow; you seem to be making more haste than suits that mule.'

'I cannot stop, señor,' answered the man; 'for the arms you see I carry here, are to be used to-morrow, so I must not delay; God be with you. But if you want to know what I am carrying them for, I mean to lodge to-night at the inn that is beyond the hermitage, and if you be going the same

road you will find me there, and I will tell you some curious things; once more God be with you;’ and he urged on his mule at such a pace that Don Quixote had no time to ask him what these curious things were that he meant to tell them; and as he was somewhat inquisitive, and always tortured by his anxiety to learn something new, he decided to set out at once, and go and pass the night at the inn instead of stopping at the hermitage, where the cousin would have had them halt. Accordingly they mounted and all three took the direct road for the inn, which they reached a little before nightfall. On the road the cousin proposed they should go up to the hermitage to drink a sup. The instant Sancho heard this he steered his Dapple towards it, and Don Quixote and the cousin did the same; but it seems Sancho’s bad luck so ordered it that the hermit was not at home, for so a sub-hermit they found in the hermitage told them. They called for some of the best.¹ She replied that her master had none, but that if they liked cheap water she would give it with great pleasure.

‘If I found any in water,’ said Sancho, ‘there are wells along the road where I could have had enough of it. Ah, Camacho’s wedding, and plentiful house of Don Diego, how often do I miss you!’

Leaving the hermitage, they pushed on towards the inn, and a little farther they came upon a youth who was pacing along in front of them at no great speed, so that they overtook him. He carried a sword over his shoulder, and slung on it a budget or bundle of his clothes appa-

¹ Literally, ‘some of the dear.’

rently, probably his breeches or pantaloons, and his cloak and a shirt or two; for he had on a short jacket of velvet with a gloss like satin on it in places, and had his shirt out; his stockings were of silk, and his shoes square-toed as they wear them at court.¹ His age might have been eighteen or nineteen; he was of a merry countenance, and to all appearance of an active habit, and he went along singing seguidillas² to beguile the wearisomeness of the road. As they came up with him he was just finishing one, which the cousin got by heart and they say ran thus—

I'm off to the wars
For the want of pence,
Oh, had I but money
I'd show more sense.

The first to address him was Don Quixote, who said, 'You travel very airily, sir gallant; whither bound, may we ask, if it is your pleasure to tell us?'

To which the youth replied, 'The heat and my poverty are the reason of my travelling so airily, and it is to the wars that I am bound.'

'How poverty?' asked Don Quixote; 'the heat one can understand.'

'Señor,' replied the youth, 'in this bundle I carry velvet pantaloons to match this jacket; if I wear them out on the road, I shall not be able to make a decent appearance in them in the city, and I have not the wherewithal to

¹ A fashion introduced by the Duke of Lerma, whose feet were disfigured by bunions.

² Verses of shorter lines than the ballad, and generally of a humorous or satirical cast.

buy others ; and so for this reason, as well as to keep myself cool, I am making my way in this fashion to overtake some companies of infantry that are not twelve leagues off, in which I shall enlist, and there will be no want of baggage trains to travel with after that to the place of embarkation, which they say will be Carthagená ;¹ I would rather have the King for a master, and serve him in the wars, than serve a court pauper.'

'And did you get any bounty, now?' asked the cousin.

'If I had been in the service of some grandee of Spain or personage of distinction,' replied the youth, 'I should have been safe to get it ; for that is the advantage of serving good masters, that out of the servants' hall men come to be ancients or captains, or get a good pension. But I, to my misfortune, always served place-hunters and adventurers, whose keep and wages were so miserable and scanty that half went in paying for the starching of one's collars ; it would be a miracle indeed if a page volunteer ever got anything like a reasonable bounty.'

'And tell me, for heaven's sake,' asked Don Quixote, 'is it possible, my friend, that all the time you served you never got any livery?'

'They gave me two,' replied the page ; 'but just as when one quits a religious community before making profession, they strip him of the dress of the order and give him back his own clothes, so did my masters return me mine ; for as soon as the business on which they came to

¹ The war to which the youth was bound was probably that which had arisen in Italy in 1613, out of the conflicting claims of the Dukes of Savoy and Mantua to the Duchy of Montferrat.

court was finished, they went home and took back the liveries they had given merely for show.'

'What spilorceria!—as an Italian would say,' said Don Quixote; 'but for all that, consider yourself happy in having left court with as worthy an object as you have, for there is nothing on earth more honourable or profitable than serving, first of all God, and then one's king and natural lord, particularly in the profession of arms, by which, if not more wealth, at least more honour is to be won than by letters, as I have said many a time; for though letters may have founded more great houses than arms, still those founded by arms have I know not what superiority over those founded by letters, and a certain splendour belonging to them that distinguishes them above all. And bear in mind what I am now about to say to you, for it will be of great use and comfort to you in time of trouble; it is, not to let your mind dwell on the adverse chances that may befall you; for the worst of all is death, and if it be a good death, the best of all is to die. They asked Julius Cæsar, the valiant Roman emperor, what was the best death. He answered, that which is unexpected, which comes suddenly and unforeseen; and though he answered like a pagan, and one without the knowledge of the true God, yet, as far as sparing our feelings is concerned, he was right; for suppose you are killed in the first engagement or skirmish, whether by a cannon ball or blown up by mine, what matters it? It is only dying, and all is over; and according to Terence,¹ a soldier shows better dead in

¹ It is not easy to say what passage Cervantes could have been thinking of.

battle, than alive and safe in flight; and the good soldier wins fame in proportion as he is obedient to his captains and those in command over him. And remember, my son, that it is better for the soldier to smell of gunpowder than of civet, and that if old age should come upon you in this honourable calling, though you may be covered with wounds and crippled and lame, it will not come upon you without honour, and that such as poverty cannot lessen; especially now that provisions are being made for supporting and relieving old and disabled soldiers; for it is not right to deal with them after the fashion of those who set free and get rid of their black slaves when they are old and useless, and, turning them out of their houses under the pretence of making them free, make them slaves to hunger, from which they cannot expect to be released except by death. But for the present I won't say more than get ye up behind me on my horse as far as the inn, and sup with me there, and to-morrow you shall pursue your journey, and God give you as good speed as your intentions deserve.'

The page did not accept the invitation to mount, though he did that to supper at the inn; and here they say Sancho said to himself, 'God be with you for a master; is it possible that a man who can say things so many and so good as he has said just now, can say that he saw the impossible absurdities he reports about the cave of Montesinos? Well, well, we shall see.'

And now, just as night was falling, they reached the inn, and it was not without satisfaction that Sancho perceived his master took it for a real inn, and not for a castle as usual. The instant they entered Don Quixote

asked the landlord after the man with the lances and halberds, and was told that he was in the stable seeing to his mule ; which was what Sancho and the cousin proceeded to do for their beasts, giving the best manger and the best place in the stable to Rocinante.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHEREIN IS SET DOWN THE BRAYING ADVENTURE, AND THE DROLL ONE OF THE PUPPET-SHOWMAN, TOGETHER WITH THE MEMORABLE DIVINATIONS OF THE DIVINING APE.

DON QUIXOTE'S bread would not bake, as the common saying is,¹ until he had heard and learned the curious things promised by the man who carried the arms. He went to seek him where the innkeeper said he was, and having found him, bade him say now at any rate what he had to say in answer to the question he had asked him on the road. 'The tale of my wonders must be taken more leisurely and not standing,' said the man; 'let me finish foddering my beast, good sir; and then I'll tell you things that will astonish you.'

'Don't wait for that,' said Don Quixote; 'I'll help you in everything,' and so he did, sifting the barley for him and cleaning out the manger; a degree of humility which made the other feel bound to tell him with a good grace what he had asked; so seating himself on a bench, with Don Quixote beside him, and the cousin, the page, Sancho Panza, and the landlord, for a senate and an audience, he began his story in this way:

¹ A proverbial phrase, expressive of extreme impatience.

‘You must know that in a village four leagues and a half from this inn, it so happened that one of the regidores,¹ by the tricks and roguery of a servant girl of his (it’s too long a tale to tell), lost an ass ; and though he did all he possibly could to find it, it was all to no purpose. A fortnight might have gone by, so the story goes, since the ass had been missing, when, as the regidor who had lost it was standing in the plaza, another regidor of the same town said to him, “Pay me for good news, gossip : your ass has turned up.” “That I will, and well, gossip,” said the other ; “but tell us, where has he turned up ?” “In the forest,” said the finder ; “I saw him this morning without pack-saddle or harness of any sort, and so lean that it went to one’s heart to see him. I tried to drive him before me and bring him to you, but he is already so wild and shy that when I went near him he made off into the thickest part of the forest. If you have a mind that we two should go back and look for him, let me put up this she-ass at my house and I’ll be back at once.” “You will be doing me a great kindness,” said the owner of the ass, “and I’ll try to pay it back in the same coin.” It is with all these circumstancees, and in the very same way I am telling it now, that those who know all about the matter tell the story. Well then, the two regidores set off on foot, arm in arm for the forest, and coming to the place where they hoped to find the ass they could not find him, nor was he to be seen anywhere about, search as they might. Seeing, then, that there was no sign of him, the regidor who had seen him said to the other, “Look here, gossip ; a plan has occurred to me, by which, beyond a doubt, we shall manage to dis-

¹ Officers who have charge of the expenditure of the municipality.

cover the animal, even if he is stowed away in the bowels of the earth, not to say the forest. Here it is. I can bray to perfection, and if you can ever so little, the thing's as good as done." "Ever so little did you say, gossip?" said the other; "by God, I'll not give in to anybody, not even to the asses themselves." "We'll soon see," said the second regidor, "for my plan is, that you should go one side of the forest, and I the other, so as to go all round about it; and every now and then you will bray and I will bray; and it cannot be but that the ass will hear us, and answer us if he is in the forest." To which the owner of the ass replied, "It's an excellent plan, I declare, gossip, and worthy of your great genius;" and the two separating as agreed, it so fell out that they brayed almost at the same moment, and each, deceived by the braying of the other, ran to look, fancying the ass had turned up at last. When they came in sight of one another, said the loser, "Is it possible, gossip, that it was not my ass that brayed?" "No, it was I," said the other. "Well then, I can tell you, gossip," said the ass's owner, "that between you and an ass there's not an atom of difference as far as braying goes, for I never in all my life saw or heard anything more natural." "Those praises and compliments belong to you more justly than to me, gossip," said the inventor of the plan; "for, by the God that made me, you might give a couple of brays odds to the best and most finished brayer in the world; the tone you have got is deep, your voice is well kept up as to time and pitch, and your finishing notes come thick and fast; in fact, I own myself beaten, and yield the palm to you, and give in to you in this rare accomplishment." "Well then," said the owner, "I'll

set a higher value on myself for the future, and consider that I know something, as I have an excellence of some sort ; for though I always thought I brayed well, I never supposed I came up to the pitch of perfection you say." "And I say too," said the second, "that there are rare gifts going to loss in the world, and that they are ill bestowed upon those who don't know how to make use of them." "Ours," said the owner of the ass, "unless it is in cases like this we have now in hand, cannot be of any service to us, and even in this God grant they may be of some use." So saying they separated, and took to their braying once more, but every instant they were deceiving one another, and coming to meet one another again, until they arranged by way of countersign, so as to know that it was they and not the ass, to give two brays, one after the other. In this way, doubling the brays at every step, they made the complete circuit of the forest, but the lost ass never gave them an answer or even the sign of one. How could the poor ill-starred brute have answered, when, in the thickest part of the forest, they found him devoured by wolves ? As soon as he saw him his owner said, "I was wondering he did not answer, for if he wasn't dead he'd have brayed when he heard us, or he'd have been no ass ; but for the sake of having heard you bray to such perfection, gossip, I count the trouble I have taken to look for him well bestowed, even though I have found him dead." "It's in a good hand, gossip,"¹ said the other ; "if the abbot sings well, the acolyte is not much behind him."² So they returned disconsolate and hoarse to their village, where they

¹ A polite way of saying 'after you,' when pressed to drink.

² Prov. 1.

told their friends, neighbours, and acquaintances what had befallen them in their search for the ass, each crying up the other's perfection in braying. The whole story came to be known and spread abroad through the villages of the neighbourhood ; and the devil, who never sleeps, with his love for sowing dissensions and scattering discord everywhere, blowing mischief about and making quarrels out of nothing, contrived to make the people of the other towns fall to braying whenever they saw anyone from our village, as if to throw the braying of our regidors in our teeth. Then the boys took to it, which was the same thing for it as getting into the hands and mouths of all the devils of hell ; and braying spread from one town to another in such a way that the men of the braying town are as easy to be known as blacks are to be known from whites, and the unlucky joke has gone so far that several times the scoffed have come out in arms and in a body to do battle with the scoffers, and neither king nor rook, fear nor shame, can mend matters. To-morrow or the day after, I believe, the men of my town, that is, of the braying town, are going to take the field against another village two leagues away from ours, one of those that persecute us most ; and that we may turn out well prepared I have bought these lances and halberds you have seen. These are the curious things I told you I had to tell, and if you don't think them so, I have got no others ;' and with this the worthy fellow brought his story to a close.

) Just at this moment there came in at the gate of the inn a man entirely clad in chamois leather, hose, breeches, and doublet, who said in a loud voice, ' Señor host, have you

room? Here's the divining ape and the show of the Release of Melisendra just coming.'

'Ods body!' said the landlord, 'why, it's Master Pedro! We're in for a grand night!'

I forgot to mention that the said Master Pedro had his left eye and nearly half his cheek covered with a patch of green taffety, showing that something ailed all that side.

'Your worship is welcome, Master Pedro,' continued the landlord; 'but where are the ape and the show, for I don't see them?'

'They are close at hand,' said he in the chamois leather, 'but I came on first to know if there was any room.'

'I'd make the Duke of Alva himself clear out to make room for Master Pedro,' said the landlord; 'bring in the ape and the show; there's company in the inn to-night that will pay to see that and the cleverness of the ape.'

'So be it by all means,' said the man with the patch; 'I'll lower the price, and be well satisfied if I only pay my expenses; and now I'll go back and hurry on the cart with the ape and the show;' and with this he went out of the inn.

Don Quixote at once asked the landlord what this Master Pedro was, and what was the show and what was the ape he had with him; to which the landlord replied, 'This is a famous puppet-showman, who for some time past has been going about this Mancha de Aragon,¹ exhibiting a show of the release of Melisendra by the famous Don Gai-feros, one of the best and best represented stories that have been seen in this part of the kingdom for many a year; he has

¹ See Note A, p. 286.

also with him an ape with the most extraordinary gift ever seen in an ape or imagined in a human being; for if you ask him anything, he listens attentively to the question, and then jumps on his master's shoulder, and pressing close to his ear tells him the answer, which Master Pedro then delivers. He says a great deal more about things past than about things to come; and though he does not always hit the truth in every case, most times he is not far wrong, so that he makes us fancy he has got the devil in him. He gets two reals for every question if the ape answers; I mean if his master answers for him after he has whispered into his ear; and so it is believed that this same Master Pedro is very rich. He is a "gallant man" as they say in Italy, and good company, and leads the finest life in the world; talks more than six, drinks more than a dozen, and all by his tongue, and his ape, and his show.'

Master Pedro now came back, and in a cart followed the show and the ape—a big one, without a tail and with buttocks as bare as felt, but not vicious-looking. As soon as Don Quixote saw him, he asked him, 'Can you tell me, sir fortune-teller, what fish do we catch, and how will it be with us? See, here are my two reals,' and he bade Sancho give them to Master Pedro; but he answered for the ape and said, 'Señor, this animal does not give any answer or information touching things that are to come; of things past he knows something, and more or less of things present.'

'Gad,'¹ said Sancho, 'I would not give a farthing to

¹ *Voto á Rus*, an obscure oath, but probably a Manchegan form of *Voto á Dios*. *Rus* is the name of a stream and castle near San Clemente.

be told what's past with me, for who knows that better than I do myself? And to pay for being told what I know would be mighty foolish. But as you know things present, here are my two reals, and tell me, most excellent sir ape, what is my wife Teresa Panza doing now, and what is she diverting herself with?'

Master Pedro refused to take the money, saying, 'I will not receive payment in advance or until the service has been first rendered;' and then with his right hand he gave a couple of slaps on his left shoulder, and with one spring the ape perched himself upon it, and putting his mouth to his master's ear began chattering his teeth rapidly; and having kept this up as long as one would be saying a credo, with another spring he brought himself to the ground, and the same instant Master Pedro ran in great haste and fell upon his knees before Don Quixote, and embracing his legs exclaimed, 'These legs do I embrace as I would embrace the two pillars of Hercules, O illustrious reviver of knight-errantry, so long consigned to oblivion! O never yet duly extolled knight, Don Quixote of La Mancha, courage of the faint-hearted, prop of the tottering, arm of the fallen, staff and counsel of all who are unfortunate!'

Don Quixote was thunderstruck, Sancho astounded, the cousin staggered, the page astonished, the man from the braying town agape, the landlord in perplexity, and, in short, everyone amazed at the words of the puppet-showman, who went on to say, 'And thou, worthy Sancho Panza, the best squire and squire to the best knight in the world! Be of good cheer, for thy good wife Teresa is well, and she is at this moment hackling a pound of flax; and more by token

she has at her left hand a jug with a broken spout that holds a good drop of wine, with which she solaces herself at her work.'

'That I can well believe,' said Sancho. 'She is a lucky one, and if it was not for her jealousy I would not change her for the giantess Andandona,¹ who by my master's account was a very clever and worthy woman; my Teresa is one of those that won't let themselves want for anything, though their heirs may have to pay for it.'

'Now I declare,' said Don Quixote, 'he who reads much and travels much sees and knows a great deal. I say so because what amount of persuasion could have persuaded me that there are apes in the world that can divine as I have seen now with my own eyes? For I am that very Don Quixote of La Mancha this worthy animal refers to, though he has gone rather too far in my praise; but whatever I may be, I thank heaven that it has endowed me with a tender and compassionate heart, always disposed to do good to all and harm to none.'

'If I had money,' said the page, 'I would ask señor ape what will happen me in the peregrination I am making.'

To this Master Pedro, who had by this time risen from Don Quixote's feet, replied, 'I have already said that this little beast gives no answer as to the future; but if he did, not having money would be of no consequence, for to oblige 'Señor Don Quixote, here present, I would give up all the profits in the world. And now, because I have promised it, and to afford him pleasure, I will set up my show and offer entertainment to all who are in the inn, without any charge

¹ A giantess in *Amadis of Gaul*.

whatever.' As soon as he heard this, the landlord, delighted beyond measure, pointed out a place where the show might be fixed, which was done at once.

Don Quixote was not very well satisfied with the divinations of the ape, as he did not think it proper that an ape should divine anything, either past or future; so while Master Pedro was arranging the show, he retired with Sancho into a corner of the stable, where, without being overheard by anyone, he said to him, 'Look here, Sancho, I have been seriously thinking over this ape's extraordinary gift, and have come to the conclusion that beyond doubt this Master Pedro, his master, has a pact, tacit or express, with the devil.'

'If the packet is express from the devil,' said Sancho, 'it must be a very dirty packet no doubt; but what good can it do Master Pedro to have such packets?'¹

'Thou dost not understand me, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'I only mean he must have made some compact with the devil to infuse this power into the ape, that he may get his living, and after he has grown rich he will give him his soul, which is what the enemy of mankind wants; this I am led to believe by observing that the ape only answers about things past or present, and the devil's knowledge extends no further; for the future he knows only by guesswork, and that not always; for it is reserved for God alone to know the times and the seasons, and for him there is neither past nor future; all is present. This being as it is, it is clear that this ape speaks by the spirit of the devil; and I am astonished they have not denounced him to

¹ In the original, Sancho's mistake is *patio* for *pacto*.

the Holy Office, and put him to the question, and forced it out of him by whose virtue it is that he divines ; because it is certain this ape is not an astrologer ; neither his master nor he sets up, or knows how to set up, those figures they call judiciary,¹ which are now so common in Spain that there is not a jade, or page, or old cobbler, that will not undertake to set up a figure as readily as pick up a knave of cards from the ground, bringing to nought the marvellous truth of the science by their lies and ignorance. I know of a lady who asked one of these figure schemers whether her little lap-dog would be in pup and would breed, and how many and of what colour the little pups would be. To which señor astrologer, after having set up his figure, made answer that the bitch would be in pup, and would drop three pups, one green, another bright red, and the third party-coloured, provided she conceived between eleven and twelve either of the day or night, and on a Monday or Saturday ; but as things turned out, two days after this the bitch died of a surfeit, and señor planet-ruler had the credit all over the place of being a most profound astrologer, as most of these planet-rulers have.'

'Still,' said Sancho, 'I would be glad if your worship would make Master Pedro ask his ape whether what happened your worship in the cave of Montesinos is true ; for, begging your worship's pardon, I, for my part, take it to have been all flam and lies, or at any rate something you dreamt.'

'That may be,' replied Don Quixote ; 'however, I will do what you suggest ; though I have my own scruples about it.'

¹ I.e. belonging to judicial astrology.

At this point Master Pedro came up in quest of Don Quixote, to tell him the show was now ready and to come and see it, for it was worth seeing. Don Quixote explained his wish to him, and begged him to ask his ape at once to tell him whether certain things which had happened to him in the cave of Montesinos were dreams or realities, for to him they appeared to partake of both. Upon this Master Pedro, without answering, went back to fetch the ape, and, having placed it in front of Don Quixote and Sancho, said : ‘ See here, señor ape, this gentleman wishes to know whether certain things which happened to him in the cave called the cave of Montesinos were false or true.’ On his making the usual sign the ape mounted on his left shoulder and seemed to whisper in his ear, and Master Pedro said at once, ‘ The ape says that the things you saw or that happened to you in that cave are, part of them false, part true ; and that he only knows this and no more as regards this question ; but if your worship wishes to know more, on Friday next he will answer all that may be asked him, for his virtue is at present exhausted, and will not return to him till Friday, as he has said.’

‘ Did I not say, señor,’ said Sancho, ‘ that I could not bring myself to believe that all your worship said about the adventures in the cave was true, or even the half of it ?’

‘ The course of events will tell, Sancho,’ replied Don Quixote ; ‘ time, that discloses all things, leaves nothing that it does not drag into the light of day, though it be buried in the bosom of the earth. But enough of that for the present ; let us go and see Master Pedro’s show, for I am sure there must be something novel in it.’

‘Something!’ said Master Pedro; ‘this show of mine has sixty thousand novel things in it; let me tell you, Señor Don Quixote, it is one of the best-worth-seeing things in the world this day; but *operibus credite et non verbis*, and now let’s get to work, for it is growing late, and we have a great deal to do and to say and show.’

Don Quixote and Sancho obeyed him and went to where the show was already put up and uncovered, set all around with lighted wax tapers which made it look splendid and bright. When they came to it Master Pedro ensconced himself inside it, for it was he who had to work the puppets, and a boy, a servant of his, posted himself outside to act as showman and explain the mysteries of the exhibition, having a wand in his hand to point to the figures as they came out. And so, all who were in the inn being arranged in front of the show, some of them standing, and Don Quixote, Sancho, the page, and cousin, accommodated with the best places, the interpreter began to say what he will hear or see who reads or hears the next chapter.

Note A (page 279).

The eastern part of La Mancha, adjoining the Cuenca Mountains, and now part of the province of Cuenca. It had nothing to do with the kingdom of Aragon, as Cervantes seems to have supposed; the name, so Fermin Caballero (*Pericia Geografica de Cervantes*) says, being derived from a hill called Monte Aragon.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE DROLL ADVENTURE OF THE
PUPPET-SHOWMAN, TOGETHER WITH OTHER THINGS IN
TRUTH RIGHT GOOD.

ALL were silent, Tyrians and Trojans ; I mean all who were watching the show were hanging on the lips of the interpreter of its wonders, when drums and trumpets were heard to sound inside it and cannon to go off. The noise was soon over, and then the boy lifted up his voice and said, ' This true story which is here represented to your worships is taken word for word from the French chronicles and from the Spanish ballads that are in everybody's mouth, and in the mouths of the boys about the streets. Its subject is the release by Señor Don Gaiferos of his wife Melisendra,¹ when a captive in Spain at the hands of the Moors in the city of Sansueña, for so they called then what is now called Saragossa ; and there you may see how Don Gaiferos is playing at the tables, just as they sing it—

At tables playing Don Gaiferos sits,
For Melisendra is forgotten now.²

And that personage who appears there with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand is the emperor Charlemagne,

¹ See Note A, p. 298.

² See Note B, p. 298.

the supposed father of Melisendra, who, angered to see his son-in-law's inaction and unconcern, comes in to chide him ; and observe with what vehemence and energy he chides him, so that you would fancy he was going to give him half a dozen raps with his sceptre ; and indeed there are authors who say he did give them, and sound ones too ; and after having said a great deal to him about imperilling his honour by not effecting the release of his wife, he said, so the tale runs,

Enough I've said, see to it now.

Observe, too, how the emperor turns away, and leaves Don Gaiferos fuming ; and you see now how, in a burst of anger, he flings the table and the board far from him and calls in haste for his armour, and asks his cousin Don Roland for the loan of his sword, Durindana,¹ and how Don Roland refuses to lend it, offering him his company in the difficult enterprise he is undertaking ; but he, in his valour and anger, will not accept it, and says that he alone will suffice to rescue his wife, even though she were imprisoned deep in the centre of the earth, and with this he retires to arm himself and set out on his journey at once. Now let your worships turn your eyes to that tower that appears there, which is supposed to be one of the towers of the alcazar of Saragossa, now called the Aljaferia ; that lady who appears on that balcony dressed in Moorish fashion is the peerless Melisendra, for many a time she used to gaze from thence upon the road to France, and seek consolation in her captivity by thinking of Paris and her husband. Observe, too, a new incident which now occurs, such as, perhaps, never was

¹ In the *Chanson de Roland*, 'Durendal.'

seen. Do you not see that Moor, who silently and stealthily, with his finger on his lip, approaches Melisendra from behind? Observe now how he prints a kiss upon her lips, and what a hurry she is in to spit, and wipe them with the white sleeve of her smock, and how she bewails herself, and tears her fair hair as though it were to blame for the wrong. Observe, too, that the stately Moor who is in that corridor is King Marsilio of Sansueña,¹ who, having seen the Moor's insolence, at once orders him (though his kinsman and a great favourite of his) to be seized and given two hundred lashes, while carried through the streets of the city according to custom, with criers going before him and officers of justice behind; and here you see them come out to execute the sentence, although the offence has been scarcely committed; for among the Moors there are no indictments nor remands as with us.'

Here Don Quixote called out, 'Child, child, go straight on with your story, and don't run into curves and slants, for to establish a fact clearly there is need of a great deal of proof and confirmation;' and said Master Pedro from within, 'Boy, stick to your text and do as the gentleman bids you; it's the best plan; keep to your plain song, and don't attempt harmonies, for they are apt to break down from being over fine.'

'I will,' said the boy, and he went on to say, 'This figure that you see here on horseback, covered with a Gascon cloak, is Don Gaiferos himself, whom his wife, now avenged of the insult of the amorous Moor, and taking her stand on the balcony of the tower with a calmer and more tranquil

¹ See Note C, p. 299.

countenance, has perceived without recognising him ; and she addresses her husband, supposing him to be some traveller, and holds with him all that conversation and colloquy in the ballad that runs—

If you, sir knight, to France are bound,
Oh ! for Gaiferos ask—

which I do not repeat here because prolixity begets disgust ; suffice it to observe how Don Gaiferos discovers himself, and that by her joyful gestures Melisendra shows us she has recognised him ; and what is more, we now see she lowers herself from the balcony to place herself on the haunches of her good husband's horse. But ah ! unhappy lady, the edge of her petticoat has caught on one of the bars of the balcony and she is left hanging in the air, unable to reach the ground. But you see how compassionate heaven sends aid in our sorest need ; Don Gaiferos advances, and without minding whether the rich petticoat is torn or not, he seizes her and by force brings her to the ground, and then with one jerk places her on the haunches of his horse, astraddle like a man, and bids her hold on tight and clasp her arms round his neck, crossing them on his breast so as not to fall, for the lady Melisendra was not used to that style of riding.¹ You see, too, how the neighing of the horse shows his satisfaction with the gallant and beautiful burden he bears in his lord and lady. You see how they wheel round and quit the city, and in joy and gladness take the road to Paris. Go in peace, O peerless pair of true lovers ! May you reach your longed-for fatherland in safety, and may fortune interpose no impediment to your prosperous journey ; may the eyes of

¹ See Note D, p. 299.

your friends and kinsmen behold you enjoying in peace and tranquillity the remaining days of your life—and that they may be as many as those of Nestor !’

Here Master Pedro called out again and said, ‘Simplicity, boy ! None of your high flights ; all affectation is bad.’¹

The interpreter made no answer, but went on to say, ‘There was no want of idle eyes, that see everything, to see Melisendra come down and mount, and word was brought to King Marsilio, who at once gave orders to sound the alarm ; and see what a stir there is, and how the city is drowned with the sound of the bells pealing in the towers of all the mosques.’

‘Nay, nay,’ said Don Quixote at this ; ‘on that point of the bells Master Pedro is very inaccurate, for bells are not in use among the Moors ; only kettledrums, and a kind of small trumpet somewhat like our clarion ; to ring bells this way in Sansueña is unquestionably a great absurdity.’

On hearing this, Master Pedro stopped ringing, and said, ‘Don’t look into trifles, Señor Don Quixote, or want to have things up to a pitch of perfection that is out of reach. Are there not almost every day a thousand comedies represented all round us full of thousands of inaccuracies and absurdities, and, for all that, they have a successful run, and are listened to not only with applause, but with admiration and all the rest of it ? Go on, boy, and don’t mind ; for so long as I fill my pouch, no matter if I show as many inaccuracies as there are motes in a sunbeam.’

¹ Prov. 3.

‘True enough,’ said Don Quixote; and the boy went on: ‘See what a numerous and glittering crowd of horsemen issues from the city in pursuit of the two faithful lovers, what a blowing of trumpets there is, what sounding of horns, what beating of drums and tabors; I fear me they will overtake them and bring them back tied to the tail of their own horse, which would be a dreadful sight.’

Don Quixote, however, seeing such a swarm of Moors and hearing such a din, thought it would be right to aid the fugitives, and standing up he exclaimed in a loud voice, ‘Never, while I live, will I permit foul play to be practised in my presence on such a famous knight and fearless lover as Don Gaiferos. Halt! ill-born rabble, follow him not nor pursue him, or ye will have to reckon with me in battle!’ and suiting the action to the word, he drew his sword, and with one bound placed himself close to the show, and with unexampled rapidity and fury began to shower down blows on the puppet troop of Moors, knocking over some, decapitating others, maiming this one and demolishing that; and among many more he delivered one down-stroke which, if Master Pedro had not ducked, made himself small, and got out of the way, would have sliced off his head as easily as if it had been made of almond-paste. Master Pedro kept shouting, ‘Hold hard! Señor Don Quixote! can’t you see they’re not real Moors you’re knocking down and killing and destroying, but only little pasteboard figures! Look—sinner that I am!—how you’re wrecking and ruining all that I’m worth!’ But in spite of this, Don Quixote did not leave off discharging a continuous rain of cuts, slashes, downstrokes, and backstrokes, and at

length, in less than the space of two credos, he brought the whole show to the ground, with all its fittings and figures shivered and knocked to pieces, King Marsilio badly wounded, and the Emperor Charlemagne with his crown and head split in two. The whole audience was thrown into confusion, the ape fled to the roof of the inn, the cousin was frightened, the page was terrified, and even Sancho Panza himself was in mighty fear, for, as he swore after the storm was over, he had never seen his master in such a furious passion.

The complete destruction of the show being thus accomplished, Don Quixote became a little calmer, and said, 'I wish I had here before me now all those who do not or will not believe how useful knights-errant are in the world; just think, if I had not been here present, what would have become of the brave Don Gaiferos and the fair Melisendra! Depend upon it, by this time those dogs would have overtaken them and inflicted some outrage upon them. So, then, long live knight-errantry beyond everything living on earth this day!'

'Let it live, and welcome,' said Master Pedro at this in a feeble voice, 'and let me die, for I am so unfortunate that I can say with King Don Rodrigo—

Yesterday was I lord of Spain—

To-day I've not a turret left

That I may call mine own.¹

Not half an hour, nay, barely a minute ago, I saw myself lord of kings and emperors, with my stables filled with

¹ See Note E, p. 299.

countless horses, and my trunks and bags with gay dresses unnumbered; and now I find myself ruined and laid low, destitute and a beggar, and above all without my ape, for, by my faith, my teeth will have to sweat for it before I have him caught; and all through the reckless fury of sir knight here, who, they say, protects the fatherless, and rights wrongs, and does other charitable deeds; but whose generous intentions have been found wanting in my case only, blessed and praised be the highest heavens! Verily, knight of the rueful figure he must be to have disfigured mine.'

Sancho Panza was touched by Master Pedro's words, and said to him, 'Don't weep and lament, Master Pedro; you break my heart; let me tell you my master, Don Quixote, is so catholic and scrupulous a Christian that, if he can make out that he has done you any wrong, he will own it, and be willing to pay for it and make it good, and something over and above.'

'Only let Señor Don Quixote pay me for some part of the work he has destroyed,' said Master Pedro, 'and I would be content, and his worship would ease his conscience, for he cannot be saved who keeps what is another's against the owner's will, and makes no restitution.'

'That is true,' said Don Quixote; 'but at present I am not aware that I have got anything of yours, Master Pedro.'

'What!' returned Master Pedro; 'and these relics lying here on the bare hard ground—what scattered and shattered them but the invincible strength of that mighty arm? And whose were the bodies they belonged to but mine? And what did I get my living by but by them?'

‘Now am I fully convinced,’ said Don Quixote, ‘of what I had many a time before believed ; that the enchanters who persecute me do nothing more than put figures like these before my eyes, and then change and turn them into what they please. In truth and earnest, I assure you gentlemen who now hear me, that to me everything that has taken place here seemed to take place literally, that Melisendra was Melisendra, Don Gaiferos Don Gaiferos, Marsilio Marsilio, and Charlemagne Charlemagne. That was why my anger was roused ; and to be faithful to my calling as a knight-errant I sought to give aid and protection to those who fled, and with this good intention I did what you have seen. If the result has been the opposite of what I intended, it is no fault of mine, but of those wicked beings that persecute me ; but, for all that, I am willing to condemn myself in costs for this error of mine, though it did not proceed from malice ; let Master Pedro see what he wants for the spoiled figures, for I agree to pay it at once in good and current money of Castile.’

Master Pedro made him a bow, saying, ‘I expected no less of the rare Christianity of the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha, true helper and protector of all destitute and needy vagabonds ; master landlord here and the great Sancho Panza shall be the arbitrators and appraisers between your worship and me of what these dilapidated figures are worth or may be worth.’

The landlord and Sancho consented, and then Master Pedro picked up from the ground King Marsilio of Saragossa with his head off, and said, ‘Here you see how impossible it is to restore this king to his former state, so I

think, saving your better judgments, that for his death, decease, and demise, four reals and a half may be given me.'

'Proceed,' said Don Quixote.

'Well then, for this cleavage from top to bottom,' continued Master Pedro, taking up the split Emperor Charlemagne, 'it would not be much if I were to ask five reals and a quarter.'

'It's not little,' said Sancho.

'Nor is it much,' said the landlord; 'make it even, and say five reals.'

'Let him have the whole five and a quarter,' said Don Quixote; 'for the sum total of this notable disaster does not stand on a quarter more or less; and make an end of it quickly, Master Pedro, for it's getting on to supper-time, and I have some hints of hunger.'

'For this figure,' said Master Pedro, 'that is without a nose, and wants an eye, and is the fair Melisendra, I ask, and I am reasonable in my charge, two reals and twelve maravedis.'

'The very devil must be in it,' said Don Quixote, 'if Melisendra and her husband are not by this time at least on the French border, for the horse they rode on seemed to me to fly rather than gallop; so you needn't try to sell me the cat for the hare,¹ showing me here a noseless Melisendra when she is now, may be, enjoying herself at her ease with her husband in France. God help every one to his own, Master Pedro, and let us all proceed fairly and honestly; and now go on.'

¹ Prov. 104

Master Pedro, perceiving that Don Quixote was beginning to wander, and return to his original fancy, was not disposed to let him escape, so he said to him, 'This cannot be Melisendra, but must be one of the damsels that waited on her ; so if I'm given sixty maravedis for her, I'll be content and sufficiently paid.'

And so he went on, putting values on ever so many more smashed figures, which, after the two arbitrators had adjusted them to the satisfaction of both parties, came to forty reals and three-quarters ; and over and above this sum, which Sancho at once disbursed, Master Pedro asked for two reals for his trouble in catching the ape.

'Let him have them, Sancho,' said Don Quixote ; 'not to catch the ape, but to get drunk ;¹ and two hundred would I give this minute for the good news, to anyone who could tell me positively, that the lady Doña Melisendra and Señor Don Gaiferos were now in France and with their own people.'

'No one could tell us that better than my ape,' said Master Pedro ; 'but there's no devil that could catch him now ; I suspect, however, that affection and hunger will drive him to come looking for me to-night ; but to-morrow will soon be here and we shall see.'

✓ In short, the puppet-show storm passed off, and all supped in peace and good fellowship at Don Quixote's expense, for he was the height of generosity. Before it was daylight the man with the lances and halberds took his

¹ The joke here is untranslatable. Don Quixote says, 'not to catch the ape, but the she-ape ;' *pillar la mona* being a slang phrase for 'to get drunk.'

departure, and soon after daybreak the cousin and the page came to bid Don Quixote farewell, the former returning home, the latter resuming his journey, towards which, to help him, Don Quixote gave him twelve reals. Master Pedro did not care to engage in any more palaver with Don Quixote, whom he knew right well ; so he rose before the sun, and having got together the remains of his show and caught his ape, he too went off to seek his adventures. The landlord, who did not know Don Quixote, was as much astonished at his mad freaks as at his generosity. To conclude, Sancho, by his master's orders, paid him very liberally, and taking leave of him they quitted the inn at about eight in the morning and took to the road, where we will leave them to pursue their journey, for this is necessary in order to allow certain other matters to be set forth, which are required to clear up this famous history.

Note A (page 287).

There is, however, no trace of the story of Gaiferos and Melisenda (which is the correct form of the name) in any French chronicle or romance. Master Pedro's puppet-show follows closely the ballad—

‘Asentado está Gaiferos
En el palacio real,’

which is in the three oldest *Cancioneros de Romances*, and in Duran's *Romancero General*, No. 377.

Note B (page 287).

These lines are not a quotation from the old ballad, but from a more modern piece of verse in octaves, in the National Library at Madrid. ‘Tables’ was a game something like tric-trac or backgammon ; not chess, as Dunlop supposes. It was played with dice.

Note C (page 289).

Marsilio is, of course, the Marsiles of the *Chanson de Roland*, and, in spite of the company in which he appears, a historical personage, the name being a corruption of Omari filius, i.e. Abd el Malek Ibn Omar, Wali of Saragossa at the time of Charlemagne's invasion. In the ballad, however, he is called Almanzor.

Note D (page 290).

Gongora has a droll ballad on this subject—

‘Desde Sansueña á Paris’—

in which he expresses his sympathy with Melisendra's sufferings during her ride.

Note E (page 293).

From the ballad on the rout of King Roderick's army at the battle of the Guadalete—

‘Las huestes del Rey Rodrigo
Desmayaban y huían.’

Cancionero de Romances, s.a. Antwerp.
Duran, *Romancero General*, No. 599.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEREIN IT IS SHOWN WHO MASTER PEDRO AND HIS APE WERE, TOGETHER WITH THE MISHAP DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE BRAYING ADVENTURE, WHICH HE DID NOT CONCLUDE AS HE WOULD HAVE LIKED OR AS HE HAD EXPECTED.

CID HAMET, the chronicler of this great history, begins this chapter with these words, ‘I swear as a catholic Christian ;’ with regard to which his translator says that Cid Hamet’s swearing as a catholic Christian, he being—as no doubt he was—a Moor, only meant that, just as a catholic Christian taking an oath swears, or ought to swear, what is true, and tell the truth in what he avers, so he was telling the truth, as much as if he swore as a catholic Christian, in all he chose to write about Quixote, especially in declaring who Master Pedro was and what was the divining ape that astonished all the villages with his divinations. He says, then, that he who has read the First Part of this history will remember well enough the Gines de Pasamonte whom, with other galley slaves, Don Quixote set free in the Sierra Morena ; a kindness for which he afterwards got poor thanks and worse payment from that evil-minded, ill-conditioned set. This Gines de Pasamonte—Don Ginesillo de Paropillo, Don Quixote called him—it was that stole Dapple from Sancho Panza ; which, because by the fault of the printers neither

the how nor the when was stated in the First Part, has been a puzzle to a good many people, who attribute to the bad memory of the author what was the error of the press.¹ In fact, however, Gines stole him while Sancho Panza was asleep on his back, adopting the plan and device that Brunello had recourse to when he stole Sacripante's horse from between his legs at the siege of Albracca; and, as has been told, Sancho afterwards recovered him. This Gines, then, afraid of being caught by the officers of justice, who were looking for him to punish him for his numberless rascalities and offences (which were so many and so great that he himself wrote a big book giving an account of them), resolved to shift his quarters into the kingdom of Aragon,² and cover up his left eye, and take up the trade of a puppet-showman; for this, as well as juggling, he knew how to practise to perfection. From some released Christians returning from Barbary, it so happened, he bought the ape, which he taught to mount upon his shoulder on his making a certain sign, and to whisper, or seem to do so, in his ear. Thus prepared, before entering any village whither he was bound with his show and his ape, he used to inform himself at the nearest village, or from the most likely person he could find, as to what particular things had happened there, and to whom; and bearing them well in mind, the first thing he did was to exhibit his show, sometimes one story, sometimes another, but all lively, amusing, and familiar.

¹ Here we have an additional proof that Cervantes did not supply the correction in the second edition, Part I. chap. xxiii., and was not even aware that it had been made.

² From this it would seem that Cervantes was under the impression that La Mancha de Aragon belonged to the kingdom of Aragon.

As soon as the exhibition was over he brought forward the accomplishments of his ape, assuring the public that he divined all the past and the present, but as to the future he had no skill. For each question answered he asked two reals, and for some he made a reduction, just as he happened to feel the pulse of the questioners; and when now and then he came to houses where things that he knew of had happened to the people living there, even if they did not ask him a question, not caring to pay for it, he would make the sign to the ape and then declare that it had said so and so, which fitted the case exactly. In this way he acquired a prodigious name and all ran after him; on other occasions, being very crafty, he would answer in such a way that the answers suited the questions; and as no one cross-questioned him or pressed him to tell how his ape divined, he made fools of them all and filled his pouch. The instant he entered the inn he knew Don Quixote and Sancho, and with that knowledge it was easy for him to astonish them and all who were there; but it would have cost him dear had Don Quixote brought down his hand a little lower when he cut off King Marsilio's head and destroyed all his horse-men, as related in the preceding chapter.

So much for Master Pedro and his ape; and now to return to Don Quixote of La Mancha,—after he had left the inn he determined to visit, first of all, the banks of the Ebro and that neighbourhood, before entering the city of Saragossa, for the ample time there was still to spare before the jousts left him enough for all. With this object in view he followed the road and travelled along it for two days, without meeting any adventure worth committing to writing,

until on the third day, as he was ascending a hill, he heard a great noise of drums, trumpets, and musket-shots. At first he imagined some regiment of soldiers was passing that way, and to see them he spurred Rocinante and mounted the hill. On reaching the top he saw at the foot of it over two hundred men, as it seemed to him, armed with weapons of various sorts, lances, cross-bows, partisans, halberds, and pikes, and a few muskets and a great many bucklers. He descended the slope and approached the band near enough to see distinctly the flags, make out the colours and distinguish the devices they bore, especially one on a standard or ensign of white satin, on which there was painted in a very life-like style an ass like a little sard,¹ with its head up, its mouth open and its tongue out, as if it were in the act and attitude of braying; and round it were inscribed in large characters these two lines—

They did not bray in vain,
Our alcaldes twain.

From this device Don Quixote concluded that these people must be from the braying town, and he said so to Sancho, explaining to him what was written on the standard. At the same time he observed that the man who had told them about the matter was wrong in saying that the two who brayed were regidores, for according to the lines on the standard they were alcaldes. To which Sancho replied, ‘Señor, there’s nothing to stick at in that, for maybe the regidores who brayed then came to be alcaldes of their town afterwards, and so they may go by both titles; moreover, it

¹ I.e. a Sardinian pony, just as we say ‘a Shetland.’

has nothing to do with the truth of the story whether the brayers were alcaldes or regidores, provided at any rate they did bray; for an alcalde is just as likely to bray as a regidor.' They perceived, in short, clearly that the town which had been twitted had turned out to do battle with some other that had jeered it more than was fair or neighbourly.

✓ Don Quixote proceeded to join them, not a little to Sancho's uneasiness, for he never relished mixing himself up in expeditions of that sort. The members of the troop received him into the midst of them, taking him to be some one who was on their side. Don Quixote, putting up his visor, advanced with an easy bearing and demeanour to the standard with the ass, and all the chief men of the army gathered round him to look at him, staring at him with the usual amazement that everybody felt on seeing him for the first time. Don Quixote, seeing them examining him so attentively, and that none of them spoke to him or put any question to him, determined to take advantage of their silence; so, breaking his own, he lifted up his voice and said, 'Worthy sirs, I entreat you as earnestly as I can not to interrupt an argument I wish to address to you, until you find it displeases or wearies you; and if that come to pass, on the slightest hint you give me I will put a seal upon my lips and a gag upon my tongue.'

They all bade him say what he liked, for they would listen to him willingly.

With this permission Don Quixote went on to say, 'I, sirs, am a knight-errant whose calling is that of arms, and whose profession is to protect those who require protection, and give help to such as stand in need of it. Some days

ago I became acquainted with your misfortune and the cause which impels you to take up arms again and again to revenge yourselves upon your enemies ; and having many times thought over your business in my mind, I find that, according to the laws of combat, you are mistaken in holding yourselves insulted ; for a private individual cannot insult an entire community ; unless it be by defying it collectively as a traitor, because he cannot tell who in particular is guilty of the treason for which he defies it. Of this we have an example in Don Diego Ordoñez de Lara, who defied the whole town of Zamora, because he did not know that Vellido Dolfos alone had committed the treachery of slaying his King ; and therefore he defied them all, and the vengeance and the reply concerned all ; though, to be sure, Señor Don Diego went rather too far, indeed very much beyond the limits of a defiance ; for he had no occasion to defy the dead, or the waters, or the fishes,¹ or those yet unborn, and all the rest of it as set forth ; but let that pass, for when anger breaks out there's no father, governor, or bridle to check the tongue. The case being, then, that no one person can insult a kingdom, province, city, state, or entire community, it is clear there is no reason for going out to avenge the defiance of such an insult, inasmuch as it is not one. A fine thing it would be if the people of the clock town were to be at loggerheads every moment with everyone who called them by that name,—or the Cazoleros, Berengeneros, Ballenatos, Jaboneros,² or the bearers of all the other names and titles that are always in the mouths of the boys and common people ! It would be a nice business

¹ See Note A, p. 309.

² See Note B, p. 309.

indeed if all these illustrious cities were to take huff and revênge themselves and go about perpetually making trom-bones of their swords in every petty quarrel ! No, no ; God forbid ! There are four things for which sensible men and well-ordered States ought to take up arms, draw their swords, and risk their persons, lives, and properties. The first is to defend the Catholic faith ; the second, to defend one's life, which is in accordance with natural and divine law ; the third, in defence of one's honour, family, and property ; the fourth, in the service of one's King in a just war ; and if to these we choose to add a fifth (which may be included in the second), in defence of one's country. To these five, as it were capital causes, there may be added some others that may be just and reasonable, and make it a duty to take up arms ; but to take them up for trifles and things to laugh at and be amused by rather than offended, looks as though he who did so was altogether wanting in common sense. Moreover, to take an unjust revenge (and there cannot be any just one) is directly opposed to the sacred law that we acknowledge, wherein we are commanded to do good to our enemies and to love them that hate us ; a command which, though it seems somewhat difficult to obey, is only so to those who have in them less of God than of the world, and more of the flesh than of the spirit ; for Jesus Christ, God and true man, who never lied, and could not and cannot lie, said, as our law-giver, that his yoke was easy and his burden light ; he would not, therefore, have laid any command upon us that it was impossible to obey. Thus, sirs, you are bound to keep quiet by human and divine law.'

‘The devil take me,’ said Sancho to himself at this, ‘but this master of mine is a tologian ; or, if not, faith, he’s as like one as one egg is like another.’

✓ Don Quixote stopped to take breath, and, observing that silence was still preserved, had a mind to continue his discourse, and would have done so had not Sancho interposed with his smartness ; for he, seeing his master pause, took the lead, saying, ‘My lord Don Quixote of La Mancha, who once was called The Knight of the Rueful Countenance, but now is called the Knight of the Lions, is a gentleman of great discretion who knows Latin and his mother tongue like a bachelor, and in everything that he deals with or advises proceeds like a good soldier, and has all the laws and ordinances of what they call combat at his fingers’ ends ; so you have nothing to do but to let yourselves be guided by what he says, and on my head be it if it is wrong. Besides which, you have been told that it is folly to take offence at merely hearing a bray. I remember when I was a boy I brayed as often as I had a fancy, without anyone hindering me, and so elegantly and naturally that when I brayed all the asses in the town would bray ; but I was none the less for that the son of my parents, who were greatly respected ; and though I was envied because of the gift by more than one of the high and mighty ones of the town, I did not care two farthings for it ; and that you may see I am telling the truth, wait a bit and listen, for this art, like swimming, once learnt is never forgotten ;’ and then, taking hold of his nose, he began to bray so vigorously that all the valleys around rang again.

One of those, however, that stood near him, fancying

he was mocking them, lifted up a long staff he had in his hand and smote him such a blow with it that Sancho dropped helpless to the ground. Don Quixote, seeing him so roughly handled, attacked the man who had struck him lance in hand, but so many thrust themselves between them that he could not avenge him. Far from it, finding a shower of stones rained upon him, and crossbows and muskets unnumbered levelled at him, he wheeled Rocinante round and, as fast as his best gallop could take him, fled from the midst of them, commending himself to God with all his heart to deliver him out of this peril, in dread every step of some ball coming in at his back and coming out at his breast, and every minute drawing his breath to see whether it had gone from him. The members of the band, however, were satisfied with seeing him take to flight, and did not fire on him. They put up Sancho, scarcely restored to his senses, on his ass, and let him go after his master ; not that he was sufficiently in his wits to guide the beast, but Dapple followed the footsteps of Rocinante, from whom he could not remain a moment separated. Don Quixote having got some way off looked back, and seeing Sancho coming, waited for him, as he perceived that no one followed him. The men of the troop stood their ground till night, and as the enemy did not come out to battle, they returned to their town in high spirits and exulting ; and had they been aware of the ancient custom of the Greeks, they would have erected a trophy on the spot.

Note A (page 305).

V. the ballad—

‘Ya cabalga Diego Ordoñez.’

Canc. de Romances, Antwerp, 1550.Duran, *Rom. Gen.* No. 791.*Note B (page 305).*

The Cazoleros (or, more properly, Cazalleros) were the people of Valladolid, so called because of their townsman, Cazalla, burned as a Lutheran in 1559; the Berengeneros were the Toledans, *berengenas*, or egg-plants, being grown in large quantities in the neighbourhood; the inhabitants of Madrid were nicknamed the Ballenatos, i.e. the whalemén, from a story that they took a mule's pack-saddle, floating down the Manzanares in a flood, for a whale. Who the people of the clock town, or the Jaboneros—the soapmen—were, is uncertain.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OF MATTERS THAT BENENGELI SAYS HE WHO READS THEM
WILL KNOW, IF HE READS THEM WITH ATTENTION.

WHEN the brave man flees, treachery is manifest, and it is for wise men to reserve themselves for better occasions. This proved to be the case with Don Quixote, who, giving way before the fury of the townsfolk and the hostile intentions of the angry troop, took to flight and, without a thought of Sancho or the danger in which he was leaving him, retreated to such a distance as he thought made him safe. Sancho, lying across his ass, followed him, as has been said, and at length came up, having by this time recovered his senses, and on joining him let himself drop off Dapple at Rocinante's feet, sore, bruised, and belaboured. Don Quixote dismounted to examine his wounds, but finding him whole from head to foot, he said to him, angrily enough, 'In an evil hour didst thou take to braying, Sancho! Where hast thou learned that it is well done to mention the rope in the house of the man that has been hanged?'¹ To the music of brays what harmonies couldst thou expect to get but cudgels? Give thanks to God, Sancho, that they signed the cross on thee just now with a stick, and did not mark thee *per signum crucis* with a cutlass.'

¹ Prov. 219.

‘I’m not equal to answering,’ said Sancho, ‘for I feel as if I was speaking through my shoulders; let us mount and get away from this; I’ll keep from braying, but not from saying that knights-errant fly and leave their good squires to be pounded like privet, or made meal of at the hands of their enemies.’

‘He does not fly who retires,’ returned Don Quixote; ‘for I would have thee know, Sancho, that the valour which is not based upon a foundation of prudence is called rashness, and the exploits of the rash man are to be attributed rather to good fortune than to courage; and so I own that I retired, but not that I fled; and therein I have followed the example of many valiant men who have reserved themselves for better times; the histories are full of instances of this, but as it would not be any good to thee or pleasure to me, I will not recount them to thee now.’

Sancho was by this time mounted with the help of Don Quixote, who then himself mounted Rocinante, and at a leisurely pace they proceeded to take shelter in a grove which was in sight about a quarter of a league off. Every now and then Sancho gave vent to deep sighs and dismal groans, and on Don Quixote asking him what caused such acute suffering, he replied that, from the end of his backbone up to the nape of his neck, he was so sore that it nearly drove him out of his senses.

‘The cause of that soreness,’ said Don Quixote, ‘will be, no doubt, that the staff wherewith they smote thee being a very long one, it caught thee all down the back, where all the parts that are sore are situated, and had it reached any further thou wouldst be sorer still.’

‘By God,’ said Sancho, ‘your worship has relieved me of a great doubt, and cleared up the point for me in elegant style! Body o’ me! is the cause of my soreness such a mystery that there’s any need to tell me I am sore everywhere the staff hit me? If it was my ankles that pained me there might be something in going divining why they did, but it is not much to divine that I’m sore where they thrashed me. By my faith, master mine, the ills of others hang by a hair; ¹ every day I am discovering more and more how little I have to hope for from keeping company with your worship; for if this time you have allowed me to be drubbed, the next time, or a hundred times more, we’ll have the blanketings of the other day over again, and all the other pranks which, if they have fallen on my shoulders now, will be thrown in my teeth by-and-by. I would do a great deal better (if I was not an ignorant brute that will never do any good all my life), I would do a great deal better, I say, to go home to my wife and children and support them and bring them up on what God may please to give me, instead of following your worship along roads that lead nowhere and paths that are none at all, with little to drink and less to eat. And then when it comes to sleeping! Measure out seven feet on the earth, brother squire, and if that’s not enough for you, take as many more, for you may have it all your own way and stretch yourself to your heart’s content. Oh that I could see burnt and turned to ashes the first man that meddled with knight-errantry, or at any rate the first who chose to be squire to such fools as all the knights-errant of past times must have been! Of those of the present

¹ Prov. 132.

day I say nothing, because, as your worship is one of them, I respect them, and because I know your worship knows a point more than the devil in all you say and think.'

'I would lay a good wager with you, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that now that you are talking on without anyone to stop you, you don't feel a pain in your whole body. Talk away, my son, say whatever comes into your head or mouth, for so long as you feel no pain, the irritation your impertinences give me will be a pleasure to me; and if you are so anxious to go home to your wife and children, God forbid that I should prevent you; you have money of mine; see how long it is since we left our village this third time,¹ and how much you can and ought to earn every month, and pay yourself out of your own hand.'

'When I worked for Tom Carrasco, the father of the bachelor Samson Carrasco that your worship knows,' replied Sancho, 'I used to earn two ducats a month besides my food; I can't tell what I can earn with your worship, though I know a knight-errant's squire has harder times of it than he who works for a farmer; for after all, we who work for farmers, however much we toil all day, at the worst, at night, we have our olla supper and sleep in a bed, which I have not slept in since I have been in your worship's service, if it wasn't the short time we were in Don Diego de Miranda's house, and the feast I had with the skimmings I took off Camacho's pots, and what I ate, drank, and slept in Basilio's house; all the rest of the time I have been sleeping on the hard ground under the open sky,

¹ Don Quixote forgets that Sancho was not with him the first time he left home.

exposed to what they call the inclemencies of heaven, keeping life in me with scraps of cheese and crusts of bread, and drinking water either from the brooks or from the springs we come to on these by-paths we travel.'

'I own, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that all thou sayest is true; how much, thinkest thou, ought I to give thee over and above what Tom Carrasco gave thee?'

'I think,' said Sancho, 'that if your worship was to add on two reals a month I'd consider myself well paid; that is, as far as the wages of my labour go; but to make up to me for your worship's pledge and promise to me to give me the government of an island, it would be fair to add six reals more, making thirty in all.'

'Very good,' said Don Quixote; 'it is twenty-five days since we left our village, so reckon up, Sancho, according to the wages you have made out for yourself, and see how much I owe you in proportion, and pay yourself, as I said before, out of your own hand.'

'O body o' me!' said Sancho, 'but your worship is very much out in that reckoning; for when it comes to the promise of the island we must count from the day your worship promised it to me to this present hour we are at now.'

'Well, how long is it, Sancho, since I promised it to you?' said Don Quixote.

'If I remember rightly,' said Sancho, 'it must be over twenty years, three days more or less.'

Don Quixote gave himself a great slap on the forehead and began to laugh heartily, and said he, 'Why, I have not been wandering, either in the Sierra Morena or in the whole course of our sallies, but barely two months, and thou sayest,

Sancho, that it is twenty years since I promised thee the island. I believe now thou wouldst have all the money thou hast of mine go in thy wages. If so, and if that be thy pleasure, I give it to thee now, once and for all, and much good may it do thee, for so long as I see myself rid of such a good-for-nothing squire I'll be glad to be left a pauper without a rap. But tell me, thou perverter of the squirely rules of knight-errantry, where hast thou ever seen or read that any knight-errant's squire made terms with his lord, "you must give me so much a month for serving you"? Plunge, O scoundrel, rogue, monster—for such I take thee to be—plunge, I say, into the *mare magnum* of their histories; and if thou shalt find that any squire ever said or thought what thou hast said now, I will let thee nail it on my forehead, and give me, over and above, four sound slaps in the face. Turn the rein, or the halter, of thy Dapple, and begone home; for one single step further thou shalt not make in my company. O bread thanklessly received! O promises ill-bestowed! O man more beast than human being! Now, when I was about to raise thee to such a position, that, in spite of thy wife, they would call thee "my lord," thou art leaving me? Thou art going now when I had a firm and fixed intention of making thee lord of the best island in the world? Well, as thou thyself hast said before now, honey is not for the mouth of the ass.¹ Ass thou art, ass thou wilt be, and ass thou wilt end when the course of thy life is run; for I know it will come to its close before thou dost perceive or discern that thou art a beast.'

Sancho regarded Don Quixote earnestly while he was

¹ Prov. 138.

giving him this rating, and was so touched by remorse that the tears came to his eyes, and in a piteous and broken voice he said to him, 'Master mine, I confess that, to be a complete ass, all I want is a tail; if your worship will only fix one on to me, I'll look on it as rightly placed, and I'll serve you as an ass all the remaining days of my life. Forgive me and have pity on my folly, and remember I know but little, and, if I talk much, it's more from infirmity than malice; but he who sins and mends commends himself to God.'¹

'I should have been surprised, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'if thou hadst not introduced some bit of a proverb into thy speech. Well, well, I forgive thee, provided thou dost mend and not show thyself in future so fond of thine own interest, but try to be of good cheer and take heart, and encourage thyself to look forward to the fulfilment of my promises, which, by being delayed, does not become impossible.'

Sancho said he would do so, and keep up his heart as best he could. They then entered the grove, and Don Quixote settled himself at the foot of an elm, and Sancho at that of a beech, for trees of this kind and others like them always have feet but no hands. Sancho passed the night in pain, for with the evening dews the blow of the staff made itself felt all the more. Don Quixote passed it in his never-failing meditations; but, for all that, they had some winks of sleep, and with the appearance of daylight they pursued their journey in quest of the banks of the famous Elbro, where that befell them which will be told in the following chapter.

¹ Prov. 83.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OF THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED BARK.

By stages as already described or left undescribed, two days after quitting the grove Don Quixote and Sancho reached the river Ebro,¹ and the sight of it was a great delight to Don Quixote as he contemplated and gazed upon the charms of its banks, the clearness of its stream, the gentleness of its current and the abundance of its crystal waters ; and the pleasant view revived a thousand tender thoughts in his mind. Above all, he dwelt upon what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos ; for though Master Pedro's ape had told him that of those things part was true, part false, he clung more to their truth than to their falsehood, the very reverse of Sancho, who held them all to be downright lies.

As they were thus proceeding, then, they discovered a small boat, without oars or any other gear, that lay at the water's edge tied to the stem of a tree growing on the bank. Don Quixote looked all round, and seeing nobody, at once, without more ado, dismounted from Rocinante and bade Sancho get down from Dapple and tie both beasts securely to the trunk of a poplar or willow that stood there. Sancho asked him the reason of this sudden dismounting and tying.

¹ See Note A, p. 325.

Don Quixote made answer, ‘Thou must know, Sancho, that this bark here is plainly, and without the possibility of any alternative, calling and inviting me to enter it, and in it go to give aid to some knight or other person of distinction in need of it, who is no doubt in some sore strait; for this is the way of the books of chivalry and of the enchanters who figure and speak in them. When a knight is involved in some difficulty from which he cannot be delivered save by the hand of another knight, though they may be at a distance of two or three thousand leagues or more one from the other, they either take him up on a cloud, or they provide a bark for him to get into, and in less than the twinkling of an eye they carry him where they will and where his help is required; and so, Sancho, this bark is placed here for the same purpose; this is as true as that it is now day, and ere this one passes tie Dapple and Rocinante together, and then in God’s hand be it to guide us; for I would not hold back from embarking, though bare-footed friars were to beg me.’

‘As that’s the case,’ said Sancho, ‘and your worship chooses to give in to these—I don’t know if I may call them absurdities—at every turn, there’s nothing for it but to obey and bow the head, bearing in mind the proverb, “Do as thy master bids thee, and sit down to table with him;”¹ but for all that, for the sake of easing my conscience, I want to warn your worship that it is my opinion this bark is no enchanted one, but belongs to some of the fishermen of the river, for they catch the best shad in the world here.’

As Sancho said this, he tied the beasts, leaving them

¹ Prov. 12.

to the care and protection of the enchanters with sorrow enough in his heart. Don Quixote bade him not be uneasy about deserting the animals, for he who would carry themselves over such longinquous roads and regions would take care to feed them.'

'I don't understand that logiquous,' said Sancho, 'nor have I ever heard the word all the days of my life.'

'Longinquous,' replied Don Quixote, 'means far off; but it is no wonder thou dost not understand it, for thou art not bound to know Latin, like some who pretend to know it and don't.'

'Now they are tied,' said Sancho; 'what are we to do next?'

'What?' said Don Quixote, 'cross ourselves and weigh anchor; I mean, embark and cut the moorings by which the bark is held;' and jumping into it, followed by Sancho, he cut the rope, and the bark began to drift away slowly from the bank. But when Sancho saw himself somewhere about two yards out in the river, he began to tremble and give himself up for lost; but nothing distressed him more than hearing Dapple bray and seeing Rocinante struggling to get loose, and said he to his master, 'Dapple is braying in grief at our leaving him, and Rocinante is trying to escape and plunge in after us. O dear friends, peace be with you, and may this madness that is taking us away from you, turned into sober sense, bring us back to you.' And with this he fell weeping so bitterly, that Don Quixote said to him, sharply and angrily, 'What art thou afraid of, cowardly creature? What art thou weeping at, heart of butter-paste? Who pursues or molests thee, thou soul of

a tame mouse? What dost thou want, unsatisfied in the very heart of abundance? Art thou, perchance, tramping barefoot over the Riphæan mountains, instead of being seated on a bench like an archduke on the tranquil stream of this pleasant river, from which in a short space we shall come out upon the broad sea? But we must have already emerged and gone seven hundred or eight hundred leagues; and if I had here an astrolabe to take the altitude of the pole, I could tell thee how many we have travelled, though either I know little, or we have already crossed or shall shortly cross the equinoctial line which parts the two opposite poles midway.'

'And when we come to that lane your worship speaks of,' said Sancho, 'how far shall we have gone?'

'Very far,' said Don Quixote, 'for of the three hundred and sixty degrees that this terraqueous globe contains, as computed by Ptolemy, the greatest cosmographer known, we shall have travelled one-half when we come to the line I spoke of.'

'By God,' said Sancho, 'your worship gives me a nice authority for what you say, putrid Dolly something transmogrified, or whatever it is.'

Don Quixote laughed at the interpretation Sancho put upon 'computed,' and the name of the cosmographer Ptolemy, and said he, 'Thou must know, Sancho, that with the Spaniards and those who embark at Cadiz for the East Indies, one of the signs they have to show them when they have passed the equinoctial line I told thee of, is, that the lice die upon everybody on board the ship, and not a single one is left, or to be found in the whole vessel if they gave its

weight in gold for it ; so, Sancho, thou mayest as well pass thy hand down thy thigh, and if thou comest upon anything alive we shall be no longer in doubt ; if not, then we have crossed.’¹

‘ I don’t believe a bit of it,’ said Sancho ; ‘ still, I’ll do as your worship bids me ; though I don’t know what need there is for trying these experiments, for I can see with my own eyes that we have not moved five yards away from the bank, or shifted two yards from where the animals stand,² for there are Rocinante and Dapple in the very same place where we left them ; and watching a point, as I do now, I swear by all that’s good, we are not stirring or moving at the pace of an ant.’

‘ Try the test I told thee of, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ and don’t mind any other, for thou knowest nothing about colures, lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoxes, planets, signs, bearings, the measures of which the celestial and terrestrial spheres are composed ; if thou wert acquainted with all these things, or any portion of them, thou wouldst see clearly how many parallels we have cut, what signs we have seen, and what constellations we have left behind and are now leaving behind. But again I tell thee, feel and hunt, for I am certain thou art cleaner than a sheet of smooth white paper.’

Sancho felt, and passing his hand gently and carefully down to the hollow of his left knee, he looked up at his master and said, ‘ Either the test is a false one, or we have

¹ In the *Theatrum orbis terrarum* of Abraham Ortelius (Antwerp, 1600), this phenomenon is said to be observable immediately after passing the Azores.

² See Note B, p. 326.

not come to where your worship says, nor within many leagues of it.'

'Why, how so?' asked Don Quixote; 'hast thou come upon aught?'

'Ay, and aughts,' replied Sancho; and shaking his fingers he washed his whole hand in the river along which the boat was quietly gliding in mid-stream, not moved by any occult intelligence or invisible enchanter, but simply by the current, just there smooth and gentle.

\ They now came in sight of some large water mills that stood in the middle of the river,¹ and the instant Don Quixote saw them he cried out to Sancho, 'Seest thou there, my friend? there stands the city, castle, or fortress, where there is, no doubt, some knight in durance, or ill-used queen, or infanta, or princess, in aid of whom I am brought hither.'

'What the devil city, fortress, or castle is your worship talking about, señor?' said Sancho; 'don't you see that those are mills that stand in the river to grind corn?'

'Hold thy peace, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'though they look like mills they are not so; I have already told thee that enchantments transform things and change their proper shapes; I do not mean to say they really change them from one form into another, but that it seems as though they did, as experience proved in the transformation of Dulcinea, sole refuge of my hopes.'

By this time, the boat, having reached the middle of the stream, began to move less slowly than hitherto. The millers belonging to the mills, when they saw the boat

¹ Floating mills, moored in mid-stream, are common on the Ebro.

coming down the river, and on the point of being sucked in by the draught of the wheels, ran out in haste, several of them, with long poles to stop it, and being all mealy, with faces and garments covered with flour, they presented a sinister appearance. They raised loud shouts, crying, 'Devils of men, where are you going to? Are you mad? Do you want to drown yourselves, or dash yourselves to pieces among these wheels?'

'Did I not tell thee, Sancho,' said Don Quixote at this, 'that we had reached the place where I am to show what the might of my arm can do? See what ruffians and villains come out against me; see what monsters oppose me; see what hideous countenances come to frighten us! You shall soon see, scoundrels!' And then standing up in the boat he began in a loud voice to hurl threats at the millers, exclaiming, 'Ill-conditioned and worse-counselled rabble, restore to liberty and freedom the person ye hold in durance in this your fortress or prison, high or low or of whatever rank or quality he be, for I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Lions, for whom, by the disposition of heaven above, it is reserved to give a happy issue to this adventure;' and so saying he drew his sword and began making passes in the air at the millers, who, hearing but not understanding all this nonsense, strove to stop the boat, which was now getting into the rushing channel of the wheels. Sancho fell upon his knees devoutly appealing to heaven to deliver him from such imminent peril; which it did by the activity and quickness of the millers, who, pushing against the boat with their poles, stopped it, not, however, without upsetting it and throwing

Don Quixote and Sancho into the water ; and lucky it was for Don Quixote that he could swim like a goose, though the weight of his armour carried him twice to the bottom ; and had it not been for the millers, who plunged in and hoisted them both out, it would have been Troy town with the pair of them. As soon as, more drenched than thirsty, they were landed, Sancho went down on his knees and with clasped hands and eyes raised to heaven, prayed a long and fervent prayer to God to deliver him evermore from the rash projects and attempts of his master. The fishermen, the owners of the boat, which the mill-wheels had knocked to pieces, now came up, and seeing it smashed they proceeded to strip Sancho and to demand payment for it from Don Quixote ; but he with great calmness, just as if nothing had happened him, told the millers and fishermen that he would pay for the bark most cheerfully, on condition that they delivered up to him, free and unhurt, the person or persons that were in durance in that castle of theirs.

‘What persons or what castle art thou talking of, mad-man ?’ said one of the millers ; ‘art thou for carrying off the people who come to grind corn in these mills ?’

‘That’s enough,’ said Don Quixote to himself, ‘it would be preaching in the desert to attempt by entreaties to induce this rabble to do any virtuous action. In this adventure two mighty enchanters must have encountered one another, and one frustrates what the other attempts ; one provided the bark for me, and the other upset me ; God help us, this world is all machinations and schemes at cross purposes one with the other. I can do no more.’ And then turning towards the mills he said aloud, ‘Friends, whoc’er ye be

that are immured in that prison, forgive me that, to my misfortune and yours, I cannot deliver you from your misery; this adventure is doubtless reserved and destined for some other knight.'

So saying he settled with the fishermen, and paid fifty reals for the boat, which Sancho handed to them very much against the grain, saying, 'With a couple more bark businesses like this we shall have sunk our whole capital.'

The fishermen and the millers stood staring in amazement at the two figures, so very different to all appearance from ordinary men, and were wholly unable to make out the drift of the observations and questions Don Quixote addressed to them; and coming to the conclusion that they were madmen, they left them and betook themselves, the millers to their mills, and the fishermen to their huts. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to their beasts, and to their life of beasts, and this was the end of the adventure of the enchanted bark.

Note A (page 317).

Cervantes allows them but five days in all for this journey. The nearest and most accessible point of the Ebro would be at the junction of the river Jalon, a few leagues above Saragossa, and this, in a straight line from the inn near the cave of Montesinos, would be something over two hundred miles distant. The most direct and best road would be by Belmonte and Cuenca, and thence across the Albarracin mountains to Calamocha, Daroca, and Calatayud, which would be, at least, one-third more; a distance that, making due allowance for the difficulties of the country, Don Quixote and Sancho, at their rate of travelling, could not have accomplished in thrice the time Cervantes allows. Having myself made the journey on foot, I can speak with some confidence on the point. But Cervantes clearly had no personal knowledge of the region between La Mancha and Saragossa. He would never have allowed Don Quixote to traverse the Cuenca mountains, and the

pine woods of the Albarracin, without an adventure, had he been aware of the natural advantages of the country.

Note B (page 321).

Hartzenbusch makes a mischievous 'emendation' here. He changes 'two yards' into 'ten yards,' because, he says, if the boat was five yards from the bank, it must have been still farther from the spot where the animals were tied. But Sancho's meaning is clear: that the boat had not moved five yards out into the stream, or dropped with the stream two yards below the spot they had embarked at; and this he shows by the use of the two words *apartado* and *decantado*, as well as by speaking of watching a point on the bank.

CHAPTER XXX.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S ADVENTURE WITH A FAIR HUNTRESS.

THEY reached their beasts in low spirits and bad humour enough, knight and squire, Sancho particularly, for with him what touched the stock of money touched his heart, and when any was taken from him he felt as if he was robbed of the apples of his eyes. In fine, without exchanging a word, they mounted and quitted the famous river, Don Quixote absorbed in thoughts of his love, Sancho in thinking of his advancement, which just then, it seemed to him, he was very far from securing; for, fool as he was, he saw clearly enough that his master's acts were all or most of them utterly senseless; and he began to cast about for an opportunity of retiring from his service and going home some day, without entering into any explanations or taking any farewell of him. Fortune, however, ordered matters after a fashion very much the opposite of what he contemplated.

It so happened that the next day towards sunset, on coming out of a wood, Don Quixote cast his eyes over a green meadow, and at the far end of it observed some people, and as he drew nearer saw that it was a hawking party. Coming closer, he distinguished among them a lady of graceful mien, on a pure white palfrey or hackney caparisoned

with green trappings and a silver-mounted side-saddle. The lady was also in green, and so richly and splendidly dressed that splendour itself seemed personified in her. On her left hand she bore a hawk, a proof to Don Quixote's mind that she must be some great lady and the mistress of the whole hunting party, which was the fact; so he said to Sancho, 'Run, Sancho, my son, and say to that lady on the palfrey with the hawk that I, the Knight of the Lions, kiss the hands of her exalted beauty, and if her excellence will grant me leave I will go and kiss them in person and place myself at her service for aught that may be in my power and her highness may command; and mind, Sancho, how thou speakest, and take care not to thrust in any of thy proverbs into thy message.'

'You've got a likely one here to thrust any in!' said Sancho; 'leave me alone for that! Why, this is not the first time in my life I have carried messages to high and exalted ladies.'

'Except that thou didst carry to the lady Dulcinea,' said Don Quixote, 'I know not that thou hast carried any other, at least in my service.'

'That is true,' replied Sancho; 'but pledges don't distress a good paymaster, and in a house where there's plenty supper is soon cooked;¹ I mean there's no need of telling or warning me about anything; for I'm ready for everything and know a little of everything.'

'That I believe, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'go and good luck to thee, and God speed thee.'

Sancho went off at top speed, forcing Dapple out of his

¹ Provs. 164 and 41.

regular pace, and came to where the fair huntress was standing, and dismounting knelt before her and said, 'Fair lady, that knight that you see there, the Knight of the Lions by name, is my master, and I am a squire of his, and at home they call me Sancho Panza. This same Knight of the Lions, who was called not long since the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, sends by me to say may it please your highness to give him leave that, with your permission, approbation, and consent, he may come and carry out his wishes, which are, as he says and I believe, to serve your exalted loftiness and beauty: and if you give it, your ladyship will do a thing which will redound to your honour, and he will receive a most distinguished favour and happiness.'

'You have indeed, worthy squire,' said the lady, 'delivered your message with all the formalities such messages require; rise up, for it is not right that the squire of a knight so great as he of the Rueful Countenance, of whom we have already heard a great deal here, should remain on his knees; rise, my friend, and bid your master welcome to the services of myself and the duke my husband, in a country house we have here.'

Sancho got up, charmed as much by the beauty of the good lady as by her high-bred air and her courtesy, but, above all, by what she had said about having heard of his master, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; for if she did not call him Knight of the Lions it was no doubt because he had so lately taken the name. 'Tell me, brother squire,' asked the duchess (whose title, however, is not known ¹), 'this master of yours, is he not one of whom there

¹ See Note A, p. 333.

is a history extant in print, called "The Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote of La Mancha," who has for the lady of his heart a certain Dulcinea del Toboso ?'

'He is the same, señora,' replied Sancho; 'and that squire of his who figures, or ought to figure, in the said history under the name of Sancho Panza, is myself, unless they have changed me in the cradle, I mean in the press.'

'I am rejoiced at all this,' said the duchess; 'go, brother Panza, and tell your master that he is welcome to my estate, and that nothing could happen me that could give me greater pleasure.'

Sancho returned to his master mightily pleased with this gratifying answer, and told him all the great lady had said to him, lauding to the skies, in his rustic phrase, her rare beauty, her graceful gaiety, and her courtesy. Don Quixote drew himself up briskly in his saddle, fixed himself in his stirrups, settled his visor, gave Rocinante the spur, and with an easy bearing advanced to kiss the hands of the duchess, who, having sent to summon the duke her husband, told him while Don Quixote was approaching all about the message; and as both of them had read the First Part of this history, and from it were aware of Don Quixote's crazy turn, they awaited him with the greatest delight and anxiety to make his acquaintance, meaning to fall in with his humour and agree with everything he said, and, so long as he stayed with them, to treat him as a knight-errant, with all the ceremonies usual in the books of chivalry they had read, for they themselves were very fond of them.

Don Quixote now came up with his visor raised, and as he seemed about to dismount Sancho made haste to go and

hold his stirrup for him ; but in getting down off Dapple he was so unlucky as to hitch his foot in one of the ropes of the pack-saddle in such a way that he was unable to free it, and was left hanging by it with his face and breast on the ground. Don Quixote, who was not used to dismount without having the stirrup held, fancying that Sancho had by this time come to hold it for him, threw himself off with a lurch and brought Rocinante's saddle after him, which was no doubt badly girthed, and saddle and he both came to the ground ; not without discomfiture to him and abundant curses muttered between his teeth against the unlucky Sancho, who had his foot still in the shackles. The duke ordered his huntsmen to go to the help of knight and squire, and they raised Don Quixote, sorely shaken by his fall ; and he, limping, advanced as best he could to kneel before the noble pair. This, however, the duke would by no means permit ; on the contrary, dismounting from his horse, he went and embraced Don Quixote, saying, ' I am grieved, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, that your first experience on my ground should have been such an unfortunate one as we have seen ; but the carelessness of squires is often the cause of worse accidents.'

' That which has happened me in meeting you, mighty prince,' replied Don Quixote, ' cannot be unfortunate, even if my fall had not stopped short of the depths of the bottomless pit, for the glory of having seen you would have lifted me up and delivered me from it. My squire, God's curse upon him, is better at unloosing his tongue in talking impertinence than in tightening the girths of a saddle to keep it steady ; but however I may be, fallen or raised up,

on foot or on horseback, I shall always be at your service and that of my lady the duchess, your worthy consort, worthy queen of beauty and paramount princess of courtesy.'

'Gently, Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha,' said the duke; 'where my lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso is, it is not right that other beauties should be praised.'

Sancho, by this time released from his entanglement, was standing by, and before his master could answer he said, 'There is no denying, and it must be maintained, that my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is very beautiful; but the hare jumps up where one least expects it;¹ and I have heard say that what we call nature is like a potter that makes vessels of clay, and he who makes one fair vessel can as well make two, or three, or a hundred; I say so because, by my faith, my lady the duchess is in no way behind my mistress the lady Dulcinea del Toboso.'

Don Quixote turned to the duchess and said, 'Your highness may conceive that never had knight-errant in this world a more talkative or a droller squire than I have, and he will prove the truth of what I say, if your highness is pleased to accept of my services for a few days.'

To which the duchess made answer, 'That worthy Sancho is droll I consider a very good thing, because it is a sign that he is shrewd; for drollery and sprightliness, Señor Don Quixote, as you very well know, do not take up their abode with dull wits; and as good Sancho is droll and sprightly I here set him down as shrewd.'

'And talkative,' added Don Quixote.

'So much the better,' said the duke, 'for many droll

¹ Prov. 129.

things cannot be said in few words; but not to lose time in talking, come, great Knight of the Rueful Countenance—'

'Of the Lions, your highness must say,' said Sancho, 'for there is no Rueful Countenance nor any such character now.'

'He of the Lions be it,'¹ continued the duke; 'I say, let Sir Knight of the Lions come to a castle of mine close by, where he shall be given that reception which is due to so exalted a personage, and which the duchess and I are wont to give to all knights-errant who come there.'

By this time Sancho had fixed and girthed Rocinante's saddle, and Don Quixote having got on his back and the duke mounted a fine horse, they placed the duchess in the middle and set out for the castle. The duchess desired Sancho to come to her side, for she found infinite enjoyment in listening to his shrewd remarks. Sancho required no pressing, but pushed himself in between them and made a fourth in the conversation, to the great amusement of the duchess and the duke, who thought it rare good fortune to receive such a knight-errant and such a homely squire² in their castle.

¹ The reading suggested by Prof. Calderon, in his excellent little book *Cervantes Vindicado*, &c., Madrid, 1854.

² *Escudero andado*, a play upon the words *caballero andante*.

Note A (page 329).

According to Pellicer, Don Quixote's hosts were the Duke and Duchess of Villahermosa, and the scene of the following adventures a country seat of theirs near Pedrola, a village at the foot of the Moneayo, in the angle between Jalon and the Ebro.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHICH TREATS OF MANY AND GREAT MATTERS.

SUPREME was the satisfaction that Sancho felt at seeing himself, as it seemed, an established favourite with the duchess, for he looked forward to finding in her castle what he had found in Don Diego's house and in Basilio's; he was always fond of good living, and always seized by the forelock any opportunity of feasting himself whenever it presented itself. The history informs us, then, that before they reached the country house or castle, the duke went on in advance and instructed all his servants how they were to treat Don Quixote; and so the instant he came up to the castle gates with the duchess, two lackeys or equerries, clad in what they call morning gowns of fine crimson satin reaching to their feet, hastened out, and catching Don Quixote in their arms before he saw or heard them, said to him, 'Your highness should go and take my lady the duchess off her horse.' Don Quixote obeyed, and great bandying of compliments followed between the two over the matter; but in the end the duchess's determination carried the day, and she refused to get down or dismount from her palfrey except in the arms of the duke, saying she did not consider herself worthy to impose so unnecessary a burden on so great

a knight. At length the duke came out to take her down, and as they entered a spacious court two fair damsels came forward and threw over Don Quixote's shoulders a large mantle of the finest scarlet cloth, and at the same instant all the galleries of the court were lined with the men-servants and women-servants of the household, crying, 'Welcome, flower and cream of knight-errantry !' while all or most of them flung pellets filled with scented water over Don Quixote and the duke and duchess ; at all which Don Quixote was greatly astonished, and this was the first time that he thoroughly felt and believed himself to be a knight-errant in reality and not merely in fancy, now that he saw himself treated in the same way as he had read of such knights being treated in days of yore.

Sancho, deserting Dapple, hung on to the duchess and entered the castle, but feeling some twinges of conscience at having left the ass alone, he approached a respectable duenna who had come out with the rest to receive the duchess, and in a low voice he said to her, 'Señora Gonzalez, or however your grace may be called—'

'I am called Doña Rodriguez de Grijalba,' replied the duenna ; 'what is your will, brother ?' To which Sancho made answer, 'I should be glad if your worship would do me the favour to go out to the castle gate, where you will find a grey ass of mine ; make them, if you please, put him in the stable, or put him there yourself, for the poor little beast is rather easily frightened, and cannot bear being alone at all.'

'If the master is as wise as the man,' said the duenna, 'we have got a fine bargain. Be off with you, brother, and

bad luck to you and him who brought you here ; go, look after your ass, for we, the duennas of this house, are not used to work of that sort.'

'Well then, in troth,' returned Sancho, 'I have heard my master, who is the very treasure-finder of stories, telling the story of Lancelot when he came from Britain, say that ladies waited upon him and duennas upon his hack ; and, if it comes to my ass, I wouldn't change him for Señor Lancelot's hack.'

'If you are a jester, brother,' said the duenna, 'keep your drolleries for some place where they'll pass muster and be paid for ; for you'll get nothing from me but a fig.'¹

'At any rate, it will be a very ripe one,' said Sancho, 'for you won't lose the trick in years by a point too little.'

'Son of a bitch,' said the duenna, all aglow with anger, 'whether I'm old or not, it's with God I have to reckon, not with you, you garlic-stuffed scoundrel !' and she said it so loud, that the duchess heard it, and turning round and seeing the duenna in such a state of excitement, and her eyes flaming so, asked whom she was wrangling with.

'With this good fellow here,' said the duenna, 'who has particularly requested me to go and put an ass of his that is at the castle gate into the stable, holding it up to me as an example that they did the same I don't know where—that some ladies waited on one Lancelot, and duennas on his hack ; and what is more, to wind up with, he called me old.'

'That,' said the duchess, 'I should have considered the

¹ 'The fig of Spain.'—*Hen.* V. iii. 6. 'And fig me, like the bragging Spaniard.'—2 *Hen.* IV. v. 3.

greatest affront that could be offered me ; ’ and addressing Sancho, she said to him, ‘ You must know, friend Sancho, that Doña Rodriguez is very youthful, and that she wears that hood more for authority and custom sake than because of her years.’

‘ May all the rest of mine be unlucky,’ said Sancho, ‘ if I meant it that way ; I only spoke because the affection I have for my ass is so great, and I thought I could not commend him to a more kindhearted person than the lady Doña Rodriguez.’

Don Quixote, who was listening, said to him, ‘ Is this proper conversation for the place, Sancho ? ’

‘ Señor,’ replied Sancho, ‘ every one must mention what he wants wherever he may be ; I thought of Dapple here, and I spoke of him here ; if I had thought of him in the stable I would have spoken there.’

On which the duke observed, ‘ Sancho is quite right, and there is no reason at all to find fault with him ; Dapple shall be fed to his heart’s content, and Sancho may rest easy, for he shall be treated like himself.’

While this conversation, amusing to all except Don Quixote, was proceeding, they ascended the staircase and ushered Don Quixote into a chamber hung with rich cloth of gold and brocade ; six damsels relieved him of his armour and waited on him like pages, all of them prepared and instructed by the duke and duchess as to what they were to do, and how they were to treat Don Quixote, so that he might see and believe they were treating him like a knight-errant. When his armour was removed, there stood Don Quixote in his tight-fitting breeches and chamois

doublet, lean, lanky, and long, with cheeks that seemed to be kissing each other inside ; such a figure, that if the damsels waiting on him had not taken care to check their merriment (which was one of the particular directions their master and mistress had given them), they would have burst with laughter. They asked him to let himself be stripped that they might put a shirt on him, but he would not on any account, saying that modesty became knights-errant just as much as valour. However, he said they might give the shirt to Sancho ; and shutting himself in with him in a room where there was a sumptuous bed, he undressed and put on the shirt ; and then, finding himself alone with Sancho, he said to him, ‘Tell me, thou new-fledged buffoon and old booby, dost thou think it right to offend and insult a duenna so deserving of reverence and respect as that one just now ? Was that a time to bethink thee of thy Dapple, or are these noble personages likely to let the beasts fare badly when they treat their owners in such elegant style ? For God’s sake, Sancho, restrain thyself, and don’t show the thread so as to let them see what a coarse, boorish texture thou art of. Remember, sinner that thou art, the master is the more esteemed the more respectable and well-bred his servants are ; and that one of the greatest advantages that princes have over other men is that they have servants as good as themselves to wait on them. Dost thou not see—short-sighted being that thou art, and unlucky mortal that I am !—that if they perceive thee to be a coarse clown or a dull blockhead, they will suspect me to be some impostor or swindler ? Nay, nay, Sancho friend, keep clear, oh, keep clear of these stumbling-

blocks ; for he who falls into the way of being a chatterbox and droll, drops into a wretched buffoon the first time he trips ; bridle thy tongue, consider and weigh thy words before they escape thy mouth, and bear in mind we are now in quarters whence, by God's help, and the strength of my arm, we shall come forth mightily advanced in fame and fortune.'

Sancho promised him with much earnestness to keep his mouth shut, and to bite off his tongue before he uttered a word that was not altogether to the purpose and well considered, and told him he might make his mind easy on that point, for it should never be discovered through him what they were.

Don Quixote dressed himself, put on his baldric with his sword, threw the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, placed on his head a montera of green satin that the damsels had given him, and thus arrayed passed out into the large room, where he found the damsels drawn up in double file, the same number on each side, all with the appliances for washing the hands, which they presented to him with profuse obeisances and ceremonies. Then came twelve pages, together with the seneschal, to lead him to dinner, as his hosts were already waiting for him. They placed him in the midst of them, and with much pomp and stateliness they conducted him into another room, where there was a sumptuous table laid with but four covers. The duchess and the duke came out to the door of the room to receive him, and with them a grave ecclesiastic, one of those who rule noblemen's houses ; one of those who, not being born magnates themselves, never know how to teach those who are how to behave as such ;

one of those who would have the greatness of great folk measured by their own narrowness of mind ; one of those who, when they try to introduce economy into the household they rule, lead it into meanness. One of this sort, I say, must have been the grave churchman who came out with the duke and duchess to receive Don Quixote.¹

A vast number of polite speeches were exchanged, and at length, taking Don Quixote between them, they proceeded to sit down to table. The duke pressed Don Quixote to take the head of the table, and, though he refused, the entreaties of the duke were so urgent that he had to accept it.

The ecclesiastic took his seat opposite to him, and the duke and duchess those at the sides. All this time Sancho stood by, gaping with amazement at the honour he saw shown to his master by these illustrious persons ; and observing all the ceremonious pressing that had passed between the duke and Don Quixote to induce him to take his seat at the head of the table, he said, ‘ If your worship will give me leave I will tell you a story of what happened in my village about this matter of seats.’

The moment Sancho said this Don Quixote trembled, making sure that he was about to say something foolish. Sancho glanced at him, and guessing his thoughts, said, ‘ Don’t be afraid of my going astray, señor, or saying anything that won’t be pat to the purpose ; I haven’t forgotten the advice your worship gave me just now about talking much or little, well or ill.’

‘ I have no recollection of anything, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote ; ‘ say what thou wilt, only say it quickly.’

¹ See Note A, p. 345.

‘Well then,’ said Sancho, ‘what I am going to say is so true that my master Don Quixote, who is here present, will keep me from lying.’

‘Lie as much as thou wilt for all I care, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘for I am not going to stop thee; but consider what thou art going to say.’

‘I have so considered and reconsidered it,’ said Sancho, ‘that the bell-ringer’s in a safe berth; ¹ as will be seen by what follows.’

‘It would be well,’ said Don Quixote, ‘if your highnesses would order them to turn out this idiot, for he will talk a heap of nonsense.’

‘By the life of the duke, Sancho shall not be taken away from me for a moment,’ said the duchess; ‘I am very fond of him, for I know he is very discreet.’

‘Discreet be the days of your holiness,’ said Sancho, ‘for the good opinion you have of my wit, though there’s none in me; but the story I want to tell is this. There was an invitation given by a gentleman of my town, a very rich one, and one of quality, for he was one of the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married to Doña Mencía de Quiñones, the daughter of Don Alonso de Marañón, Knight of the Order of Santiago, that was drowned at the Herradura ²—him there was that quarrel about years ago in our village, that my master Don Quixote was mixed up in, to the best of my belief, that Tomasillo the scapegrace, the son of Balbastro the smith, was wounded in.—Isn’t all this true,

¹ I.e. in the belfry out of danger. Prov. 200.

² A port to the east of Malaga, where, in 1562, twenty-two galleys under the command of Juan de Mendoza were wrecked in a storm, with a loss of over four thousand men.

master mine ? As you live, say so, that these gentlefolk may not take me for some lying chatterer.'

'So far,' said the ecclesiastic, 'I take you to be more a chatterer than a liar; but I don't know what I shall take you for by-and-by.'

'Thou citest so many witnesses and proofs, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that I have no choice but to say thou must be telling the truth; go on, and cut the story short, for thou art taking the way not to make an end for two days to come.'

'He is not to cut it short,' said the duchess; 'on the contrary, for my gratification, he is to tell it as he knows it, though he should not finish it these six days; and if he took so many they would be to me the pleasantest I ever spent.'

'Well then, sirs, I say,' continued Sancho, 'that this same gentleman, whom I know as well as I do my own hands, for it's not a bow-shot from my house to his, invited a poor but respectable labourer—'

'Get on, brother,' said the churchman; 'at the rate you are going you will not stop with your story short of the next world.'

'I'll stop less than half-way, please God,' said Sancho; 'and so I say this labourer, coming to the house of the gentleman I spoke of that invited him—rest his soul, he is now dead; and more by token he died the death of an angel, so they say; for I was not there, for just at that time I had gone to reap at Tembleque—'

'As you live, my son,' said the churchman, 'make haste back from Tembleque, and finish your story without

burying the gentleman, unless you want to make more funerals.’¹

‘Well then, it so happened,’ said Sancho, ‘that as the pair of them were going to sit down to table—and I think I can see them now plainer than ever—’

Great was the enjoyment the duke and duchess derived from the irritation the worthy churchman showed at the long-winded, halting way Sancho had of telling his story, while Don Quixote was chafing with rage and vexation.

‘So, as I was saying,’ continued Sancho, ‘as the pair of them were going to sit down to table, as I said, the labourer insisted upon the gentleman’s taking the head of the table, and the gentleman insisted upon the labourer’s taking it, as his orders should be obeyed in his own house; but the labourer, who plumed himself on his politeness and good-breeding, would not on any account, until the gentleman, out of patience, putting his hands on his shoulders, compelled him by force to sit down, saying, “Sit down, you stupid lout, for wherever I sit will be the head to you;” and that’s the story, and, troth, I think it hasn’t been brought in amiss here.’

Don Quixote turned all colours, which, on his sunburnt face, mottled it till it looked like jasper. The duke and duchess suppressed their laughter so as not altogether to mortify Don Quixote, for they saw through Sancho’s impertinence; and to change the conversation, and keep Sancho from uttering more absurdities, the duchess asked Don Quixote what news he had of the lady Dulcinea, and if he

¹ ‘Make haste back from Tembleque, brother’ — *Vuelva presto de Tembleque, hermano* — has grown into a popular phrase, applied in the case of a prolix story-teller.

had sent her any presents of giants or miscreants lately, for he could not but have vanquished a good many.

To which Don Quixote replied, 'Señora, my misfortunes, though they had a beginning, will never have an end. I have vanquished giants and I have sent her caitiffs and miscreants; but where are they to find her if she is enchanted and turned into the most ill-favoured peasant wench that can be imagined?'

'I don't know,' said Sancho Panza; 'to me she seems the fairest creature in the world; at any rate, in nimbleness and jumping she won't give in to a tumbler; by my faith, señora duchess, she leaps from the ground on to the back of an ass like a cat.'

'Have you seen her enchanted, Sancho?' asked the duke.

'What, seen her!' said Sancho; 'why, who the devil was it but myself that first thought of the enchantment business? She is as much enchanted as my father.'¹

The ecclesiastic, when he heard them talking of giants and caitiffs and enchantments, began to suspect that this must be Don Quixote of La Mancha, whose story the duke was always reading; and he had himself often reproved him for it, telling him it was foolish to read such fooleries; and becoming convinced that his suspicion was correct, addressing the duke, he said very angrily to him, 'Señor, your excellence will have to give account to God for what this good man does. This Don Quixote, or Don Simpleton, or whatever his name is, cannot, I imagine, be such a blockhead as your excellence would have him, holding out encourage-

¹ This remark of Sancho is, of course, an aside to the duke.

ment to him to go on with his vagaries and follies.' Then turning to address Don Quixote he said, 'And you, numskull, who put it into your head that you are a knight-errant, and vanquish giants and capture miscreants? Go your ways in a good hour, and in a good hour be it said to you. Go home and bring up your children if you have any, and attend to your business, and give over going wandering about the world, gaping and making a laughing-stock of yourself to all who know you and all who don't. Where, in heaven's name, have you discovered that there are or ever were knights-errant? Where are there giants in Spain or miscreants in La Mancha, or enchanted Dulcineas, or all the rest of the silly things they tell about you?'

Don Quixote listened attentively to the reverend gentleman's words, and as soon as he perceived he had done speaking, regardless of the presence of the duke and duchess, he sprang to his feet with angry looks and an agitated countenance, and said— But the reply deserves a chapter to itself.

Note A (page 340).

There are frequent references to the despotism of the confessors in noblemen's houses, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. According to tradition, Cervantes has here drawn the portrait of a confessor in the house of the Duke of Bejar, who all but persuaded the duke to refuse the dedication of the First Part of *Don Quixote*.

CHAPTER XXXII.

OF THE REPLY DON QUIXOTE GAVE HIS CENSURER, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS, GRAVE AND DROLL.

DON QUIXOTE, then, having risen to his feet, trembling from head to foot like a man dosed with mercury, said in a hurried, agitated voice, ‘The place I am in, the presence in which I stand, and the respect I have and always have had for the profession to which your worship belongs, hold and bind the hands of my just indignation; and as well for these reasons as because I know, as everyone knows, that a gownsman’s weapon is the same as a woman’s, the tongue, I will with mine engage in equal combat with your worship, from whom one might have expected good advice instead of foul abuse. Pious, well-meant reproof requires a different demeanour and arguments of another sort; at any rate, to have reproved me in public, and so roughly, exceeds the bounds of proper reproof, for that comes better with gentleness than with rudeness; and it is not seemly to call the sinner roundly blockhead and booby, without knowing anything of the sin that is reproved. Come, tell me, for which of the stupidities you have observed in me do you condemn and abuse me, and bid me go home and look after my house and wife and children, without knowing whether I have any? Is nothing more needed than to get a footing,

by hook or by crook, in other people's houses to rule over the masters (and that, perhaps, after having been brought up in all the straitness of some seminary, and without having ever seen more of the world than may lie within twenty or thirty leagues round), to fit one to lay down the law rashly for chivalry, and pass judgment on knights-errant? Is it, haply, an idle occupation, or is the time ill-spent that is spent in roaming the world in quest, not of its enjoyments, but of those arduous toils whereby the good mount upwards to the abodes of everlasting life? If gentlemen, great lords, nobles, men of high birth, were to rate me as a fool I should take it as an irreparable insult; but I care not a farthing if clerks who have never entered upon or trod the paths of chivalry should think me foolish. Knight I am, and knight I will die, if such be the pleasure of the Most High. Some take the broad road of overweening ambition;¹ others that of mean and servile flattery; others that of deceitful hypocrisy, and some that of true religion; but I, led by my star, follow the narrow path of knight-errantry, and in pursuit of that calling I despise wealth, but not honour. I have redressed injuries, righted wrongs, punished insolences, vanquished giants, and crushed monsters; I am in love, for no other reason than that it is incumbent on knights-errant to be so; but though I am, I am no carnal-minded lover, but one of the chaste, platonic sort. My intentions are always directed to worthy ends, to do good to all and evil to none; and if he who means this, does this, and makes this his practice deserves to be called a fool, it is for your highnesses to say, O most excellent duke and duchess.'

¹ See Note A, p. 365.

‘Good, by God!’ cried Sancho; ‘say no more in your own defence, master mine, for there’s nothing more in the world to be said, thought, or insisted on; and besides, when this gentleman denies, as he has, that there are or ever have been any knights-errant in the world, is it any wonder if he knows nothing of what he has been talking about?’

‘Perhaps, brother,’ said the ecclesiastic, ‘you are that Sancho Panza that is mentioned, to whom your master has promised an island?’

‘Yes, I am,’ said Sancho, ‘and what’s more, I am one who deserves it as much as anyone; I am one of the sort—“Attach thyself to the good, and thou wilt be one of them,” and of those, “Not with whom thou art bred, but with whom thou art fed,” and of those, “Who leans against a good tree, a good shade covers him;”¹ I have leant upon a good master, and I have been for months going about with him, and please God I shall be just such another; long life to him and long life to me, for neither will he be in any want of empires to rule, or I of islands to govern.’

‘No, Sancho my friend, certainly not,’ said the duke, ‘for in the name of Señor Don Quixote I confer upon you the government of one of no small importance that I have at my disposal.’

‘Go down on thy knees, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘and kiss the feet of his excellence for the favour he has bestowed upon thee.’

Sancho obeyed, and on seeing this the ecclesiastic stood up from table completely out of temper, exclaiming, ‘By

¹ Provs. 25, 153, and 15.

the gown I wear, I am almost inclined to say that your excellence is as great a fool as these sinners. No wonder they are mad, when people who are in their senses sanction their madness! I leave your excellence with them, for so long as they are in the house, I will remain in my own, and spare myself the trouble of reproving what I cannot remedy;’ and without uttering another word, or eating another morsel, he went off, the entreaties of the duke and duchess being entirely unavailing to stop him; not that the duke said much to him, for he could not, because of the laughter his uncalled-for anger provoked.

When he had done laughing, he said to Don Quixote, ‘You have replied on your own behalf so stoutly, Sir Knight of the Lions, that there is no occasion to seek further satisfaction for this, which, though it may look like an offence, is not so at all, for, as women can give no offence, no more can ecclesiastics, as you very well know.’

‘That is true,’ said Don Quixote, ‘and the reason is, that he who is not liable to offence cannot give offence to any one. Women, children, and ecclesiastics, as they cannot defend themselves, though they may receive offence cannot be insulted, because between the offence and the insult there is, as your excellence very well knows, this difference: the insult comes from one who is capable of offering it, and does so, and maintains it; the offence may come from any quarter without carrying insult. To take an example: a man is standing unsuspectingly in the street and ten others come up armed and beat him; he draws his sword and quits himself like a man, but the number of his antagonists makes it impossible for him to effect his purpose and

avenge himself; this man suffers an offence but not an insult. Another example will make the same thing plain: a man is standing with his back turned, another comes up and strikes him, and after striking him takes to flight, without waiting an instant, and the other pursues him but does not overtake him; he who received the blow received an offence, but not an insult, because an insult must be maintained. If he who struck him, though he did so sneakingly and treacherously, had drawn his sword and stood and faced him, then he who had been struck would have received offence and insult at the same time; offence because he was struck treacherously, insult because he who struck him maintained what he had done, standing his ground without taking to flight. And so, according to the laws of the accursed duel, I may have received offence, but not insult, for neither women nor children can maintain it, nor can they wound, nor have they any way of standing their ground, and it is just the same with those connected with religion; for these three sorts of persons are without arms offensive or defensive, and so, though naturally they are bound to defend themselves, they have no right to offend anybody; and though I said just now I might have received offence, I say now certainly not, for he who cannot receive an insult can still less give one;¹ for which reasons I ought not to feel, nor do I feel, aggrieved at what that good man said to me; I only wish he had stayed a little longer, that I might have shown him the mistake he makes in supposing and maintaining that there are not and never have been any knights-errant in the world; had

¹ Biedermann calls this discourse 'modèle d'art de déraisonner.'

Amadis or any of his countless descendants heard him say as much, I am sure it would not have gone well with his worship.'

'I will take my oath of that,' said Sancho; 'they would have given him a slash that would have slit him down from top to toe like a pomegranate or a ripe melon; they were likely fellows to put up with jokes of that sort! By my faith, I'm certain if Reinaldos of Montalvan had heard the little man's words he would have given him such a spank on the mouth that he wouldn't have spoken for the next three years; ay, let him tackle them, and he'll see how he'll get out of their hands!'

The duchess, as she listened to Sancho, was ready to die with laughter, and in her own mind she set him down as droller and madder than his master; and there were a good many just then who were of the same opinion.

Don Quixote finally grew calm, and dinner came to an end, and as the cloth was removed four damsels came in, one of them with a silver basin, another with a jug also of silver, a third with two fine white towels on her shoulder, and the fourth with her arms bared to the elbows, and in her white hands (for white they certainly were) a round ball of Naples soap. The one with the basin approached, and with arch composure and impudence, thrust it under Don Quixote's chin, who, wondering at such a ceremony, said never a word, supposing it to be the custom of that country to wash beards instead of hands; he therefore stretched his out as far as he could, and at the same instant the jug began to pour and the damsel with the soap rubbed his beard briskly, raising snow-flakes,

for the soap lather was no less white, not only over the beard, but all over the face, and over the eyes of the submissive knight, so that they were perforce obliged to keep shut. The duke and duchess, who had not known anything about this, waited to see what would come of this strange washing. The barber damsel, when she had him a hand's breadth deep in lather, pretended that there was no more water, and bade the one with the jug go and fetch some, while Señor Don Quixote waited. She did so, and Don Quixote was left the strangest and most ludicrous figure that could be imagined. All those present, and there were a good many, were watching him, and as they saw him there with half a yard of neck, and that uncommonly brown, his eyes shut, and his beard full of soap, it was a great wonder, and only by great discretion, that they were able to restrain their laughter. The damsels, the concoctors of the joke, kept their eyes down, not daring to look at their master and mistress; and as for them, laughter and anger struggled within them, and they knew not what to do, whether to punish the audacity of the girls, or to reward them for the amusement they had received from seeing Don Quixote in such a plight.

At length the damsel with the jug returned and they made an end of washing Don Quixote, and the one who carried the towels very deliberately wiped him and dried him; and all four together making him a profound obeisance and curtsey, they were about to go, when the duke, lest Don Quixote should see through the joke, called out to the one with the basin saying, 'Come and wash me, and take care that there is water enough.' The girl, sharp-

witted and prompt, came and placed the basin for the duke as she had done for Don Quixote, and they soon had him well soaped and washed, and having wiped him dry they made their obeisance and retired. It appeared afterwards that the duke had sworn that if they had not washed him as they had Don Quixote he would have punished them for their impudence, which they adroitly atoned for by soaping him as well.

Sancho observed the ceremony of the washing very attentively, and said to himself, 'God bless me, if it were only the custom in this country to wash squires' beards too as well as knights' ! For by God and upon my soul I want it badly ; and if they gave me a scrape of the razor besides I'd take it as a still greater kindness.'

'What are you saying to yourself, Sancho ?' asked the duchess.

'I was saying, señora,' he replied, 'that in the courts of other princes, when the cloth is taken away, I have always heard say they give water for the hands, but not lye for the beard ; and that shows it is good to live long that you may see much ; to be sure, they say too that he who lives a long life must undergo much evil ;¹ though to undergo a washing of that sort is pleasure rather than pain.'

'Don't be uneasy, friend Sancho,' said the duchess ; 'I will take care that my damsels wash you, and even put you in the tub if necessary.'

'I'll be content with the beard,' said Sancho, 'at any rate for the present ; and as for the future, God has decreed what is to be.'

¹ Provs. 249 and 243.

‘Attend to worthy Sancho’s request, seneschal,’ said the duchess, ‘and do exactly what he wishes.’

The seneschal replied that Señor Sancho should be obeyed in everything; and with that he went away to dinner and took Sancho along with him, while the duke and duchess and Don Quixote remained at table discussing a great variety of things, but all bearing on the calling of arms and knight-errantry.

The duchess begged Don Quixote, as he seemed to have a retentive memory, to describe and portray to her the beauty and features of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, for, judging by what fame trumpeted abroad of her beauty, she felt sure she must be the fairest creature in the world, nay, in all La Mancha.

Don Quixote sighed on hearing the duchess’s request, and said, ‘If I could pluck out my heart, and lay it on a plate on this table here before your highness’s eyes, it would spare my tongue the pain of telling what can hardly be thought of, for in it your excellence would see her portrayed in full. But why should I attempt to depict and describe in detail, and feature by feature, the beauty of the peerless Dulcinea, the burden being one worthy of other shoulders than mine, an enterprise wherein the pencils of Parrhasius, Timantes, and Apelles, and the graver of Lysippus ought to be employed, to paint it in pictures and carve it in marble and bronze, and Ciceronian and Demosthenian eloquence to sound its praises?’

‘What does Demosthenian mean, Señor Don Quixote?’ said the duchess; ‘it is a word I never heard in all my life.’

‘Demosthenian eloquence,’ said Don Quixote, ‘means the eloquence of Demosthenes, as Ciceronian means that of Cicero, who were the two most eloquent orators in the world.’

‘True,’ said the duke; ‘you must have lost your wits to ask such a question. Nevertheless, Señor Don Quixote would greatly gratify us if he would depict her to us; for never fear, even in an outline or sketch she will be something to make the fairest envious.’

‘I would do so certainly,’ said Don Quixote, ‘had she not been blurred to my mind’s eye by the misfortune that fell upon her a short time since, one of such a nature that I am more ready to weep over it than to describe it. For your highnesses must know that, going a few days back to kiss her hands and receive her benediction, approbation, and permission for this third sally, I found her altogether a different being from the one I sought; I found her enchanted and changed from a princess into a peasant, from fair to foul, from an angel into a devil, from fragrant to pestiferous, from refined to clownish, from a dignified lady into a jumping tomboy, and, in a word, from Dulcinea del Toboso into a coarse Sayago wench.’¹

‘God bless me!’ said the duke aloud at this, ‘who can have done the world such an injury? Who can have robbed it of the beauty that gladdened it, of the grace and gaiety that charmed it, of the modesty that shed a lustre upon it?’

‘Who?’ replied Don Quixote; ‘who could it be but some malignant enchanter of the many that persecute me

¹ I.e. of the Sayago district; v. note ¹, p. 209, chapter xix.

out of envy—that accursed race born into the world to obscure and bring to naught the achievements of the good, and glorify and exalt the deeds of the wicked? Enchanters have persecuted me, enchanters persecute me still, and enchanters will continue to persecute me until they have sunk me and my lofty chivalry in the deep abyss of oblivion; and they injure and wound me where they know I feel it most. For to deprive a knight-errant of his lady is to deprive him of the eyes he sees with, of the sun that gives him light, of the food whereby he lives. Many a time before have I said it, and I say it now once more, a knight-errant without a lady is like a tree without leaves, a building without a foundation, or a shadow without the body that causes it.’

‘There is no denying it,’ said the duchess; ‘but still, if we are to believe the history of Don Quixote that has come out here lately with general applause, it is to be inferred from it, if I mistake not, that you never saw the lady Dulcinea, and that the said lady is nothing in the world but an imaginary lady, one that you yourself begot and gave birth to in your brain, and adorned with whatever charms and perfections you chose.’

‘There is a good deal to be said on that point,’ said Don Quixote; ‘God knows whether there be any Dulcinea or not in the world, or whether she is imaginary or not imaginary: these are things the proof of which must not be pushed to extreme lengths. I have not begotten nor given birth to my lady, though I behold her as she needs must be, a lady who contains in herself all the qualities to make her famous throughout the world, beautiful without blemish, dignified

without haughtiness, tender and yet modest, gracious from courtesy and courteous from good breeding, and lastly, of exalted lineage, because beauty shines forth and excels with a higher degree of perfection upon good blood than in the fair of lowly birth.'

'That is true,' said the duke; 'but Señor Don Quixote will give me leave to say what I am constrained to say by the story of his exploits that I have read, from which it is to be inferred that, granting there is a Dulcinea in El Toboso, or out of it, and that she is in the highest degree beautiful as you have described her to us, as regards the loftiness of her lineage she is not on a par with the Orianas, Alastrajareas, Madasimas, or others of that sort, with whom, as you well know, the histories abound.'

'To that I may reply,' said Don Quixote, 'that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own works,¹ and that virtues rectify blood, and that lowly virtue is more to be regarded and esteemed than exalted vice. Dulcinea, besides, has that within her that may raise her to be a crowned and sceptred queen; for the merit of a fair and virtuous woman is capable of performing greater miracles; and virtually, though not formally, she has in herself higher fortunes.'

'I protest, Señor Don Quixote,' said the duchess, 'that in all you say, you go most cautiously and lead in hand, as the saying is;² henceforth I will believe myself, and I will take care that everyone in my house believes, even my lord the duke if needs be, that there is a Dulcinea in El Toboso, and that she is living to-day, and that she is beautiful and nobly born and deserves to have such a knight as Señor Don

¹ Prov. 112.

² A nautical metaphor; keeping the lead going.

Quixote in her service, and that is the highest praise that it is in my power to give her or that I can think of. But I cannot help entertaining a doubt, and having a certain grudge against Sancho Panza; the doubt is this, that the aforesaid history declares that the said Sancho Panza, when he carried a letter on your worship's behalf to the said lady Dulcinea, found her sifting a sack of wheat; and more by token it says it was red wheat; a thing which makes me doubt the loftiness of her lineage.'

To this Don Quixote made answer, 'Señora, your highness must know that everything or almost everything that happens me transcends the ordinary limits of what happens to other knights-errant; whether it be that it is directed by the inscrutable will of destiny, or by the malice of some jealous enchanter. Now it is an established fact that all or most famous knights-errant have some special gift, one that of being proof against enchantment, another that of being made of such invulnerable flesh that he cannot be wounded, as was the famous Roland, one of the twelve peers of France, of whom it is related that he could not be wounded except in the sole of his left foot, and that it must be with the point of a stout pin and not with any other sort of weapon whatever; and so, when Bernardo del Carpio slew him at Roncevalles, finding that he could not wound him with steel, he lifted him up from the ground in his arms and strangled him, calling to mind seasonably the death which Hercules inflicted on Antæus, the fierce giant that they say was the son of Terra. I would infer from what I have mentioned that perhaps I may have some gift of this kind, not that of being invulnerable, because experience

has many times proved to me that I am of tender flesh and not at all impenetrable; nor that of being proof against enchantment, for I have already seen myself thrust into a cage, in which all the world would not have been able to confine me except by force of enchantments. But as I delivered myself from that one, I am inclined to believe that there is no other that can hurt me; and so, these enchanterers, seeing that they cannot exert their vile craft against my person, revenge themselves on what I love most, and seek to rob me of life by maltreating that of Dulcinea in whom I live; and therefore I am convinced that when my squire carried my message to her, they changed her into a common peasant girl, engaged in such a mean occupation as sifting wheat; I have already said, however, that that wheat was not red wheat, nor wheat at all, but grains of orient pearl. And as a proof of all this, I must tell your highnesses that, coming to El Toboso a short time back, I was altogether unable to discover the palace of Dulcinea; and that the next day, though Sancho, my squire, saw her in her own proper shape, which is the fairest in the world, to me she appeared to be a coarse, ill-favoured farm-wench, and by no means a well-spoken one, she who is propriety itself. And so, as I am not and, so far as one can judge, cannot be enchanted, she it is that is enchanted, that is smitten, that is altered, changed, and transformed; in her have my enemies revenged themselves upon me, and for her shall I live in ceaseless tears, until I see her in her pristine state. I have mentioned this lest anybody should mind what Sancho said about Dulcinea's winnowing or sifting; for, as they changed her to me, it is

no wonder if they changed her to him. Dulcinea is illustrious and well-born, and of one of the gentle families of El Toboso, which are many, ancient, and good. Therein, most assuredly, not small is the share of the peerless Dulcinea, through whom her town will be famous and celebrated in ages to come, as Troy was through Helen, and Spain through La Cava, though with a better title and tradition.¹ For another thing; I would have your graces understand that Sancho Panza is one of the drollest squires that ever served knight-errant; sometimes there is a simplicity about him so acute that it is an amusement to try and make out whether he is simple or sharp; he has mischievous tricks that stamp him rogue, and blundering ways that prove him a booby; he doubts everything and believes everything; when I fancy he is on the point of coming down headlong from sheer stupidity, he comes out with something shrewd that sends him up to the skies. After all, I would not exchange him for another squire, though I were given a city to boot, and therefore I am in doubt whether it will be well to send him to the government your highness has bestowed upon him; though I perceive in him a certain aptitude for the work of governing, so that, with a little trimming of his understanding, he would manage any government as easily as the king does his taxes; and moreover, we know already by ample experience that it does not require much cleverness or much learning to be a governor, for there are a hundred round about us that scarcely know how to read, and govern like ger-falcons.²

¹ The name given in the ballads to the daughter of Count Julian, seduced by Roderick, according to tradition.

² To govern like a ger-falcon is a similitude repeatedly used by Don

The main point is that they should have good intentions and be desirous of doing right in all things, for they will never be at a loss for persons to advise and direct them in what they have to do, like those knight-governors who, being no lawyers, pronounce sentences with the aid of an assessor. My advice to him will be to take no bribe and surrender no right,¹ and I have some other little matters in reserve, that shall be produced in due season for Sancho's benefit and the advantage of the island he is to govern.'

The duke, duchess, and Don Quixote had reached this point in their conversation, when they heard voices and a great hubbub in the palace, and Sancho burst abruptly into the room all glowing with anger, with a straining-cloth by way of a bib, and followed by several servants, or, more properly speaking, kitchen-boys and other underlings, one of whom carried a small trough full of water, that from its colour and impurity was plainly dishwater. The one with the trough pursued him and followed him everywhere he went, endeavouring with the utmost persistence to thrust it under his chin, while another kitchen-boy seemed anxious to wash his beard.

'What is all this, brothers?' asked the duchess. 'What is it? What do you want to do to this good man? What! do you forget he is a governor-elect?'

To which the barber kitchen-boy replied, 'The gentleman will not let himself be washed as is customary, and as my lord the duke and the señor his master have been.'

Quixote and Sancho. The precise drift is not very obvious. In the slang of the Germania *gerifalte* means a robber.

¹ Prov. 51.

‘Yes, I will,’ said Sancho, in a great rage; ‘but I’d like it to be with cleaner towels, clearer lye, and not such dirty hands; for there’s not so much difference between me and my master that he should be washed with angels’ water¹ and I with devil’s lye. The customs of countries and princes’ palaces are only good so long as they give no annoyance; but the way of washing they have here is worse than doing penance. I have a clean beard, and I don’t require to be refreshed in that fashion, and whoever comes to wash me or touch a hair of my head, I mean to say my beard, with all due respect be it said, I’ll give him a punch that will leave my fist sunk in his skull; for cirimonies and soapings of this sort are more like jokes than the polite attentions of one’s host.’

The duchess was ready to die with laughter when she saw Sancho’s rage and heard his words; but it was no pleasure to Don Quixote to see him in such a sorry trim, with the dingy towel about him, and the hangers-on of the kitchen all round him; so making a low bow to the duke and duchess, as if to ask their permission to speak, he addressed the rout in a dignified tone: ‘Holloa, gentlemen! you let that youth alone, and go back to where you came from, or anywhere else if you like; my squire is as clean as any other person, and those troughs are as bad as narrow thin-necked jars to him;² take my advice and leave him alone, for neither he nor I understand joking.’

Sancho took the word out of his mouth and went on, ‘Nay, let them come and try their jokes on the country

¹ Water scented with rose, orange flower, thyme, and other perfumes.

² These being probably unsatisfactory to drink out of.

bumpkin, for it's about as likely I'll stand them as that it's now midnight! Let them bring me a comb here, or what they please, and curry this beard of mine, and if they get anything out of it that offends against cleanliness, let them clip me to the skin.'

Upon this, the duchess, laughing all the while, said, 'Sancho Panza is right, and always will be in all he says; he is clean, and, as he says himself, he does not require to be washed; and if our ways do not please him, he is free to choose. Besides, you promoters of cleanliness have been excessively careless and thoughtless, I don't know if I ought not to say audacious, to bring troughs and wooden utensils and kitchen dishelouts, instead of basins and jugs of pure gold and towels of holland, to such a person and such a beard; but, after all, you are ill-conditioned and ill-bred, and spiteful as you are, you cannot help showing the grudge you have against the squires of knights-errant.'

The impudent servitors, and even the seneschal who came with them, took the duchess to be speaking in earnest, so they removed the straining-cloth from Sancho's neck, and with something like shame and confusion of face went off all of them and left him; whereupon he, seeing himself safe out of that extreme danger, as it seemed to him, ran and fell on his knees before the duchess, saying, 'From great ladies great favours may be looked for; this which your grace has done me to-day cannot be requited with less than wishing I was dubbed a knight-errant, to devote myself all the days of my life to the service of so exalted a lady. I am a labouring man, my name is Sancho Panza,

I am married, I have children, and I am serving as a squire ; if in any one of these ways I can serve your highness, I will not be longer in obeying than your grace in commanding.'

'It is easy to see, Sancho,' replied the duchess, 'that you have learned to be polite in the school of politeness itself ; I mean to say it is easy to see that you have been nursed in the bosom of Señor Don Quixote, who is, of course, the cream of good breeding and flower of ceremony—or cirimony, as you would say yourself. Fair be the fortunes of such a master and such a servant, the one the cynosure of knight-errantry, the other the star of squirely fidelity ! Rise, Sancho, my friend ; I will repay your courtesy by taking care that my lord the duke makes good to you the promised gift of the government as soon as possible.'

With this, the conversation came to an end, and Don Quixote retired to take his midday sleep ; but the duchess begged Sancho, unless he had a very great desire to go to sleep, to come and spend the afternoon with her and her damsels in a very cool chamber. Sancho replied that, though he certainly had the habit of sleeping four or five hours in the heat of the day in summer, to serve her excellence he would try with all his might not to sleep even one that day, and that he would come in obedience to her command, and with that he went off. The duke gave fresh orders with respect to treating Don Quixote as a knight-errant, without departing in the smallest particular from the style in which, as the stories tell us, they used to treat the knights of old.

Note A (page 347).

The first and all editions that I have seen, Hartzenbusch's included, have *el ancho campo*, 'the broad field' of ambition; but though a translator and a foreigner has no right to propose emendations of the text, I venture to suggest that *camino*, 'road,' is the more likely word. The case is even stronger here than in Part I. chapter xviii., where precisely the same substitution has been accepted by all critics. Don Quixote is speaking of ways of life and lines of conduct; it would be absurd to talk of the field of flattery or hypocrisy, and a narrow path is naturally the opposite of a broad road, not of a broad field.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

OF THE DELECTABLE DISCOURSE WHICH THE DUCHESS AND HER
DAMSELS HELD WITH SANCHE PANZA, WELL WORTH READING
AND NOTING.

THE history records that Sancho did not sleep that afternoon, but in order to keep his word came, before he had well done dinner, to visit the duchess, who, finding enjoyment in listening to him, made him sit down beside her on a low seat, though Sancho, out of pure good breeding, wanted not to sit down; the duchess, however, told him he was to sit down as governor and talk as squire, as in both respects he was worthy of even the chair of the Cid Ruy Diaz the Campeador.¹ Sancho shrugged his shoulders, obeyed, and sat down, and all the duchess's damsels and duennas gathered round him, waiting in profound silence to hear what he would say. It was the duchess, however, who spoke first, saying, 'Now that we are alone, and that there is nobody here to overhear us, I should be glad if the señor governor would relieve me of certain doubts I have, rising out of the history of the great Don Quixote that is now in print. One is: inasmuch as worthy Sancho never saw Dulcinea, I mean the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, nor

¹ The magnificent chair in which, according to the poem and the ballads, he took his seat at the Cortes of Toledo.

took Don Quixote's letter to her, for it was left in the memorandum book in the Sierra Morena, how did he dare to invent the answer and all that about finding her sifting wheat, the whole story being a deception and falsehood, and so much to the prejudice of the peerless Dulcinea's good name, a thing that is not at all becoming the character and fidelity of a good squire ?'

At these words, Sancho, without uttering one in reply, got up from his chair, and with noiseless steps, with his body bent and his finger on his lips, went all round the room lifting up the hangings ; and this done, he came back to his seat and said, ' Now, señora, that I have seen that there is no one except the bystanders listening to us on the sly, I will answer what you have asked me, and all you may ask me, without fear or dread. And the first thing I have got to say is, that for my own part I hold my master Don Quixote to be stark mad, though sometimes he says things that, to my mind, and indeed everybody's that listens to him, are so wise, and run in such a straight furrow, that Satan himself could not have said them better ; but for all that, really, and beyond all question, it's my firm belief he is cracked. Well, then, as this is clear to my mind, I can venture to make him believe things that have neither head nor tail, like that affair of the answer to the letter, and that other of six or eight days ago, which is not yet in history, that is to say, the affair of the enchantment of my lady Dulcinea ; for I made him believe she is enchanted, though there's no more truth in it than over the hills of Úbeda.'¹

¹ See Note A, p. 376.

The duchess begged him to tell her about the enchantment or deception, so Sancho told the whole story exactly as it had happened, and his hearers were not a little amused by it; and then resuming, the duchess said, ‘In consequence of what worthy Sancho has told me, a doubt starts up in my mind, and there comes a kind of whisper to my ear that says, “If Don Quixote be mad, crazy, and cracked, and Sancho Panza his squire knows it, and, notwithstanding, serves and follows him, and goes trusting to his empty promises, there can be no doubt he must be still madder and sillier than his master; and that being so, it will be cast in your teeth, señora duchess, if you give the said Sancho an island to govern; for how will he who does not know how to govern himself know how to govern others?”’

‘By God, señora,’ said Sancho, ‘but that doubt comes timely; but your grace may say it out, and speak plainly, or as you like; for I know what you say is true, and if I were wise I should have left my master long ago; but this was my fate, this was my bad luck; I can’t help it, I must follow him; we’re from the same village, I have eaten his bread, I’m fond of him, I’m grateful, he gave his ass-colts, and above all I’m faithful; so it’s quite impossible for anything to separate us, except the pickaxe and shovel. And if your highness does not like to give me the government you promised, God made me without it, and maybe your not giving it to me will be all the better for my conscience, for fool as I am I know the proverb “to her hurt the ant got wings,”¹ and it may be that Sancho the squire will get to heaven sooner than Sancho the governor. “They make

¹ Prov. 118.

as good bread here as in France," and "by night all cats are grey," and "a hard case enough his, who hasn't broken his fast at two in the afternoon," and "there's no stomach a hand's breadth bigger than another," and the same can be filled "with straw or hay," as the saying is, and "the little birds of the field have God for their purveyor and caterer," and "four yards of Cuenca frieze keep one warmer than four of Segovia broad-cloth," and "when we quit this world and are put underground the prince travels by as narrow a path as the journeyman," and "the Pope's body does not take up more feet of earth than the sacristan's,"¹ for all that the one is higher than the other; for when we go to our graves we all pack ourselves up and make ourselves small, or rather they pack us up and make us small in spite of us, and then—good night to us. And I say once more, if your ladyship does not like to give me the island because I'm a fool, like a wise man I will take care to give myself no trouble about it; I have heard say that "behind the cross there's the devil," and that "all that glitters is not gold,"² and that from among the oxen, and the ploughs, and the yokes, Wamba the husbandman was taken to be made King of Spain, and from among brocades, and pleasures, and riches, Roderick was taken to be devoured by adders, if the verses of the old ballads don't lie.'

'To be sure they don't lie!' exclaimed Doña Rodriguez, the duenna, who was one of the listeners. 'Why, there's a ballad that says they put King Rodrigo alive into a tomb full of toads, and adders, and lizards, and that two days

¹ Provs. 172, 105, 72, 98, 166, 20, 63, 192, and 189.

² Provs. 75 and 161.

afterwards the King, in a plaintive, feeble voice, cried out from within the tomb—

They gnaw me now, they gnaw me now,
There where I most did sin.¹

And according to that the gentleman has good reason to say he would rather be a labouring man than a king, if vermin are to eat him.’

The duchess could not help laughing at the simplicity of her duenna, or wondering at the language and proverbs of Sancho, to whom she said, ‘Worthy Sancho knows very well that when once a knight has made a promise he strives to keep it, though it should cost him his life. My lord and husband the duke, though not one of the errant sort, is none the less a knight for that reason, and will keep his word about the promised island, in spite of the envy and malice of the world. Let Sancho be of good cheer; for when he least expects it he will find himself seated on the throne of his island and seat of dignity, and will take possession of his government that he may discard it for another of three-bordered brocade.² The charge I give him is to be careful how he governs his vassals, bearing in mind that they are all loyal and well-born.’

‘As to governing them well,’ said Sancho, ‘there’s no need of charging me to do that, for I’m kind-hearted by nature, and full of compassion for the poor; “there’s no

¹ From a modernised version, apparently, of the ballad, *Despues que el rey don Rodrigo*.—*Cancionero de Romances*, Antwerp, s.a. Duran, *Romancero*, No. 606.

² The passage is apparently corrupt. Don Juan Calderon defends the text in his *Cervantes Vindicado*; but it cannot be said that his vindication is satisfactory.

stealing the loaf from him who kneads and bakes ; ” ¹ and by my faith it won’t do to throw false dice with me ; I am an old dog, and I know all about “ tus, tus ; ” ² I can be wide-awake if need be, and I don’t let clouds come before my eyes, for I know where the shoe pinches me ; ³ I say so, because with me the good will have support and protection, and the bad neither footing nor access. And it seems to me that, in governments, to make a beginning is everything ; and maybe, after having been governor a fortnight, I’ll take kindly to the work and know more about it than the field labour I have been brought up to.’

‘ You are right, Sancho,’ said the duchess, ‘ for no one is born ready taught, and the bishops are made out of men and not out of stones. But to return to the subject we were discussing just now, the enchantment of the lady Dulcinea, I look upon it as certain, and something more than evident, that Sancho’s idea of practising a deception upon his master, making him believe that the peasant girl was Dulcinea and that if he did not recognise her it must be because she was enchanted, was all a device of one of the enchanters that persecute Don Quixote. For in truth and earnest, I know from good authority that the coarse country wench who jumped up on the ass was and is Dulcinea del Toboso, and that worthy Sancho, though he fancies himself the deceiver, is the one that is deceived ; and that there is no more reason to doubt the truth of this, than of anything else we never saw. Señor Sancho Panza must know that we too have enchanters here that are well disposed to us, and tell us what goes on in the world, plainly and distinctly,

¹ Prov. 115.

² Prov. 183.

³ Prov. 252.

without subterfuge or deception ; and believe me, Sancho, that agile country lass was and is Dulcinea del Toboso, who is as much enchanted as the mother that bore her ; and when we least expect it, we shall see her in her own proper form, and then Sancho will be disabused of the error he is under at present.'

'All that's very possible,' said Sancho Panza ; 'and now I'm willing to believe what my master says about what he saw in the cave of Montesinos, where he says he saw the lady Dulcinea del Toboso in the very same dress and apparel that I said I had seen her in when I enchanted her all to please myself. It must be all exactly the other way, as your ladyship says ; because it is impossible to suppose that out of my poor wit such a cunning trick could be concocted in a moment, nor do I think my master is so mad that by my weak and feeble persuasion he could be made to believe a thing so out of all reason. But, señora, your excellence must not therefore think me ill-disposed, for a dolt like me is not bound to see into the thoughts and plots of those vile enchanters. I invented all that to escape my master's scolding, and not with any intention of hurting him ; and if it has turned out differently, there is a God in heaven who judges our hearts.'

'That is true,' said the duchess ; 'but tell me, Sancho, what is this you say about the cave of Montesinos, for I should like to know.'

Sancho upon this related to her, word for word, what has been said already touching that adventure, and having heard it the duchess said, 'From this occurrence it may be inferred that, as the great Don Quixote says he saw there

the same country wench Sancho saw on the way from El Toboso, it is, no doubt, Dulcinea, and that there are some very active and exceedingly busy enchanters about.'

'So I say,' said Sancho, 'and if my lady Dulcinea is enchanted, so much the worse for her, and I'm not going to pick a quarrel with my master's enemies, who seem to be many and spiteful. The truth is that the one I saw was a country wench, and I set her down to be a country wench; and if that was Dulcinea it must not be laid at my door, nor should I be called to answer for it or take the consequences. But they must go nagging at me at every step—"Sancho said it, Sancho did it, Sancho here, Sancho there,"' as if Sancho was nobody at all, and not that same Sancho Panza that's now going all over the world in books, so Samson Carrasco told me, and he's at any rate one that's a bachelor of Salamanca; and people of that sort can't lie, except when the whim seizes them or they have some very good reason for it. So there's no occasion for anybody to quarrel with me; and then I have a good character, and, as I have heard my master say, "a good name is better than great riches;"¹ let them only stick me into this government and they'll see wonders, for one who has been a good squire will be a good governor.'

'All worthy Sancho's observations,' said the duchess, 'are Catonian sentences, or at any rate out of the very heart of Michael Verino himself, who *glorientibus occidit annis*.² In fact, to speak in his own style, "under a bad cloak there's often a good drinker."³

'Indeed, señora,' said Sancho, 'I never yet drank out

¹ Prov. 156.

² See Note B, p. 376.

³ Prov. 36.

of wickedness ; from thirst I have very likely, for I have nothing of the hypocrite in me ; I drink when I'm inclined, or, if I'm not inclined, when they offer it to me, so as not to look either strait-laced or ill-bred ; for when a friend drinks one's health what heart can be so hard as not to return it ? But if I put on my shoes I don't dirty them ;¹ besides, squires to knights-errant mostly drink water, for they are always wandering among woods, forests and meadows, mountains and crags, without a drop of wine to be had if they gave their eyes for it.'

'So I believe,' said the duchess ; 'and now let Sancho go and take his sleep, and we will talk by-and-by at greater length, and settle how he may soon go and stick himself into the government, as he says.'

Sancho once more kissed the duchess's hand, and entreated her to be so kind as to let good care be taken of his Dapple, for he was the light of his eyes.

'What is Dapple ?' said the duchess.

'My ass,' said Sancho, 'which, not to mention him by that name, I'm accustomed to call Dapple ; I begged this lady duenna here to take care of him when I came into the castle, and she got as angry as if I had said she was ugly or old, though it ought to be more natural and proper for duennas to feed asses than to ornament chambers. God bless me ! what a spite a gentleman of my village had against these ladies !'

'He must have been some clown,' said Doña Rodriguez the duenna ; 'for if he had been a gentleman and well-born

¹ A popular way of describing drinking without getting drunk.

he would have exalted them higher than the horns of the moon.'

'That will do,' said the duchess; 'no more of this; hush, Doña Rodriguez, and let Señor Panza rest easy and leave the treatment of Dapple in my charge, for as he is a treasure of Sancho's, I'll put him on the apple of my eye.'

'It will be enough for him to be in the stable,' said Sancho, 'for neither he nor I are worthy to rest a moment in the apple of your highness's eye, and I'd as soon stab myself as consent to it; for though my master says that in civilities it is better to lose by a card too many than a card too few,¹ when it comes to civilities to asses we must mind what we are about and keep within due bounds.'

'Take him to your government, Sancho,' said the duchess, 'and there you will be able to make as much of him as you like, and even release him from work and pension him off.'

'Don't think, señora duchess, that you have said anything absurd,' said Sancho; 'I have seen more than two asses go to governments, and for me to take mine with me would be nothing new.'

Sancho's words made the duchess laugh again and gave her fresh amusement, and dismissing him to sleep she went away to tell the duke the conversation she had had with him, and between them they plotted and arranged to play a joke upon Don Quixote that was to be a rare one and entirely in knight-errantry style, and in that same style they practised several upon him, so much in keeping and so

¹ Prov. 39.

clever that they form the best adventures this great history contains.

Note A (page 367).

Prov. 234. A somewhat obscure popular phrase, rather than proverb, used to describe that which has nothing whatever to do with the subject in hand. Úbeda is a small town in the upper valley of the Guadalquivir (*v. map*), and some explain the phrase by saying that the country round it being very hilly, travellers are liable to lose their way there. Others say the explanation is that there are no hills there at all. Neither statement is correct; the country is not particularly hilly or flat, nor is there any reason why anyone should lose his way there. Jervas's suggestion is more probable, that the words are the beginning of some old song or story, and are equivalent to saying that the remark made has as much to do with the question as the old song, 'Over the hills,' &c.

Note B (page 373).

Catonian sentences, i.e. in the style of Dionysius Cato. Michael Verino was the author of a book entitled *De puerorum moribus disticha*, somewhat in the style of Cato's *Disticha*, and, like it, a well-known school-book at the time. The Latin quoted by the duchess is from the epitaph on him by Politian.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHICH RELATES HOW THEY LEARNED THE WAY IN WHICH THEY WERE TO DISENCHANT THE PEERLESS DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO, WHICH IS ONE OF THE RAREST ADVENTURES IN THIS BOOK.

GREAT was the pleasure the duke and duchess took in the conversation of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; and, more bent than ever upon the plan they had of practising some jokes upon them that should have the look and appearance of adventures, they took as their basis of action what Don Quixote had already told them about the cave of Montesinos,¹ in order to play him a famous one. But what the duchess marvelled at above all was that Sancho's simplicity could be so great as to make him believe as absolute truth that Dulcinea had been enchanted, when it was he himself who had been the enchanter and trickster in the business. Having, therefore, instructed their servants in everything they were to do, six days afterwards they took him out to hunt, with as great a retinue of huntsmen and beaters as a crowned king could take.

They presented Don Quixote with a hunting suit, and Sancho with another of the finest green cloth; but Don Quixote declined to put his on, saying that he must soon

¹ Don Quixote told them nothing about the cave of Montesinos: all they knew of it was through Sancho. Hartzenbusch inserts the correction.

return to the hard pursuit of arms, and could not carry wardrobes or stores with him. Sancho, however, took what they gave him, meaning to sell it the first opportunity he had.

The appointed day having arrived, Don Quixote armed himself, and Sancho arrayed himself, and mounted on his Dapple (for he would not give him up though they offered him a horse), he placed himself in the midst of the troop of huntsmen. The duchess came out splendidly attired, and Don Quixote, in pure courtesy and politeness, held the rein of her palfrey, though the duke wanted not to allow him; and at last they reached a wood that lay between two high mountains, where, after occupying various posts, ambushes, and paths, and distributing the party in different positions, the hunt began with great noise, shouting, and hallooing, so that, between the baying of the hounds and the blowing of the horns, they could not hear one another. The duchess dismounted, and with a sharp boar-spear in her hand posted herself where she knew the wild boars were in the habit of passing. The duke and Don Quixote likewise dismounted and placed themselves one at each side of her. Sancho took up a position in the rear of all without dismounting from Dapple, whom he dared not desert lest some mischief should befall him. Scarcely had they taken their stand in a line with several of their servants, when they saw a huge boar, closely pressed by the hounds and followed by the huntsmen, making towards them, grinding his teeth and tusks, and scattering foam from his mouth. As soon as he saw him Don Quixote, bracing his shield on his arm, and drawing his sword, advanced to meet him;

the duke with his boar-spear did the same; but the duchess would have gone in front of them all had not the duke prevented her. Sancho alone, deserting Dapple at the sight of the mighty beast, took to his heels as hard as he could and strove in vain to mount a tall oak. As he was clinging to a branch, however, half-way up in his struggle to reach the top, the bough, such was his ill-luck and hard fate, gave way, and caught in his fall by a broken limb of the oak, he hung suspended in the air unable to reach the ground. Finding himself in this position, and that the green coat was beginning to tear, and reflecting that if the fierce animal came that way he might be able to get at him, he began to utter such cries, and call for help so earnestly, that all who heard him and did not see him felt sure he must be in the teeth of some wild beast. In the end the tusked boar fell pierced by the blades of the many spears they held in front of him; and Don Quixote, turning round at the cries of Sancho, for he knew by them that it was he, saw him hanging from the oak head downwards, with Dapple, who did not forsake him in his distress, close beside him; and Cid Hamet observes that he seldom saw Sancho Panza without seeing Dapple, or Dapple without seeing Sancho Panza; such was their attachment and loyalty one to the other. Don Quixote went over and unhooked Sancho, who, as soon as he found himself released and on the ground, looked at the rent in his hunting-coat and was grieved to the heart, for he thought he had got a patrimonial estate in that suit.

Meanwhile they had slung the mighty boar across the back of a mule, and having covered it with sprigs of rose-

mary and branches of myrtle, they bore it away as the spoils of victory to some large field-tents which had been pitched in the middle of the wood, where they found the tables laid and dinner served, in such grand and sumptuous style that it was easy to see the rank and magnificence of those who had provided it. Sancho, as he showed the rents in his torn suit to the duchess, observed, 'If we had been hunting hares, or after small birds, my coat would have been safe from being in the plight it's in; I don't know what pleasure one can find in lying in wait for an animal that may take your life with his tusk if he gets at you. I recollect having heard an old ballad sung that says,

By bears be thou devoured, as erst
Was famous Favila.'

'That,' said Don Quixote, 'was a Gothic king, who, going a hunting, was devoured by a bear.'¹

'Just so,' said Sancho; 'and I would not have kings and princes expose themselves to such dangers for the sake of a pleasure which, to my mind, ought not to be one, as it consists in killing an animal that has done no harm whatever.'

'Quite the contrary, Sancho; you are wrong there,' said the duke; 'for hunting is more suitable and requisite for kings and princes than for anybody else. The chase is the emblem of war; it has its stratagems, wiles, and crafty devices for overcoming the enemy in safety; in it extreme cold and intolerable heat have to be borne, indolence and

¹ Favila was the son and successor of Pelayo. Don Quixote is hardly correct in describing him as a Gothic king, for the Gothic kings, properly so called, ended with Roderick.

sleep are despised, the bodily powers are invigorated, the limbs of him who engages in it are made supple, and, in a word, it is a pursuit which may be followed without injury to anyone and with enjoyment to many; and the best of it is, it is not for everybody, as field-sports of other sorts are, except hawking, which also is only for kings and great lords. Reconsider your opinion therefore, Sancho, and when you are governor take to hunting, and you will find the good of it.' ¹

'Nay,' said Sancho, 'the good governor should have a broken leg and keep at home; ² it would be a nice thing if, after people had been at the trouble of coming to look for him on business, the governor were to be away in the forest enjoying himself; the government would go on badly in that fashion. By my faith, señor, hunting and amusements are more fit for idlers than for governors; what I intend to amuse myself with, is playing all fours ³ at Eastertime, and bowls on Sundays and holidays; for these huntings don't suit my condition or agree with my conscience.'

'God grant it may turn out so,' said the duke; 'because it's a long step from saying to doing.' ⁴

'Be that as it may,' said Sancho, "pledges don't distress a good paymaster," and "he whom God helps does better than he who gets up early," and "it's the tripes that carry the feet and not the feet the tripes;" ⁵ I mean to say that if God gives me help and I do my duty honestly, no doubt

¹ See Note A, p. 387.

² Prov. 148. Sancho adapts the proverb to his argument.

* *Triunfo envidado*; 'brag' would be a closer translation, but the game seems to have been more like 'all fours.'

⁴ Prov. 76.

⁵ Provs. 164, 84, and 232.

I'll govern better than a ger-falcon. Nay, let them only put a finger in my mouth, and they'll see whether I can bite or not.'

'The curse of God and all his saints upon thee, thou accursed Sancho!' exclaimed Don Quixote; 'when will the day come—as I have often said to thee—when I shall hear thee make one single coherent, rational remark without proverbs? Pray, your highnesses, leave this fool alone, for he will grind your souls between, not to say two, but two thousand proverbs, dragged in as much in season, and as much to the purpose as——may God grant as much health to him, or to me if I want to listen to them!'

'Sancho Panza's proverbs,' said the duchess, 'though more in number than the Greek Commander's,¹ are not therefore less to be esteemed for the conciseness of the maxims. For my own part, I can say they give me more pleasure than others that may be better brought in and more seasonably introduced.'

In pleasant conversation of this sort they passed out of the tent into the wood, and the day was spent in visiting some of the posts and hiding-places, and then night closed in, not, however, as brilliantly or tranquilly as might have been expected at the season, for it was then midsummer; but bringing with it a kind of haze that greatly aided the project of the duke and duchess; and thus, as night began to fall, and a little after twilight set in, suddenly the whole wood on all four sides seemed to be on fire, and shortly after, here, there, on all sides, a vast number of trumpets and other military instruments were heard, as if several troops of cavalry were

¹ See Note B, p. 387.

passing through the wood. The blaze of the fire and the noise of the warlike instruments almost blinded the eyes and deafened the ears of those that stood by, and indeed of all who were in the wood. Then there were heard repeated *lelilies*¹ after the fashion of the Moors when they rush to battle; trumpets and clarions brayed, drums beat, fifes played, so unceasingly and so fast that he could not have had any senses who did not lose them with the confused din of so many instruments. The duke was astounded, the duchess amazed, Don Quixote wondering, Sancho Panza trembling, and indeed, even they who were aware of the cause were frightened. In their fear, silence fell upon them, and a postillion, in the guise of a demon, passed in front of them, blowing, in lieu of a bugle, a huge hollow horn that gave out a horrible hoarse note.

‘Ho there! brother courier,’ cried the duke, ‘who are you? Where are you going? What troops are these that seem to be passing through the wood?’

To which the courier replied in a harsh, discordant voice, ‘I am the devil; I am in search of Don Quixote of La Mancha; those who are coming this way are six troops of enchanters, who are bringing on a triumphal car the peerless Duleinea del Toboso; she comes under enchantment, together with the gallant Frenchman Montesinos, to give instructions to Don Quixote as to how she, the said lady, may be disenchanted.’

‘If you were the devil, as you say and as your appearance indicates,’ said the duke, ‘you would have known the said

¹ The cry of *La Alla ila Alla* — ‘there is no God but God.’

knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, for you have him here before you.'

'By God and upon my conscience,' said the devil, 'I never observed it, for my mind is occupied with so many different things that I was forgetting the main thing I came about.'

'This demon must be an honest fellow and a good Christian,' said Sancho; 'for if he wasn't he wouldn't swear by God and his conscience; I feel sure now there must be good souls even in hell itself.'

Without dismounting, the demon then turned to Don Quixote and said, 'The unfortunate but valiant knight Montesinos sends me to thee, the Knight of the Lions (would that I saw thee in their claws), bidding me tell thee to wait for him wherever I may find thee, as he brings with him her whom they call Dulcinea del Toboso, that he may show thee what is needful in order to disenchant her; and as I came for no more I need stay no longer; demons of my sort be with thee, and good angels with these gentles;' and so saying he blew his huge horn, turned about and went off without waiting for a reply from anyone.

They all felt fresh wonder, but particularly Sancho and Don Quixote; Sancho to see how, in defiance of the truth, they would have it that Dulcinea was enchanted; Don Quixote because he could not feel sure whether what had happened to him in the cave of Montesinos was true or not; and as he was deep in these cogitations the duke said to him, 'Do you mean to wait, Señor Don Quixote?'

'Why not?' replied he; 'here will I wait, fearless and firm, though all hell should come to attack me.'

‘ Well then, if I see another devil or hear another horn like the last, I’ll wait here as much as in Flanders,’ said Sancho.

Night now closed in more completely, and many lights began to flit through the wood, just as those fiery exhalations from the earth, that look like shooting-stars to our eyes, flit through the heavens; a frightful noise, too, was heard, like that made by the solid wheels the ox-carts usually have, by the harsh, ceaseless creaking of which, they say, the bears and wolves are put to flight, if there happen to be any where they are passing.¹ In addition to all this commotion, there came a further disturbance to increase the tumult, for now it seemed as if in truth, on all four sides of the wood, four encounters or battles were going on at the same time; in one quarter resounded the dull noise of a terrible cannonade, in another numberless muskets were being discharged, the shouts of the combatants sounded almost close at hand, and farther away the Moorish lilies were raised again and again. In a word, the bugles, the horns, the clarions, the trumpets, the drums, the cannon, the musketry, and above all the tremendous noise of the carts, all made up together a din so confused and terrific that Don Quixote had need to summon up all his courage to brave it; but Sancho’s gave way, and he fell fainting on the skirt of the duchess’s robe, who let him lie there and promptly bade them throw water in his face. This was done, and he came to himself by the time that one of the

¹ See Note C, p. 387.

carts with the creaking wheels reached the spot. It was drawn by four plodding oxen all covered with black housings ; on each horn they had fixed a large lighted wax taper, and on the top of the cart was constructed a raised seat, on which sat a venerable old man with a beard whiter than the very snow, and so long that it fell below his waist ; he was dressed in a long robe of black buckram ; for as the cart was thickly set with a multitude of candles it was easy to make out everything that was on it. Leading it were two hideous demons, also clad in buckram, with countenances so frightful that Sancho, having once seen them, shut his eyes so as not to see them again. As soon as the cart came opposite the spot the old man rose from his lofty seat, and standing up said in a loud voice, ‘ I am the sage Lirgandeo,’ and without another word the cart then passed on. Behind it came another of the same form, with another aged man enthroned, who, stopping the cart, said in a voice no less solemn than that of the first, ‘ I am the sage Alquife, the great friend of Urganda the Unknown,’ and passed on. Then another cart came by at the same pace, but the occupant of the throne was not old like the others, but a man stalwart and robust, and of a forbidding countenance, who as he came up said in a voice far hoarser and more devilish, ‘ I am the enchanter Archelaus, the mortal enemy of Amadis of Gaul and all his kindred,’ and then passed on. Having gone a short distance the three carts halted and the monotonous noise of their wheels ceased, and soon after they heard another, not noise, but sound of sweet, harmonious music, of which Sancho was glad, taking it to be a good sign ; and said he to the duchess, from whom he did not

stir a step, or for an instant, ‘Señora, where there’s music there can’t be mischief.’¹

‘Nor where there are lights and it is bright,’ said the duchess; to which Sancho replied, ‘Fire gives light, and it’s bright where there are bonfires, as we see by those that are all round us, and perhaps may burn us; but music is a sign of mirth and merrymaking.’

‘That remains to be seen,’ said Don Quixote, who was listening to all that passed; and he was right, as is shown in the following chapter.

¹ Prov. 152.

Note A (page 381).

Vereis como os vale un pan por ciento; literally, ‘you’ll see it will be worth a loaf per cent. to you.’ There has been a good deal of discussion about this phrase. Critics, assuming that, as it stands, it must be wrong, have suggested various new readings, such as *tan por ciento*, *pamporcino*, and the like; forgetting, apparently, that Cervantes uses it again in precisely the same form and way in chapter lxxi. There can be no doubt it is some old popular, perhaps local, phrase, now obsolete, but in use in his day in the sense I have given.

Note B (page 382).

I.e. Hernan (or Fernan) Nuñez, of the noble family of the Guzmans, professor of Greek at Alcalá and afterwards at Salamanca, and one of the greatest scholars of the sixteenth century. He made a collection of proverbs which was published in 1555, after his death. He was Commander of the Order of Santiago, and hence commonly called the Greek Commander, *El Comendador Griego*, a title absurdly translated ‘Greek commentator’ by Jervas, Viardot, Damas Hinard, and others.

Note C (page 385).

In the carts described wheels and axle are all in one piece. They are in use to this day in the Asturias, and their creaking may be heard on a still evening miles away. The country folk there maintain it has the effect Cervantes mentions.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE INSTRUCTION GIVEN TO DON QUIXOTE
TOUCHING THE DISENCHANTMENT OF DULCINEA, TOGETHER
WITH OTHER MARVELLOUS INCIDENTS.

THEY saw advancing towards them, to the sound of this pleasing music, what they call a triumphal car, drawn by six grey mules with white linen housings, on each of which was mounted a penitent,¹ robed also in white, with a large lighted wax taper in his hand. The car was twice or, perhaps, three times as large as the former ones, and in front and on the sides stood twelve more penitents, all as white as snow and all with lighted tapers, a spectacle to excite fear as well as wonder; and on a raised throne was seated a nymph draped in a multitude of silver-tissue veils with an embroidery of countless gold spangles glittering all over them, that made her appear, if not richly, at least brilliantly, apparelled. She had her face covered with thin transparent sendal, the texture of which did not prevent the fair features of a maiden from being distinguished, while the numerous lights made it possible to judge of her beauty and of her years, which seemed to be not less than seventeen but not to have yet reached twenty. Beside her

¹ *Disciplinante de luz*: one in the costume of the disciplinants who used to walk in procession in Holy Week.

was a figure in a robe of state, as they call it, reaching to the feet, while the head was covered with a black veil. But the instant the car was opposite the duke and duchess and Don Quixote the music of the clarions ceased, and then that of the lutes and harps on the car, and the figure in the robe rose up, and flinging it apart and removing the veil from its face, disclosed to their eyes the shape of Death itself, fleshless and hideous, at which sight Don Quixote felt uneasy, Sancho frightened, and the duke and duchess displayed a certain trepidation. Having risen to its feet, this living death, in a sleepy voice and with a tongue hardly awake, held forth as follows :

I am that Merlin who the legends say
The devil had for father, and the lie
Hath gathered credence with the lapse of time.
Of magic prince, of Zoroastrie lore
Monarch and treasurer, with jealous eye
I view the efforts of the age to hide
The gallant deeds of doughty errant knights,
Who are, and ever have been, dear to me.

Enchanters and magicians and their kind
Are mostly hard of heart ; not so am I ;
For mine is tender, soft, compassionate,
And its delight is doing good to all.
In the dim caverns of the gloomy Dis,
Where, tracing mystic lines and characters,
My soul abideth now, there came to me
The sorrow-laden plaint of her, the fair,
The peerless Dulcinea del Toboso.
I knew of her enchantment and her fate,
From high-born dame to peasant wench transformed ;
And touched with pity, first I turned the leaves
Of countless volumes of my devilish craft,

And then, in this grim grisly skeleton
Myself encasing, hither have I come
To show where lies the fitting remedy
To give relief in such a piteous case.

O thou, the pride and pink of all that wear
The adamantine steel! O shining light,
O beacon, polestar, path and guide of all
Who, scorning slumber and the lazy down,
Adopt the toilsome life of bloodstained arms!
To thee, great hero who all praise transcends,
La Mancha's lustre and Iberia's star,
Don Quixote, wise as brave, to thee I say—
For peerless Dulcinea del Toboso
Her pristine form and beauty to regain,
'Tis needful that thy esquire Sancho shall,
On his own sturdy buttocks bared to heaven,
Three thousand and three hundred lashes lay,
And that they smart and sting and hurt him well.
Thus have the authors of her woe resolved.
And this is, gentles, wherefore I have come.

‘By all that’s good,’ exclaimed Sancho at this, ‘I’ll just as soon give myself three stabs with a dagger as three, not to say three thousand, lashes. The devil take such a way of disenchanting! I don’t see what my backside has got to do with enchantments. By God, if Señor Merlin has not found out some other way of disenchanting the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, she may go to her grave enchanted.’

‘But I’ll take you, Don Clown stuffed with garlic,’ said Don Quixote, ‘and tie you to a tree as naked as when your mother brought you forth, and give you, not to say three thousand three hundred, but six thousand six hundred lashes, and so well laid on that they won’t be got rid of if

you try three thousand three hundred times ; don't answer me a word or I'll tear your soul out.'

On hearing this Merlin said, ' That will not do, for the lashes worthy Sancho has to receive must be given of his own free will and not by force, and at whatever time he pleases, for there is no fixed limit assigned to him ; but it is permitted him, if he likes to commute by half the pain of this whipping, to let them be given by the hand of another, though it may be somewhat weighty.'

' Not a hand, my own or anybody else's, weighty or weighable, shall touch me,' said Sancho. ' Was it I that gave birth to the lady Duleinea del Toboso, that my back-side is to pay for the sins of her eyes ? My master, indeed, that's a part of her—for he's always calling her "my life" and "my soul," and his stay and prop—may and ought to whip himself for her and take all the trouble required for her disenchantment. But for me to whip myself ! Abernuncio !'¹

As soon as Sancho had done speaking the nymph in silver that was at the side of Merlin's ghost stood up, and removing the thin veil from her face disclosed one that seemed to all something more than exceedingly beautiful ; and with a masculine freedom from embarrassment and in a voice not very like a lady's, addressing Sancho directly, said, ' Thou wretched squire, soul of a pitcher, heart of a cork tree, with bowels of flint and pebbles ; if, thou impudent thief, they bade thee throw thyself down from some lofty tower ; if, enemy of mankind, they asked thee to swallow a dozen of toads, two of lizards, and three of adders ; if they wanted thee to slay thy wife and children with a sharp

¹ For *abrenuntio*.

murderous scimeter, it would be no wonder for thee to show thyself stubborn and squeamish. But to make a piece of work about three thousand three hundred lashes, what every poor little charity-boy gets every month—it is enough to amaze, astonish, astound the compassionate bowels of all who hear it, nay, all who come to hear it in the course of time. Turn, O miserable, hard-hearted animal, turn, I say, those timorous owl's eyes upon these of mine that are compared to radiant stars, and thou wilt see them weeping trickling streams and rills, and tracing furrows, tracks, and paths over the fair fields of my cheeks. Let it move thee, crafty, ill-conditioned monster, to see my blooming youth—still in its teens, for I am not yet twenty—wasting and withering away beneath the husk of a rude peasant wench; and if I do not appear in that shape now, it is a special favour Señor Merlin here has granted me, to the sole end that my beauty may soften thee; for the tears of beauty in distress turn rocks into cotton and tigers into ewes. Lay on to that hide of thine, thou great untamed brute, rouse up thy lusty vigour that only urges thee to eat and eat, and set free the softness of my flesh, the gentleness of my nature, and the fairness of my face. And if thou wilt not relent or come to reason for me, do so for the sake of that poor knight thou hast beside thee; thy master I mean, whose soul I can this moment see, how he has it stuck in his throat not ten fingers from his lips, and only waiting for thy inflexible or yielding reply to make its escape by his mouth or go back again into his stomach.'

Don Quixote on hearing this felt his throat, and turning to the duke he said, 'By God, señor, Duleinea says true, I

have my soul stuck here in my throat like the nut of a crossbow.' ¹

'What say you to this, Sancho?' said the duchess.

'I say, señora,' returned Sancho, 'what I said before; as for the lashes, abrenuncio!'

'Abrenuncio, you should say, Sancho, and not as you do,' said the duke.

'Let me alone, your highness,' said Sancho. 'I'm not in a humour now to look into niceties or a letter more or less, for these lashes that are to be given me, or I'm to give myself, have so upset me, that I don't know what I'm saying or doing. But I'd like to know of this lady, my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, where she learned this way she has of asking favours. She comes to ask me to score my flesh with lashes, and she calls me soul of a pitcher, and great untamed brute, and a string of foul names that the devil is welcome to. Is my flesh brass? or is it anything to me whether she is enchanted or not? Does she bring with her a basket of fair linen, shirts, kerchiefs, socks—not that I wear any—to coax me? No, nothing but one piece of abuse after another, though she knows the proverb they have here that "an ass loaded with gold goes lightly up a mountain," and that "gifts break rocks," and "praying to God and plying the hammer," and that "one 'take' is better than two 'I'll give thee's.'"² Then there's my master, who ought to stroke me down and pet me to make me turn wool and carded cotton; he says if he gets hold of me he'll tie me naked to a tree and double the tale of lashes on me. These

¹ That which holds back the string of the crossbow

² Provs. 17, 68, 85, and 227.

tender-hearted gentry should consider that it's not merely a squire, but a governor they are asking to whip himself; just as if it was "drink with cherries."¹ Let them learn, plague take them, the right way to ask, and beg, and behave themselves; for all times are not alike,² nor are people always in good humour. I'm just now ready to burst with grief at seeing my green coat torn, and they come to ask me to whip myself of my own free will, I having as little fancy for it as for turning cacique.'

'Well then, the fact is, friend Sancho,' said the duke, 'that unless you become softer than a ripe fig, you shall not get hold of the government. It would be a nice thing for me to send my islanders a cruel governor with flinty bowels, who won't yield to the tears of afflicted damsels or to the prayers of wise, magisterial, ancient enchanters and sages. In short, Sancho, either you must be whipped by yourself, or they must whip you, or you shan't be governor.'

'Señor,' said Sancho, 'won't two days' grace be given me to consider what is best for me?'

'No, certainly not,' said Merlin; 'here, this minute, and on the spot, the matter must be settled; either Dulcinea will return to the cave of Montesinos and to her former condition of peasant wench, or else in her present form shall be carried to the Elysian fields, where she will remain waiting until the number of stripes is completed.'

'Now then, Sancho!' said the duchess, 'show courage, and gratitude for your master Don Quixote's bread that you have eaten; we are all bound to oblige and please him for his benevolent disposition and lofty chivalry. Consent to this

¹ Prov. 108; i.e. a perfectly natural accompaniment.

² Prov. 225.

whipping, my son; to the devil with the devil, and leave fear to milksops, for "a stout heart breaks bad luck,"¹ as you very well know.'

To this Sancho replied with an irrelevant remark, which, addressing Merlin, he made to him, 'Will your worship tell me, Señor Merlin,—when that courier devil came up he gave my master a message from Señor Montesinos, charging him to wait for him here, as he was coming to arrange how the lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso was to be disenchanted; but up to the present we have not seen Montesinos, nor anything like him.'

To which Merlin made answer, 'The devil, friend Sancho, is a blockhead and a great scoundrel; I sent him to look for your master, but not with a message from Montesinos but from myself; for Montesinos is in his cave expecting, or, more properly speaking, waiting for his disenchantment; for there's the tail to be skinned yet for him;² if he owes you anything, or you have any business to transact with him, I'll bring him to you and put him where you choose; but for the present make up your mind to consent to this penance, and believe me it will be very good for you, for soul as well as for body—for your soul because of the charity with which you perform it, for your body because I know that you are of a sanguine habit and it will do you no harm to draw a little blood.'

'There are a great many doctors in the world; even the enchanterers are doctors,' said Sancho; 'however, as everybody tells me the same thing—though I can't see it myself—I say I am willing to give myself the three thousand three

¹ Prov. 58.

² Prov. 52.

hundred lashes, provided I am to lay them on whenever I like, without any fixing of days or times; and I'll try and get out of debt as quickly as I can, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; as it seems, contrary to what I thought, that she is beautiful after all. It must be a condition, too, that I am not to be bound to draw blood with the scourge, and that if any of the lashes happen to be fly-flappers they are to count. Item, that, in case I should make any mistake in the reckoning, Señor Merlin, as he knows everything, is to keep count, and let me know how many are still wanting or over the number.'

'There will be no need to let you know of any over,' said Merlin, 'because, when you reach the full number, the lady Dulcinea will at once, and that very instant, be disenchanted, and will come in her gratitude to seek out the worthy Sancho, and thank him, and even reward him for the good work. So you have no cause to be uneasy about stripes too many or too few; heaven forbid I should cheat anyone of even a hair of his head.'

'Well then, in God's hands be it,' said Sancho; 'in the hard case I'm in I give in; I say I accept the penance on the conditions laid down.'

The instant Sancho uttered these last words the music of the clarions struck up once more, and again a host of muskets were discharged, and Don Quixote hung on Sancho's neck kissing him again and again on the forehead and cheeks. The duchess and the duke and all who stood by expressed the greatest satisfaction, the car began to move on, and as it passed the fair Dulcinea bowed to the duke and duchess and made a low curtsy to Sancho.

And now bright smiling dawn came on apace; the flowers of the field, revived, raised up their heads, and the crystal waters of the brooks, murmuring over the grey and white pebbles, hastened to pay their tribute to the expectant rivers; the glad earth, the unclouded sky, the fresh breeze, the clear light, each and all showed that the day that came treading on the skirts of morning would be calm and bright. The duke and duchess, pleased with their hunt and at having carried out their plans so cleverly and successfully, returned to their castle resolved to follow up their joke; for to them there was no reality that could afford them more amusement.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE STRANGE AND UNDREAMT-OF ADVENTURE OF THE DISTRESSED DUENNA, ALIAS THE COUNTESS TRIFALDI, TOGETHER WITH A LETTER WHICH SANCHE PANZA WROTE TO HIS WIFE, TERESA PANZA.

THE duke had a majordomo of a very facetious and sportive turn, and he it was that played the part of Merlin, made all the arrangements for the late adventure, composed the verses, and got a page to represent Dulcinea ; and now, with the assistance of his master and mistress, he got up another of the drollest and strangest contrivance that can be imagined.

The duchess asked Sancho the next day if he had made a beginning with his penance task which he had to perform for the-disenchantment of Dulcinea. He said he had, and had given himself five lashes overnight.

The duchess asked him what he had given them with.

He said with his hand.

‘That,’ said the duchess, ‘is more like giving oneself slaps than lashes ; I am sure the sage Merlin will not be satisfied with such tenderness ; worthy Sancho must make a scourge with claws, or a cat-o’-nine tails,¹ that will make itself felt ;

¹ Properly the thick knotted ends of the cords forming the lashes of the scourge used by penitents.

for it's with blood that letters enter,¹ and the release of so great a lady as Duleinea will not be granted so cheaply, or at such a paltry price; and remember, Sancho, that works of charity done in a lukewarm and half-hearted way are without merit and of no avail.'²

To which Sancho replied, 'If your ladyship will give me a proper scourge or cord, I'll lay on with it, provided it does not hurt too much; for you must know, boor as I am, my flesh is more cotton than hemp, and it won't do for me to destroy myself for the good of anybody else.'

'So be it by all means,' said the duchess; 'to-morrow I'll give you a scourge that will be just the thing for you, and will accommodate itself to the tenderness of your flesh, as if it was its own sister.'

Then said Sancho, 'Your highness must know, dear lady of my soul, that I have a letter written to my wife, Teresa Panza, giving her an account of all that has happened me since I left her; I have it here in my bosom, and there's nothing wanting but to put the address to it; I'd be glad if your discretion would read it, for I think it runs in the governor style; I mean the way governors ought to write.'

'And who dictated it?' asked the duchess.

'Who should have dictated but myself, sinner as I am?' said Sancho.

'And did you write it yourself?' said the duchess.

'That I didn't,' said Sancho; 'for I can neither read nor write, though I can sign my name.'

¹ Prov. 127.

² These two lines were expunged by order of the Inquisition in 1619, and have not been since restored in any edition I am acquainted with.

‘Let us see it,’ said the duchess, ‘for never fear but you display in it the quality and quantity of your wit.’

Sancho drew out an open letter from his bosom, and the duchess taking it, found it ran in this fashion :

SANCHO PANZA’S LETTER TO HIS WIFE, TERESA PANZA.

‘If I was well whipped I went mounted like a gentleman;¹ if I have got a good government it is at the cost of a good whipping. Thou wilt not understand this just now, my Teresa; by-and-by thou wilt know what it means. I may tell thee, Teresa, I mean thee to go in a coach, for that is a matter of importance, because every other way of going is going on all-fours. Thou art a governor’s wife; take care that nobody speaks evil of thee behind thy back. I send thee here a green hunting suit that my lady the duchess gave me; alter it so as to make a petticoat and boddice for our daughter. Don Quixote, my master, if I am to believe what I hear in these parts, is a madman of some sense, and a droll blockhead, and I am no way behind him. We have been in the cave of Montesinos, and the sage Merlin has laid hold of me for the disenchantment of Dulcinea del Toboso, her that is called Aldonza Lorenzo over there. With three thousand three hundred lashes, less five, that I’m to give myself, she will be left as entirely disenchanted as the mother that bore her. Say nothing of this to anyone; for, make thy affairs public, and some will say they are white and others will say they

¹ Prov. 29. A proverb that evidently had its origin in the words of some philosophical culprit after having been whipped through the streets mounted on an ass, according to custom. Sancho quotes it again in chapter lxxii.

are black.¹ I shall leave this in a few days for my government, to which I am going with a mighty great desire to make money, for they tell me all new governors set out with the same desire; I will feel the pulse of it and will let thee know if thou art to come and live with me or not. Dapple is well and sends many remembrances to thee; I am not going to leave him behind though they took me away to be Grand Turk. My lady the duchess kisses thy hands a thousand times; do thou make a return with two thousand, for, as my master says, nothing costs less or is cheaper than civility. God has not been pleased to provide another valise for me with another hundred crowns, like the one the other day; but never mind, my Teresa, the bell-ringer is in safe quarters, and all will come out in the scouring of the government;² only it troubles me greatly what they tell me,—that once I have tried it I will eat my hands off after it;³ and if that is so it will not come very cheap to me; though to be sure the maimed have a benefice of their own in the alms they beg for: so that one way or another thou wilt be rich and in luck. God give it to thee as he can, and keep me to serve thee. From this castle, the 20th of July, 1614.⁴

‘Thy husband, the governor,

‘SANCHO PANZA.’

When she had done reading the letter the duchess said to Sancho, ‘On two points the worthy governor goes rather astray; one is in saying or hinting that this government

¹ Prov. 57.

² A reference to Provs. 200 and 53.

³ A popular phrase expressive of extreme eagerness.

⁴ This date is obviously the date at which Cervantes was writing.

has been bestowed upon him for the lashes that he is to give himself, when he knows (and he cannot deny it) that when my lord the duke promised it to him nobody ever dreamt of such a thing as lashes; the other is that he shows himself here to be very covetous; and I would not have him a money-seeker,¹ for "covetousness bursts the bag,"² and the covetous governor does ungoverned justice.'

'I don't mean it that way, señora,' said Sancho; 'and if you think the letter doesn't run as it ought to do, it's only to tear it up and make another; and maybe it will be a worse one if it is left to my gumption.'

'No, no,' said the duchess, 'this one will do, and I wish the duke to see it.'

With this they betook themselves to a garden where they were to dine, and the duchess showed Sancho's letter to the duke, who was highly delighted with it. They dined, and after the cloth had been removed and they had amused themselves for a while with Sancho's rich conversation, the melancholy sound of a fife and harsh discordant drum made itself heard. All seemed somewhat put out by this dull, confused, martial harmony, especially Don Quixote, who could not keep his seat from pure disquietude; as to Sancho, it is needless to say that fear drove him to his usual refuge, the side or the skirts of the duchess; and indeed and in truth the sound they heard was a most doleful and melancholy one. While they were still in uncertainty they saw advancing towards them through the garden two men clad in mourning robes so long and flowing that they trailed upon the ground. As they marched they

¹ *Oréjano*, properly wild marjoram. See Prov. 160.

² Prov. 50.

beat two great drums which were likewise draped in black, and beside them came the fife player, black and sombre like the others. Following these there came a personage of gigantic stature enveloped rather than clad in a gown of the deepest black, the skirt of which was of prodigious dimensions. Over the gown, girdling or crossing his figure, he had a broad baldric which was also black, and from which hung a huge scimeter with a black scabbard and furniture. He had his face covered with a transparent black veil, through which might be descried a very long beard as white as snow. He came on keeping step to the sound of the drums with great gravity and dignity; and, in short, his stature, his gait, the sombreness of his appearance and his following might well have struck with astonishment, as they did, all who beheld him without knowing who he was. With this measured pace and in this guise he advanced to kneel before the duke, who, with the others, awaited him standing. The duke, however, would not on any account allow him to speak until he had risen. The terrific object obeyed, and standing up, removed the veil from his face and disclosed the most enormous, the longest, the whitest and the thickest beard that human eyes had ever beheld until that moment, and then fetching up a grave, sonorous voice from the depths of his broad, capacious chest, and fixing his eyes on the duke, he said, 'Most high and mighty señor, my name is Trifaldin of the White Beard; I am squire to the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Distressed Duenna, on whose behalf I bear a message to your highness, which is that your magnificence will be pleased to grant her leave and permission to come

and tell you her trouble, which is one of the strangest and most wonderful that the mind most familiar with trouble in the world could have imagined; but first she desires to know if the valiant and never vanquished knight, Don Quixote of La Mancha, is in this your castle, for she has come in quest of him on foot and without breaking her fast from the kingdom of Kandy to your realms here; a thing which may and ought to be regarded as a miracle or set down to enchantment; she is even now at the gate of this fortress or plaisance, and only waits for your permission to enter. I have spoken.' And with that he coughed, and stroked down his beard with both his hands, and stood very tranquilly waiting for the response of the duke, which was to this effect: 'Many' days ago, worthy squire Trifaldin of the White Beard, we heard of the misfortune of my lady the Countess Trifaldi, whom the enchanters have caused to be called the Distressed Duenna. Bid her enter, O stupendous squire, and tell her that the valiant knight Don Quixote of La Mancha is here, and from his generous disposition she may safely promise herself every protection and assistance; and you may tell her, too, that if my aid be necessary it will not be withheld, for I am bound to give it to her by my quality of knight, which involves the protection of women of all sorts, especially widowed, wronged, and distressed dames, such as her ladyship seems to be.'

On hearing this Trifaldin bent the knee to the ground, and making a sign to the fifer and drummers to strike up, he turned and marched out of the garden to the same notes and at the same pace as when he entered, leaving them all amazed at his bearing and solemnity. Turning to Don

Quixote, the duke said, 'After all, renowned knight, the mists of malice and ignorance are unable to hide or obscure the light of valour and virtue. I say so, because your excellence has been barely six days in this castle, and already the unhappy and the afflicted come in quest of you from lands far distant and remote, and not in coaches or on dromedaries, but on foot and fasting, confident that in that mighty arm they will find a cure for their sorrows and troubles; thanks to your great achievements, which are circulated all over the known earth.'

'I wish, señor duke,' replied Don Quixote, 'that blessed ecclesiastic, who at table the other day showed such ill-will and bitter spite against knights-errant, were here now to see with his own eyes whether knights of the sort are needed in the world; he would at any rate learn by experience that those suffering any extraordinary affliction or sorrow, in extreme cases and unusual misfortunes do not go to look for a remedy to the houses of jurists or village sacristans, or to the knight who has never attempted to pass the bounds of his own town, or to the indolent courtier who only seeks for news to repeat and talk of, instead of striving to do deeds and exploits for others to relate and record. Relief in distress, help in need, protection for damsels, consolation for widows, are to be found in no sort of persons better than in knights-errant; and I give unceasing thanks to heaven that I am one, and regard any misfortune or suffering that may befall me in the pursuit of so honourable a calling as endured to good purpose. Let this duenna come and ask what she will, for I will effect her relief by the might of my arm and the dauntless resolution of my bold heart.'

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE NOTABLE ADVENTURE
OF THE DISTRESSED DUENNA.

THE duke and duchess were extremely glad to see how readily Don Quixote fell in with their scheme; but at this moment Sancho observed, ‘I hope this señora duenna won’t be putting any difficulties in the way of the promise of my government; for I have heard a Toledo apothecary, who talked like a goldfinch, say that where duennas were mixed up nothing good could happen. God bless me, how he hated them, that same apothecary! And so what I’m thinking is, if all duennas, of whatever sort or condition they may be, are plagues and busybodies, what must they be that are distressed, like this Countess Three-skirts or Three-tails!’¹ —for in my country skirts or tails, tails or skirts, it’s all one.’

‘Hush, friend Sancho,’ said Don Quixote; ‘since this lady duenna comes in quest of me from such a distant land she cannot be one of those the apothecary meant; moreover this is a countess, and when countesses serve as duennas it is in the service of queens and empresses, for in

¹ *Trifaldi* = *Tres faldas*, or three skirts.

their own houses they are mistresses paramount and have other duennas to wait on them.'

To this Doña Rodríguez, who was present, made answer, 'My lady the duchess has duennas in her service that might be countesses if it was the will of fortune; "but laws go as kings like;"¹ let nobody speak ill of duennas, above all of ancient maiden ones; for though I am not one myself, I know and am aware of the advantage a maiden duenna has over one that is a widow; but "he who clipped us has kept the scissors."²

'For all that,' said Sancho, 'there's so much to be clipped about duennas, so my barber said, that "it will be better not to stir the rice even though it sticks"³

'These squires,' returned Doña Rodríguez, 'are always our enemies; and as they are the haunting spirits of the antechambers and watch us at every step, whenever they are not saying their prayers (and that's often enough) they spend their time in tattling about us, digging up our bones and burying our good name. But I can tell these walking blocks that we will live in spite of them, and in great houses too, though we die of hunger and cover our flesh, be it delicate or not, with widow's weeds, as one covers or hides a dunghill on a procession day. By my faith, if it were permitted me and time allowed, I could prove, not only to those here present, but to all the world, that there is no virtue that is not to be found in a duenna.'

'I have no doubt,' said the duchess, 'that my good Doña Rodríguez is right, and very much so; but she had better bide her time for fighting her own battle and that of

¹ Prov. 204.

² Prov. 231.

³ Prov. 137.

the rest of the duennas, so as to crush the calumny of that vile apothecary, and root out the prejudice in the great Sancho Panza's mind.'

To which Sancho replied, 'Ever since I have sniffed the governorship I have got rid of the humours of a squire, and I don't care a wild fig for all the duennas in the world.'

They would have carried on this duenna dispute further had they not heard the notes of the fife and drums once more, from which they concluded that the Distressed Duenna was making her entrance. The duchess asked the duke if it would be proper to go out to receive her, as she was a countess and a person of rank.

'In respect of her being a countess,' said Sancho, before the duke could reply, 'I am for your highnesses going out to receive her; but in respect of her being a duenna, it is my opinion you should not stir a step.'

'Who bade thee meddle in this, Sancho?' said Don Quixote.

'Who, señor?' said Sancho; 'I meddle for I have a right to meddle, as a squire who has learned the rules of courtesy in the school of your worship, the most courteous and best-bred knight in the whole world of courtliness; and in these things, as I have heard your worship say, as much is lost by a card too many as by a card too few, and to one who has his ears open, few words.'¹

'Sancho is right,' said the duke; 'we'll see what the countess is like, and by that measure the courtesy that is due to her.'

¹ Provs. 39 and 95.

And now the drums and fife made their entrance as before; and here the author brought this short chapter to an end and began the next, following up the same adventure, which is one of the most notable in the history.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHEREIN IS TOLD THE DISTRESSED DUENNA'S TALE OF HER MISFORTUNES.

FOLLOWING the melancholy musicians there filed into the garden as many as twelve duennas, in two lines, all dressed in ample mourning robes apparently of milled serge, with hoods of fine white gauze so long that they allowed only the border of the robe to be seen. Behind them came the Countess Trifaldi, the squire Trifaldin of the White Beard leading her by the hand, clad in the finest unnapped black baize, such that, had it a nap, every tuft would have shown as big as a Martos chick-pea ; ¹ the tail, or skirt, or whatever it might be called, ended in three points which were borne up by the hands of three pages, likewise dressed in mourning, forming an elegant geometrical figure with the three acute angles made by the three points, from which all who saw the peaked skirt concluded that it must be because of it the countess was called Trifaldi, as though it were Countess of the Three Skirts ; and Benengeli says it was so, and that by her right name she was called the Countess Lobuna, because wolves bred in great numbers in her country ; and if, instead of wolves, they had been foxes, she would have

¹ Martos, a town of Andalusia to the south-west of Jaen, apparently famous for its garbanzo crops.

been called the Countess Zorrana,¹ as it was the custom in those parts for lords to take distinctive titles from the thing or things most abundant in their dominions; this countess, however, in honour of the new fashion of her skirt, dropped Lobuna and took up Trifaldi.

The twelve duennas and the lady came on at procession pace, their faces being covered with black veils, not transparent ones like Trifaldin's, but so close that they allowed nothing to be seen through them. As soon as the band of duennas was fully in sight, the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote stood up, as well as all who were watching the slow-moving procession. The twelve duennas halted and formed a line, along which the Distressed One advanced, Trifaldin still holding her hand. On seeing this the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote went some twelve paces forward to meet her. She then, kneeling on the ground, said in a voice hoarse and rough, rather than fine and delicate, 'May it please your highnesses not to offer such courtesies to this your servant, I should say to this your handmaid, for I am in such distress that I shall never be able to make a proper return, because my strange and unparalleled misfortune has carried off my wits, and I know not whither; but it must be a long way off, for the more I look for them the less I find them.'

'He would be wanting in wits, señora countess,' said the duke, 'who did not perceive your worth by your person, for at a glance it may be seen it deserves all the cream of courtesy and flower of polite usage;' and raising her up by the hand he led her to a seat beside the duchess, who

¹ From *zorra*, a fox.

likewise received her with great urbanity. Don Quixote remained silent, while Sancho was dying to see the features of Trifaldi and one or two of her many duennas; but there was no possibility of it until they themselves displayed them of their own accord and free will.

All kept still, waiting to see who would break silence, which the Distressed Duenna did in these words: 'I am confident, most mighty lord, most fair lady, and most discreet company, that my most miserable misery will be accorded a reception no less dispassionate than generous and condolent in your most valiant bosoms, for it is one that is enough to melt marble, soften diamonds, and mollify the steel of the most hardened hearts in the world; but ere it is proclaimed to your hearing, not to say your ears, I would fain be enlightened whether there be present in this society, circle, or company, that knight immaculatissimus, Don Quixote de la Manchissima, and his squirissimus Panza.'

'The Panza is here,' said Sancho, before anyone could reply, 'and Don Quixotissimus too; and so, most distressedest Duenissima, you may say what you willissimus, for we are all readissimus to do you any servissimus.'

On this Don Quixote rose, and addressing the Distressed Duenna, said, 'If your sorrows, afflicted lady, can indulge in any hope of relief from the valour or might of any knight-errant, here are mine, which, feeble and limited though they be, shall be entirely devoted to your service. I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, whose calling it is to give aid to the needy of all sorts; and that being so, it is not necessary for you, señora, to make any appeal to benevolence, or deal in preambles, only to tell your woes plainly

and straightforwardly : for you have hearers that will know how, if not to remedy them, to sympathise with them.'

On hearing this, the Distressed Duenna made as though she would throw herself at Don Quixote's feet, and actually did fall before them and said, as she strove to embrace them, 'Before these feet and legs I cast myself. O unconquered knight, as before, what they are, the foundations and pillars of knight-errantry ; these feet I desire to kiss, for upon their steps hangs and depends the sole remedy for my misfortune, O valorous errant, whose veritable achievements leave behind and eclipse the fabulous ones of the Amadis, Esplandians, and Belianises !' Then turning from Don Quixote to Sancho Panza, and grasping his hands, she said, 'O thou, most loyal squire that ever served knight-errant in this present age or ages past, whose goodness is more extensive than the beard of Trifaldin my companion here present, well mayest thou boast thyself that, in serving the great Don Quixote, thou art serving, summed up in one, the whole host of knights that have ever borne arms in the world. I conjure thee, by what thou owest to thy most loyal goodness, that thou wilt become my kind intercessor with thy master, that he speedily give aid to this most humble and most unfortunate countess.'

To this Sancho made answer, 'As to my goodness, señora, being as long and as great as your squire's beard, it matters very little to me ; may I have my soul well bearded and moustached when it comes to quit this life,¹ that's the point ; about beards here below I care little or

¹ Perhaps an allusion to the story in Gaspar Lucas Hidalgo's *Dialogues* of the pious young man who said if he had moustaches to his soul he did not care for any others.

nothing ; but without all these blandishments and prayers, I will beg my master (for I know he loves me, and, besides, he has need of me just now for a certain business) to help and aid your worship as far as he can ; unpack your woes and lay them before us, and leave us to deal with them, for we'll be all of one mind.'

The duke and duchess, as it was they who had made the experiment of this adventure, were ready to burst with laughter at all this, and between themselves they commended the clever acting of the Trifaldi, who, returning to her seat, said, 'Queen Doña Maguncia reigned over the famous kingdom of Kandy, which lies between the great Trapobana and the Southern Sea, two leagues beyond Cape Comorin. She was the widow of King Archipiela, her lord and husband, and of their marriage they had issue the Princess Antonomasia, heiress of the kingdom ; which Princess Antonomasia was reared and brought up under my care and direction, I being the oldest and highest in rank of her mother's duennas. Time passed, and the young Antonomasia reached the age of fourteen, and such a perfection of beauty, that nature could not raise it higher. Then, it must not be supposed her intelligence was childish ; she was as intelligent as she was fair, and she was fairer than all the world ; and is so still, unless the envious fates and hard-hearted sisters three have cut for her the thread of life. But that they have not, for Heaven will not suffer so great a wrong to Earth, as it would be to pluck unripe the grapes of the fairest vineyard on its surface. Of this beauty, to which my poor feeble tongue has failed to do justice, countless princes, not only of that country, but of

others, were enamoured, and among them a private gentleman, who was at the court, dared to raise his thoughts to the heaven of so great beauty, trusting to his youth, his gallant bearing, his numerous accomplishments and graces, and his quickness and readiness of wit ; for I may tell your highnesses, if I am not wearying you, that he played the guitar so as to make it speak, and he was, besides, a poet and a great dancer, and he could make birdcages so well, that by making them alone he might have gained a livelihood, had he found himself reduced to utter poverty ; and gifts and graces of this kind are enough to bring down a mountain, not to say a tender young girl. But all his gallantry, wit, and gaiety, all his graces and accomplishments, would have been of little or no avail towards gaining the fortress of my pupil, had not the impudent thief taken the precaution of gaining me over first. First, the villain and heartless vagabond sought to win my good-will and purchase my compliance, so as to get me, like a treacherous warder, to deliver up to him the keys of the fortress I had in charge. In a word, he gained an influence over my mind, and overcame my resolutions with I know not what trinkets and jewels he gave me ; but it was some verses I heard him singing one night from a grating that opened on the street where he lived, that, more than anything else, made me give way and led to my fall ; and if I remember rightly they ran thus :

From that sweet enemy of mine
My bleeding heart hath had its wound ;
And to increase the pain I 'm bound
To suffer and to make no sign.¹

¹ A translation from the Italian of Serafino Aquilano (1500). The original is interesting as an Italian imitation of Spanish *redondillas*.

The lines seemed pearls to me and his voice sweet as syrup; and afterwards, I may say ever since then, looking at the misfortune into which I have fallen, I have thought that poets, as Plato advised, ought to be banished from all well-ordered States; at least the amatory ones, for they write verses, not like those of "The Marquis of Mantua,"¹ that delight and draw tears from the women and children, but sharp-pointed conceits that pierce the heart like soft thorns, and like the lightning strike it, leaving the raiment uninjured. Another time he sang:

Come Death, so subtly veiled that I
Thy coming know not, how or when,
Lest it should give me life again
To find how sweet it is to die.²

—and other verses and burdens of the same sort, such as enchant when sung and fascinate when written. And then, when they condescend to compose a sort of verse that was at that time in vogue in Kandy, which they call Seguidillas!³ Then it is that hearts leap and laughter breaks forth, and the body grows restless and all the senses turn quicksilver. And so I say, sirs, that these troubadours richly deserve to be banished to the isles of the lizards.⁴ Though it is not they that are in fault, but the simpletons that extol them, and the fools that believe in them; and had I been the faithful duenna I should have been, his stale conceits would have never moved me, nor should I have been taken in by such phrases as "in death I live," "in ice I burn," "in flames I shiver," "hopeless I hope," "I go and stay," and

¹ I.e. The old ballad, so often quoted.

² See Note A, p. 418.

³ V. Note 2, p. 269, chap. xxiv.

⁴ I.e. desert islands—a phrase from the *Flores* of Torquemada.

paradoxes of that sort which their writings are full of. And then when they promise the Phoenix of Arabia, the crown of Ariadne, the horses of the Sun, the pearls of the South, the gold of Tibar, and the balsam of Panchaia!¹ Then it is they give a loose to their pens, for it costs them little to make promises they have no intention or power of fulfilling. But where am I wandering to? Woe is me, unfortunate being! What madness or folly leads me to speak of the faults of others, when there is so much to be said about my own? Again, woe is me, hapless that I am! it was not verses that conquered me, but my own simplicity; it was not music made me yield, but my own imprudence; my own great ignorance and little caution opened the way and cleared the path for Don Clavigo's advances, for that was the name of the gentleman I have referred to; and so, with my help as go-between, he found his way many a time into the chamber of the deceived Antonomasia (deceived not by him but by me) under the title of a lawful husband; for, sinner though I was, I would not have allowed him to approach the edge of her shoe-sole without being her husband. No, no, not that; marriage must come first in any business of this sort that I take in hand. But there was one hitch in this case, which was that of inequality of rank, Don Clavigo being a private gentleman, and the Princess Antonomasia, as I said, heiress to the kingdom. The entanglement remained for some time a secret, kept hidden by my cunning precautions, until I per-

¹ Tibar a river of Arabia. Panchaia, a district of Arabia Felix.

'Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.'

VIRG. *Georg.* ii. 139.

ceived that a certain expansion of waist in Antonomasia must before long disclose it, the dread of which made us all three take counsel together, and it was agreed that before the mischief came to light, Don Clavigo should demand Antonomasia as his wife before the Vicar, in virtue of an agreement to marry him made by the princess, and drafted by my wit in such binding terms that the might of Samson could not have broken it. The necessary steps were taken; the Vicar saw the agreement, and took the lady's confession; she confessed everything in full, and he ordered her into the custody of a very worthy alguacil of the Court.'

'Are there alguacils of the Court in Kandy, too,' said Sancho at this, 'and poets, and seguidillas? I swear I think the world is the same all over! But make haste, Señora Trifaldi; for it is late, and I am dying to know the end of this long story.'

'I will,' replied the countess.

Note A (page 416).

The first of three stanzas in *redondillas* by the Comendador Escrava, an old poet, some of whose verses appear in the *Cancionero* of Fernando de Castillo (1511). The lines seem to have been extremely popular. Lope wrote a gloss upon them, and Calderon introduced them into two of his plays. From the use to which Cervantes puts them in this passage he does not seem to have admired them as much as his contemporaries. To his temperament, very likely, this sighing after death savoured of affectation. Probably to his robust philosophy life was to be lived so long as it was left to us, and death met manfully when it came.

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